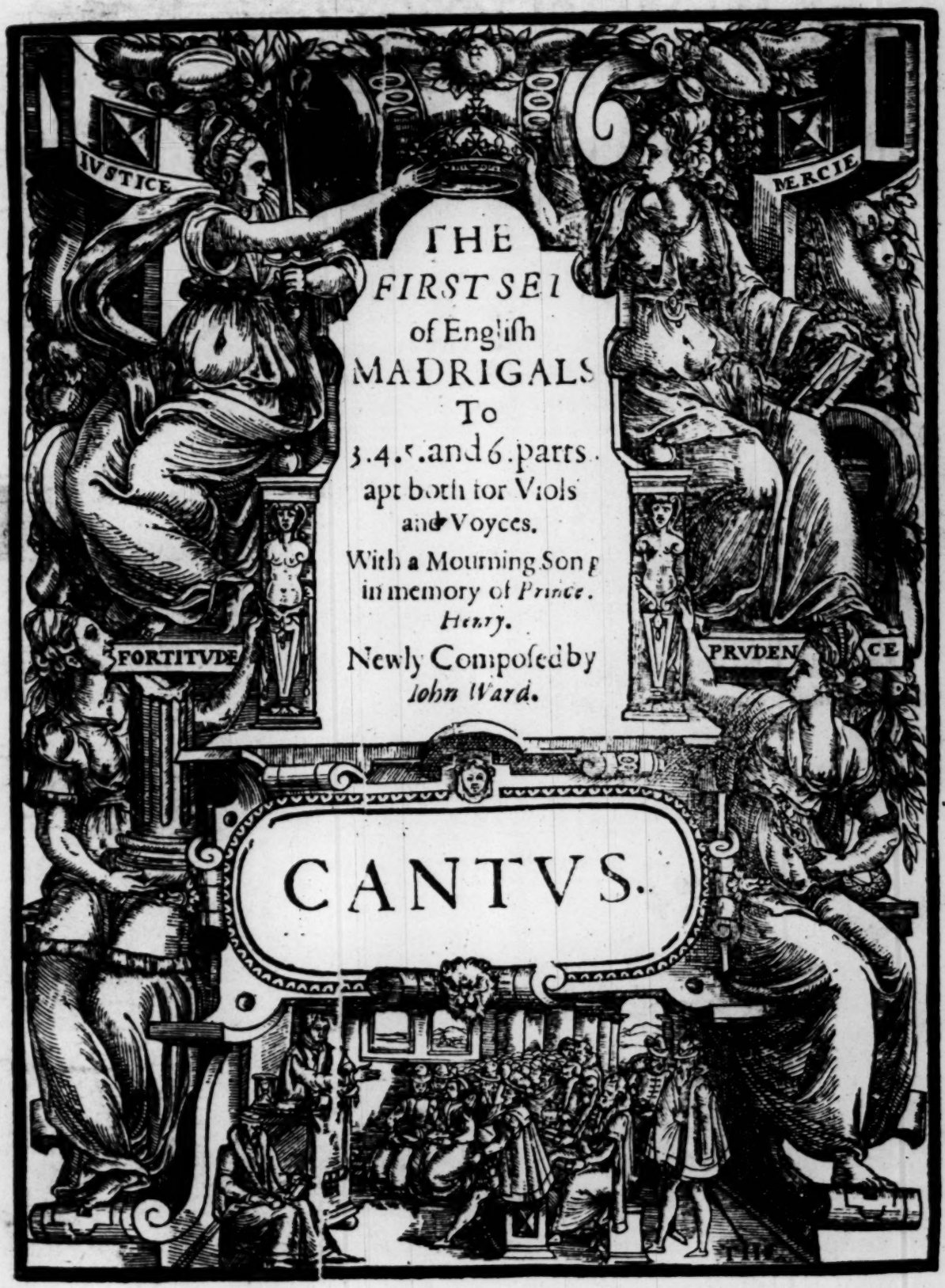

THE FIRST SET of English MADRIGALS To 3.4.5. and 6. parts. apt both for Viols and Voyces.

With a Mourning Song in memory of *Prince. Henry.*

Newly Composed by *John Ward.*

CANTVS.

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM. 1613.

TO THE HONORABLE

Gentleman, and my very good Maiſter, Sir *Henry Fanſhawe*, KNIGHT.

Worthy Sir: among many Patrons of Art, and Muſicall endeuours, I am emboldened to rancke your Name; who, as I know you not inferiour to the beſt, as well for a louer of MVSICKE, *as a competent Iudge of that Noble faculties; ſo I preſent you here, with ſuch numbers beſt fitting your innated Harmony, and (I hope) not vnworthy your Patronage. And though I know the excellent varietie of theſe Compoſitions, hath fed time with fulneſſe, and bred many Cenſors, more curious, then (perhaps) Iudiciall; and ſince no Science carries ſo ſufficient authority in it ſelfe, but muſt needs ſubmit to that Monſter* OPINION, *halfe truth, halfe falſhood; yet theſe of mine being thus fronted with your Countenance, digeſted by your Eare, and allowed in your Knowledge; ſhould they proue diſtaſtfull with the queaſie-pallated, or ſurfeited delight, yet with the ſound (vnſubiect to ſuch diſeaſe of Humor, and appetite) I preſume they will pleaſingly relliſh, and (with your equall ſelfe) mainteine me againſt the corrupted number of Time-ſicke humoriſts. Theſe (honoured* SYR) *are the* primitiæ *of my Muſe, planted in your pleaſure, and cheriſht by the gentle calme of your Fauour; what I may produce hereafter is wholy Yours (as who hath more right to the Fruit then he that owneth the Stock?) If then you accept (inſtead of reall worth) this my humble Tribute of Affection, I ſhall ſtudy to vſe that grace, with my time, to the beſt aduantage, and till I may better deſerue you, in my vtmoſt abilities euer reſt*

Your Worſhips in all ſeruiceable
endeuour and deuotion

IOHN WARD.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Parts.

MY true loue hath my heart. 1 Part. I
His hart his wound receiued from my sight. 2 Part. II
O say deere life, when shall these twin-borne berryes. III
In health and ease am I. IIII
Goe wayling accents, goe. V
Fly not so fast, my onely ioy and Iewell. VI

Songs of 4. Parts.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread. VII
O my thoughts surcease. VIII
Sweet pittie wake, and tell my cruell. IX
Loue is a dainty milde and sweet. X
Free from loues bonds I liued long. XI
How long shall I with mournefull Musicke? XII

Songs of 5. Parts.

Sweet *Philomell*, cease thou thy song a while. 1 Part. XIII
Ye Siluan Nimphs, that in these woods doe shroud. 2 Part. XIIII
Flora fayre Nimph, whilest silly Lambs are feeding. XV
Phillis the bright, when franckly she desired. XVI
Hope of my hart, oh, wherefore doe the words. XVII
Vpon a banke with Roses set about. XVIII

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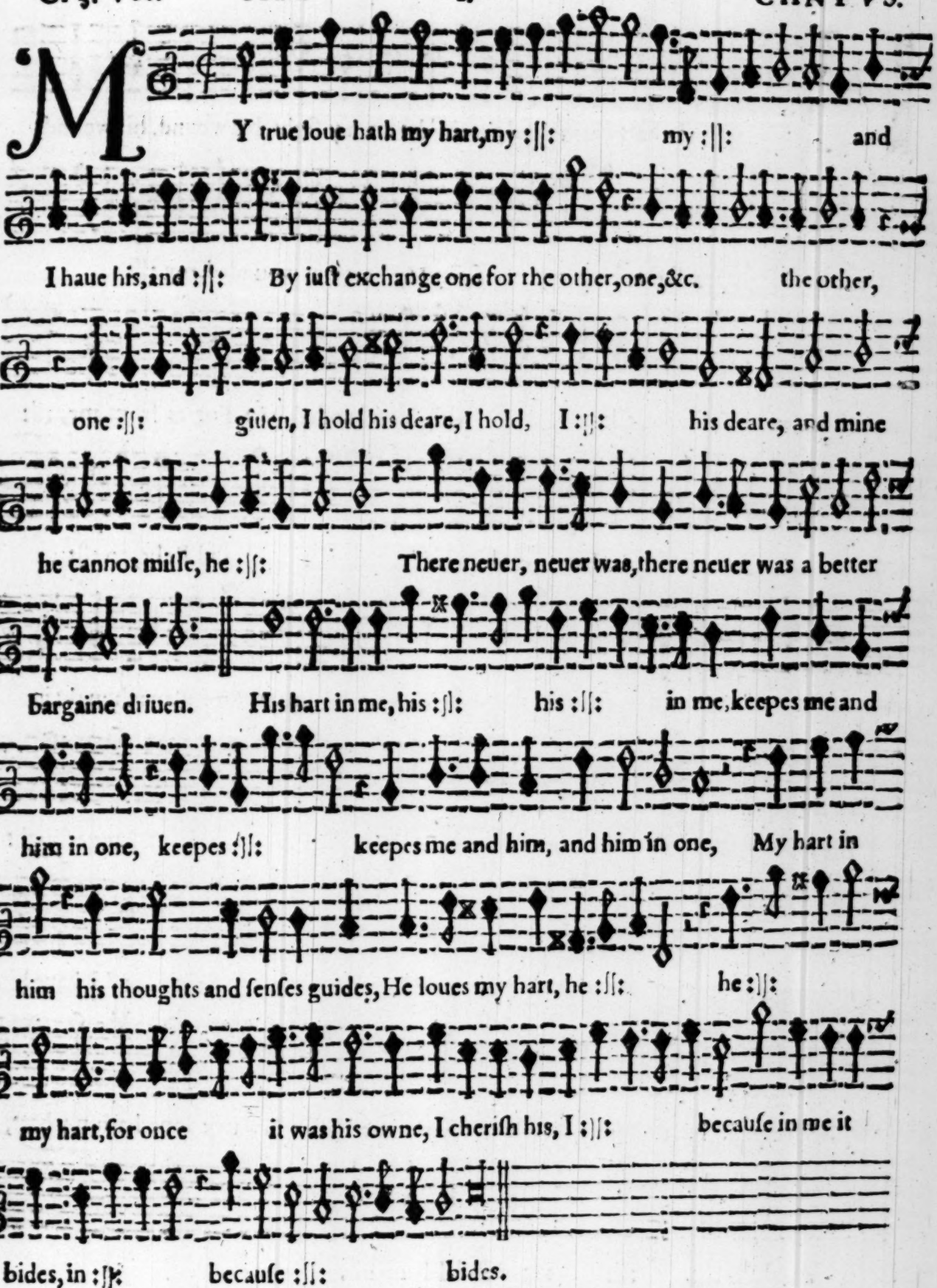
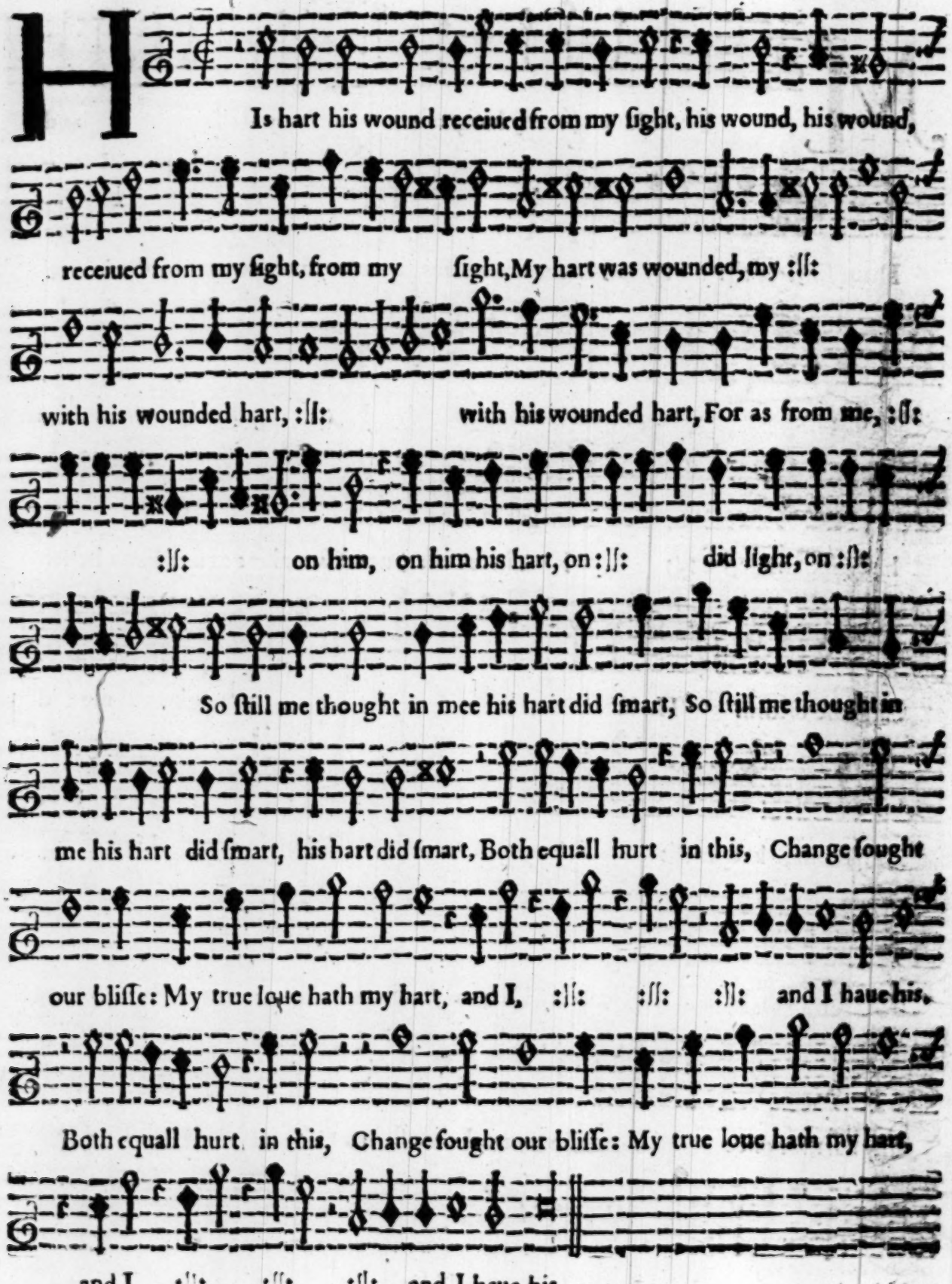
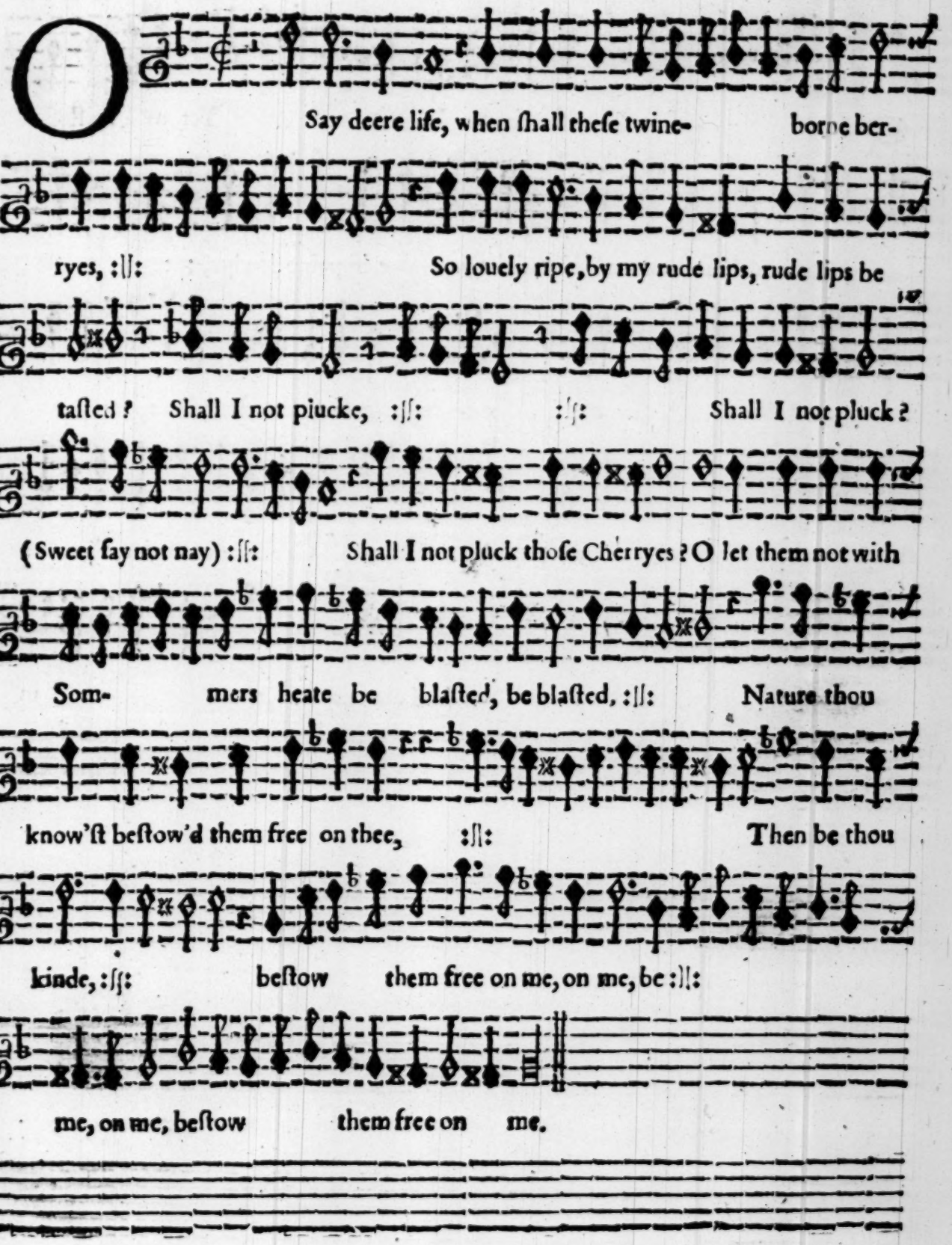
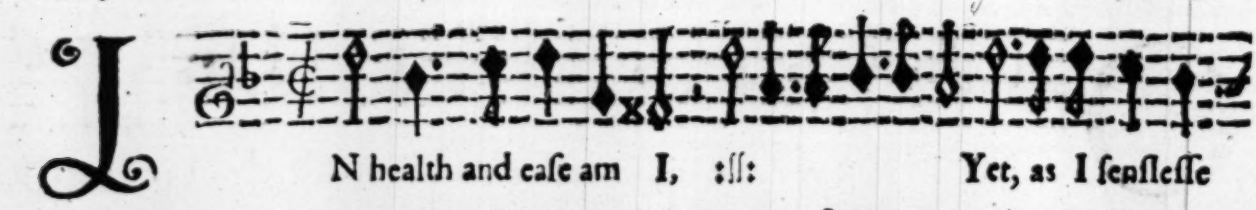
Retire my troubled soule. XIX
Oft haue I tendred tributary teares. XX
Out from the vale of deepe dispayre. XXI
O Diuine loue, which so aloft can raise. XXII
If the deepe sighs, of an afflicted brest. 1 Part. XXIII
There's not a groue that wonders not my woe. 2 Part. XXIIII
Dye not (fond man) before thy day. XXV
I haue entreated, and I haue complained. XXVI
Come sable night, put on thy mourning stoale. XXVII
Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament. XXVIII

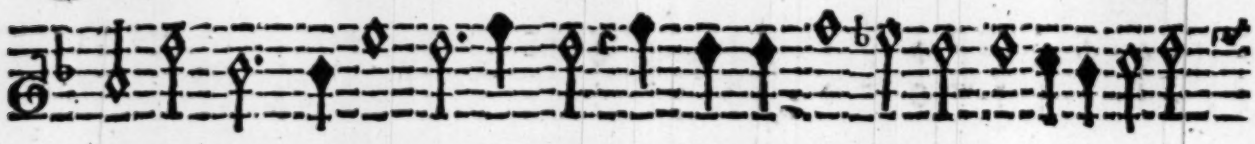
FINIS.

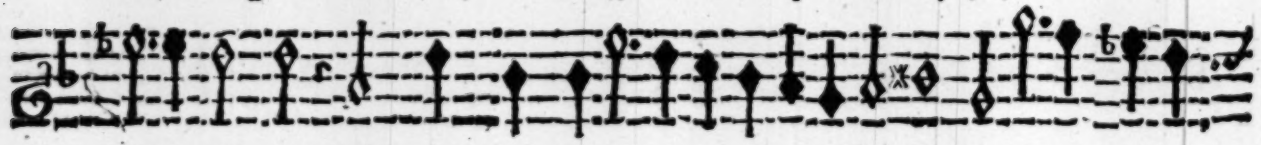

MY true loue hath my hart, my :||: my :||: and
I haue his, and :||: By iuſt exchange one for the other, one, &c. the other,
one :||: giuen, I hold his deare, I hold, I :||: his deare, and mine
he cannot miſſe, he :||: There neuer, neuer was, there neuer was a better
bargaine diuen. His hart in me, his :||: his :||: in me, keepes me and
him in one, keepes :||: keepes me and him, and him in one, My hart in
him his thoughts and ſenſes guides, He loues my hart, he :||: he :||:
my hart, for once it was his owne, I cheriſh his, I :||: becauſe in me it
bides, in :||: becauſe :||: bides.

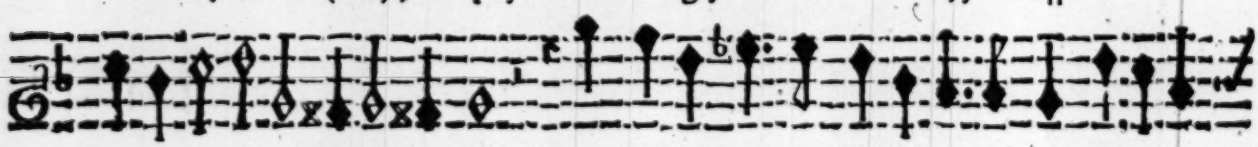

His hart his wound receiued from my ſight, his wound, his wound,
receiued from my ſight, from my ſight, My hart was wounded, my :||:
with his wounded hart, :||: with his wounded hart, For as from me, :||:
:||: on him, on him his hart, on :||: did light, on :||:
So ſtill me thought in mee his hart did ſmart, So ſtill me thought in
me his hart did ſmart, his hart did ſmart, Both equall hurt in this, Change ſought
our bliſſe: My true loue hath my hart, and I, :||: :||: :||: and I haue his.
Both equall hurt in this, Change fought our bliſſe: My true loue hath my hart,
and I, :||: :||: :||: and I haue his.

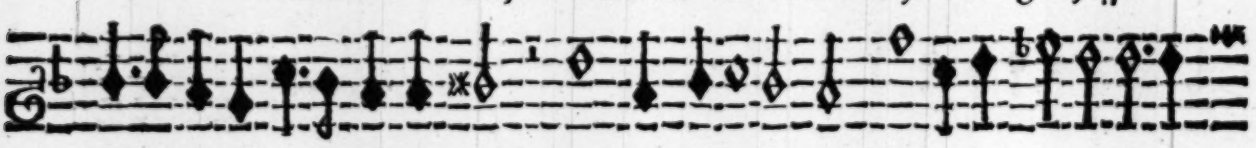

O Say deere life, when ſhall theſe twine- borne ber-
ryes, :||: So louely ripe, by my rude lips, rude lips be
taſted? Shall I not plucke, :||: :||: Shall I not pluck?
(Sweet ſay not nay) :||: Shall I not pluck thoſe Cherryes? O let them not with
Som- mers heate be blaſted, be blaſted, :||: Nature thou
know'ſt beſtow'd them free on thee, :||: Then be thou
kinde, :||: beſtow them free on me, on me, be :||:
me, on me, beſtow them free on me.

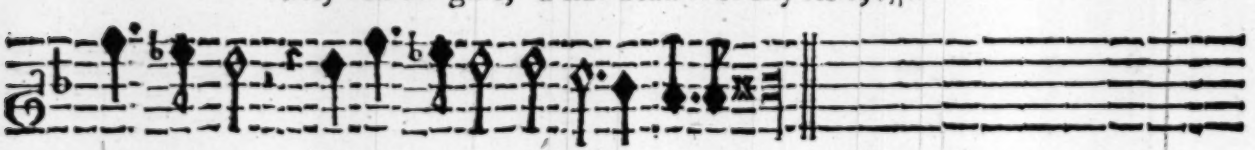

IN health and eaſe am I, :||: Yet, as I ſenſleſſe

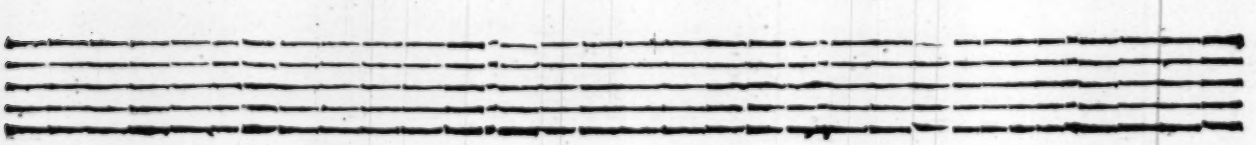

were it nought contents me, You ſicke, you ſicke in paine doe lye, :||:

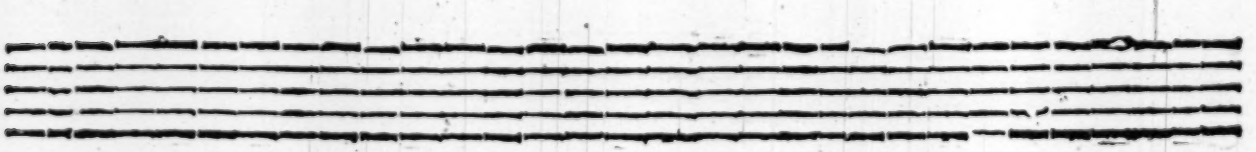

doe lye, And (ah) your payne exceedingly torments me, your :||:

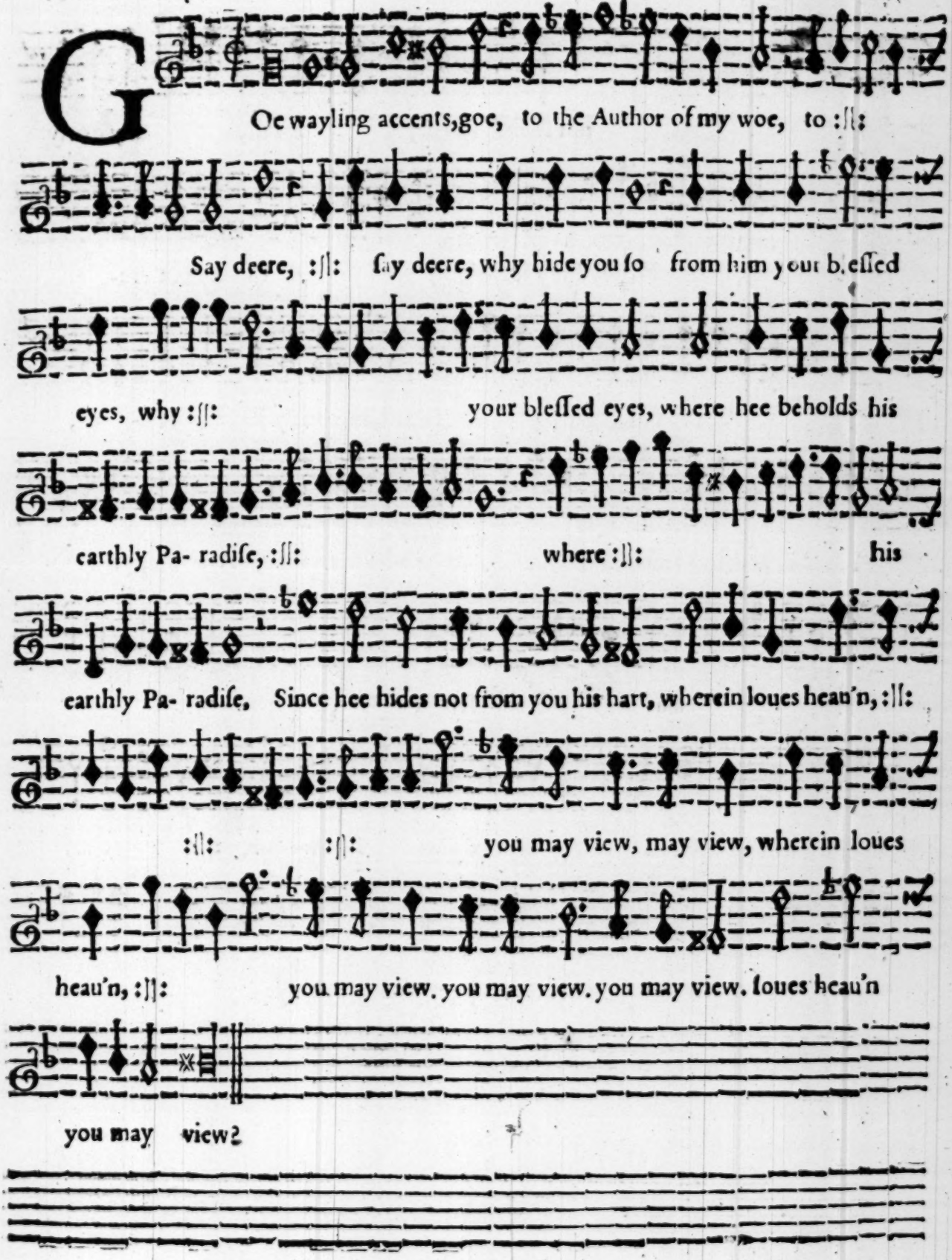

torments me, Whereof I can this onely reaſon giue, :||:

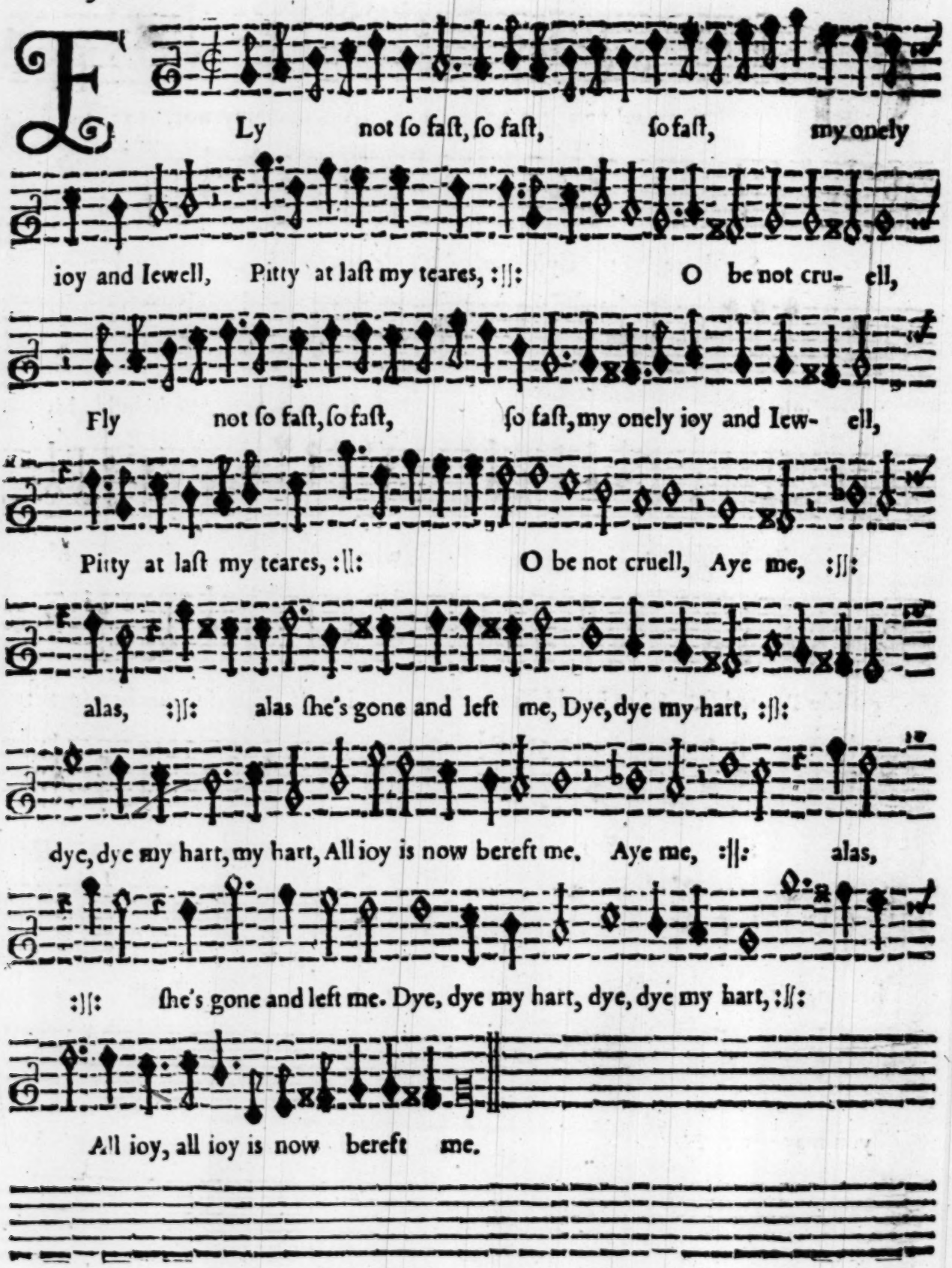

onely reaſon giue, That dead vnto my ſelfe, :||: in


you I liue, in you I liue, in you I liue, I liue.

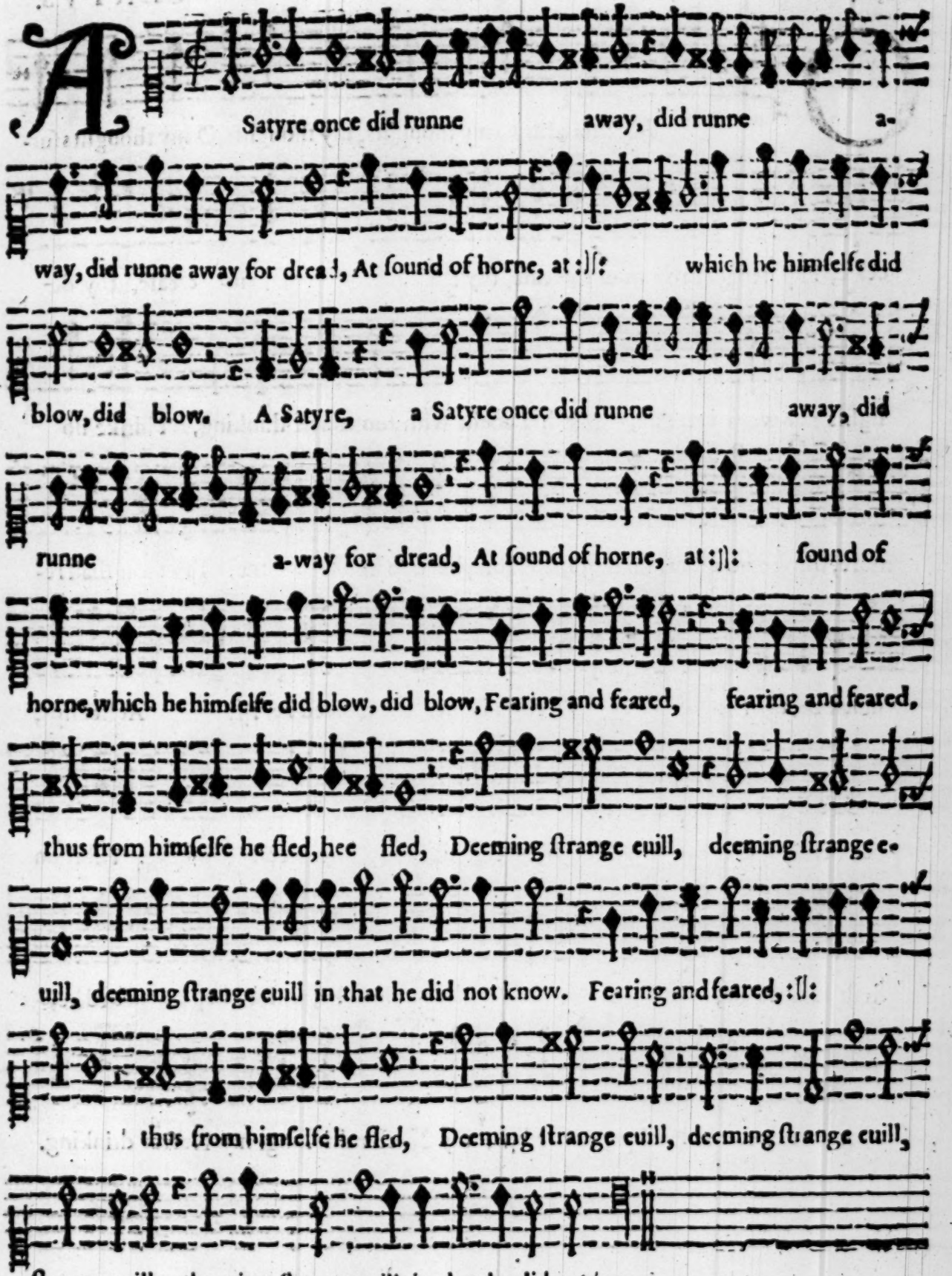


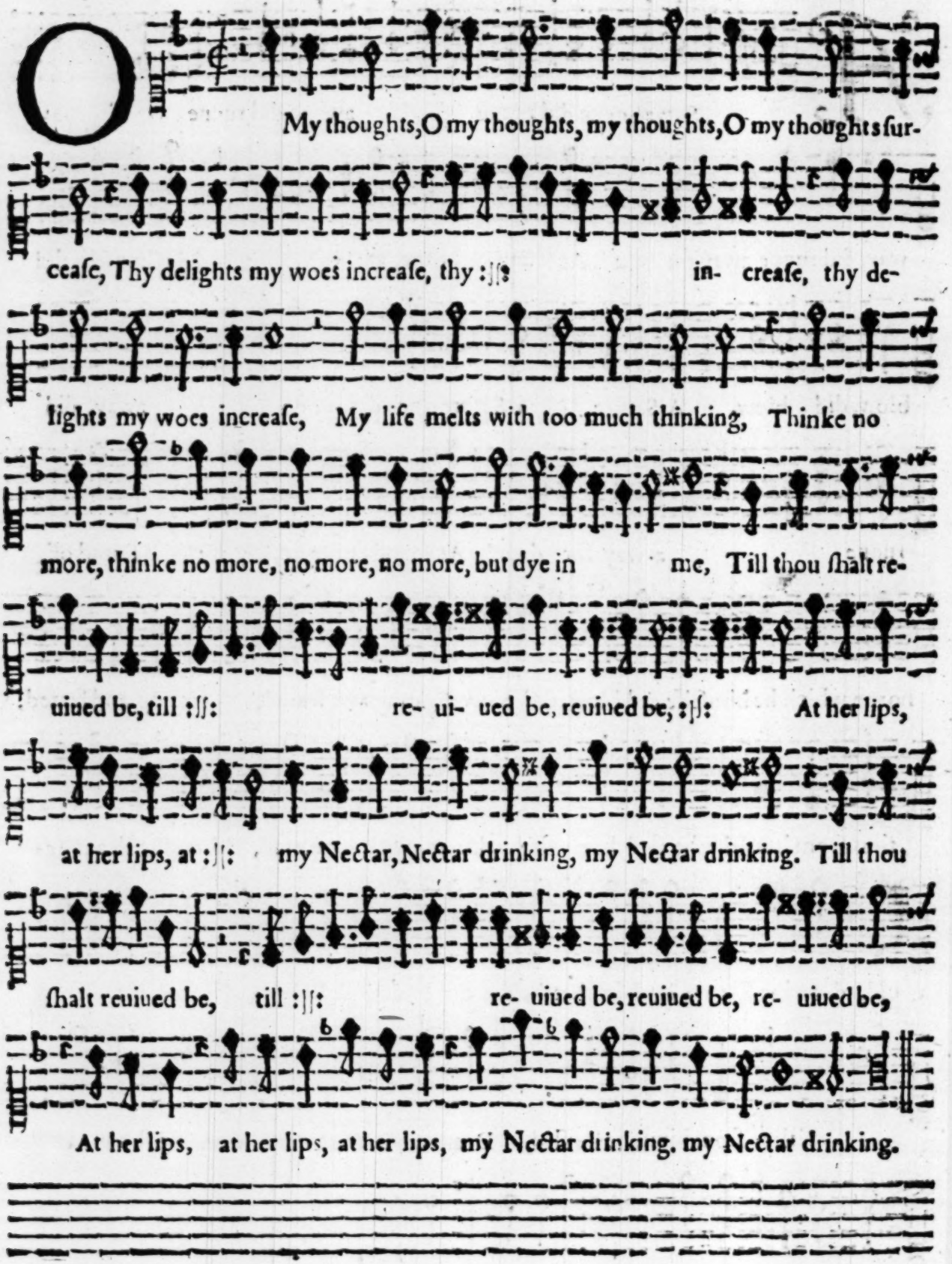


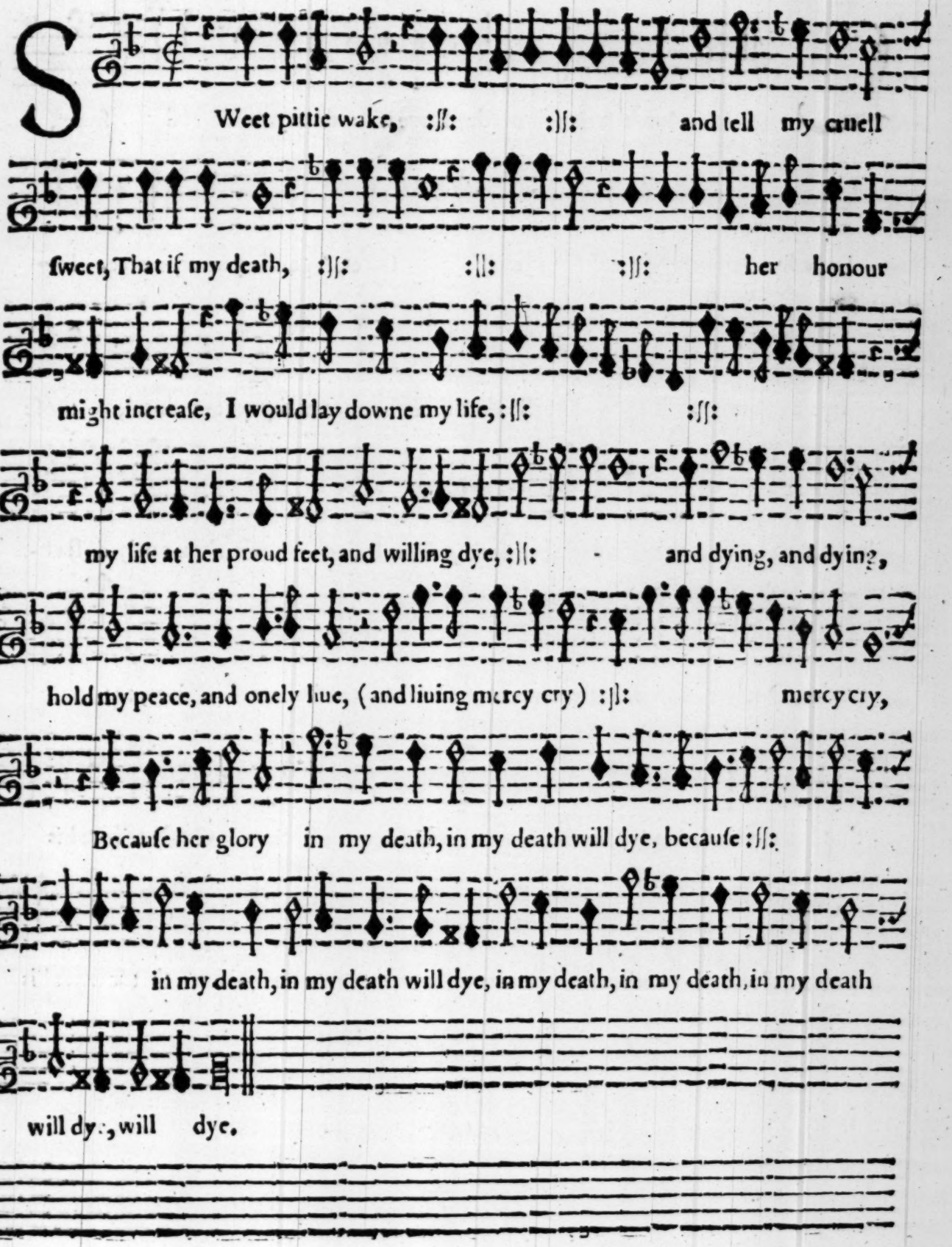

Goe wayling accents, goe, to the Author of my woe, to :||:
Say deere, :||: say deere, why hide you so from him your bleſſed
eyes, why :||: your bleſſed eyes, where hee beholds his
earthly Pa- radiſe, :||: where :||: his
earthly Pa- radiſe, Since hee hides not from you his hart, wherein loues heau'n, :||:
:||: :||: you may view, may view, wherein loues
heau'n, :||: you may view, you may view, you may view, loues heau'n
you may view?

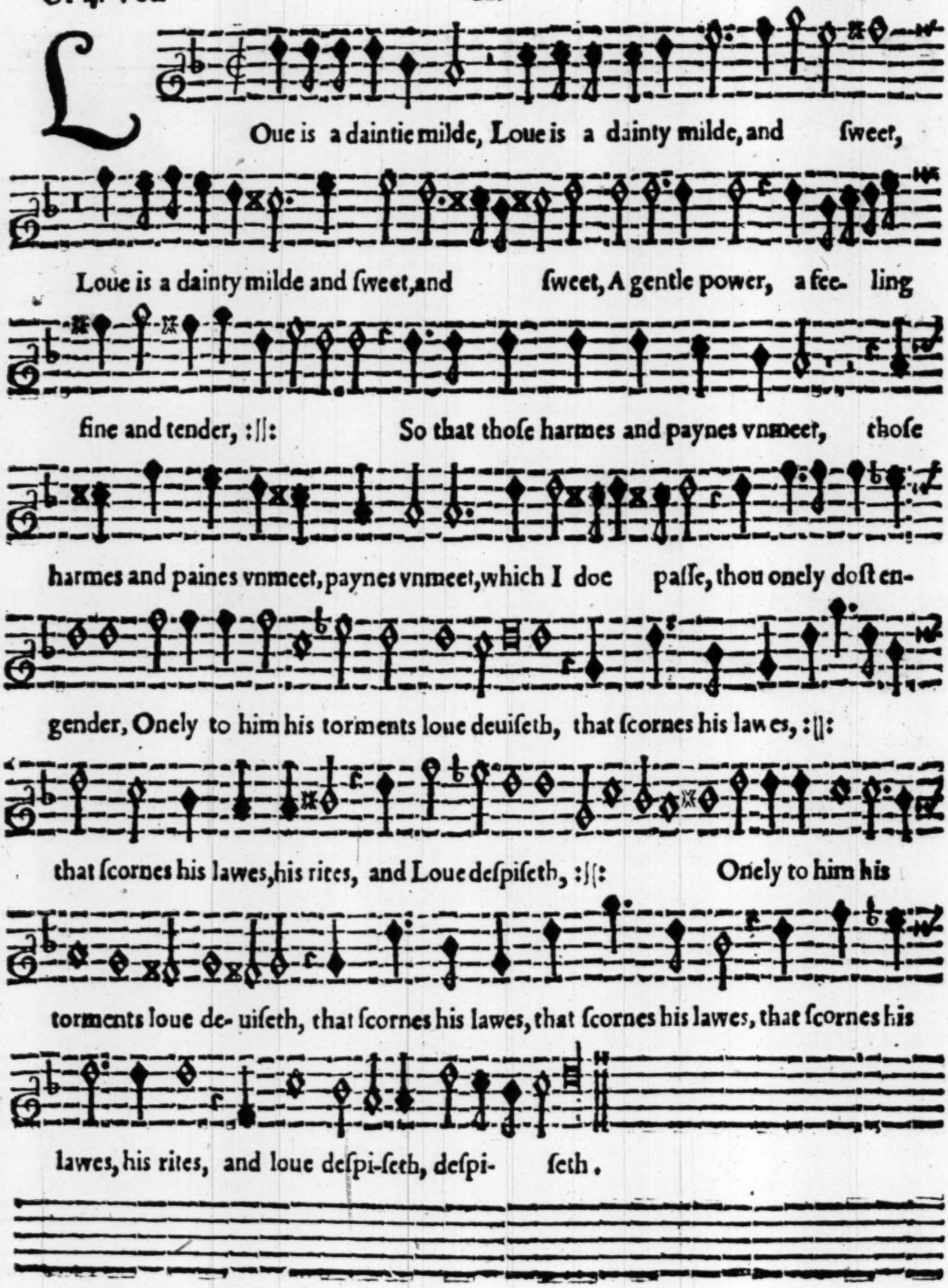


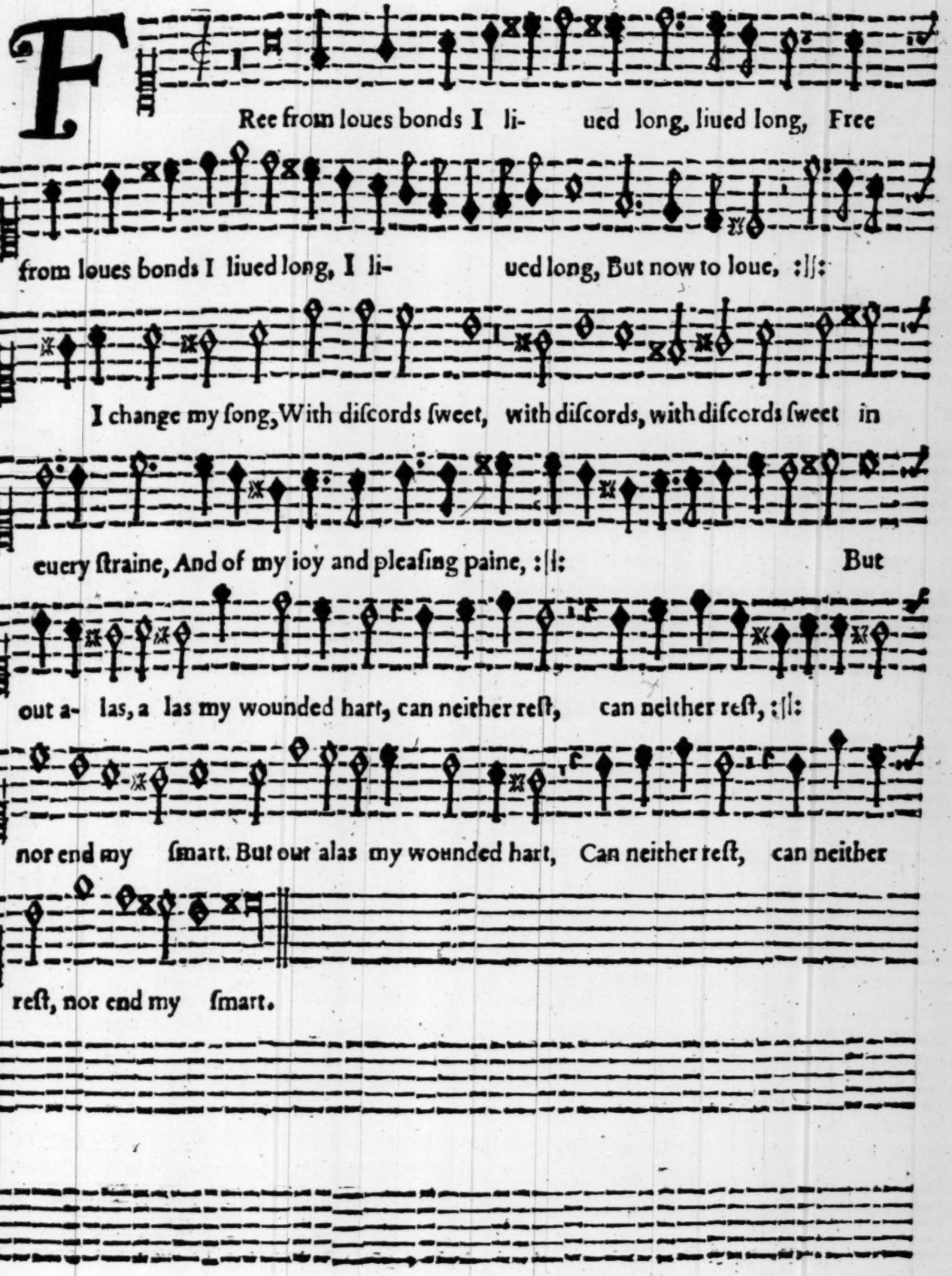
Heere endeth the Songs of 3. Parts.

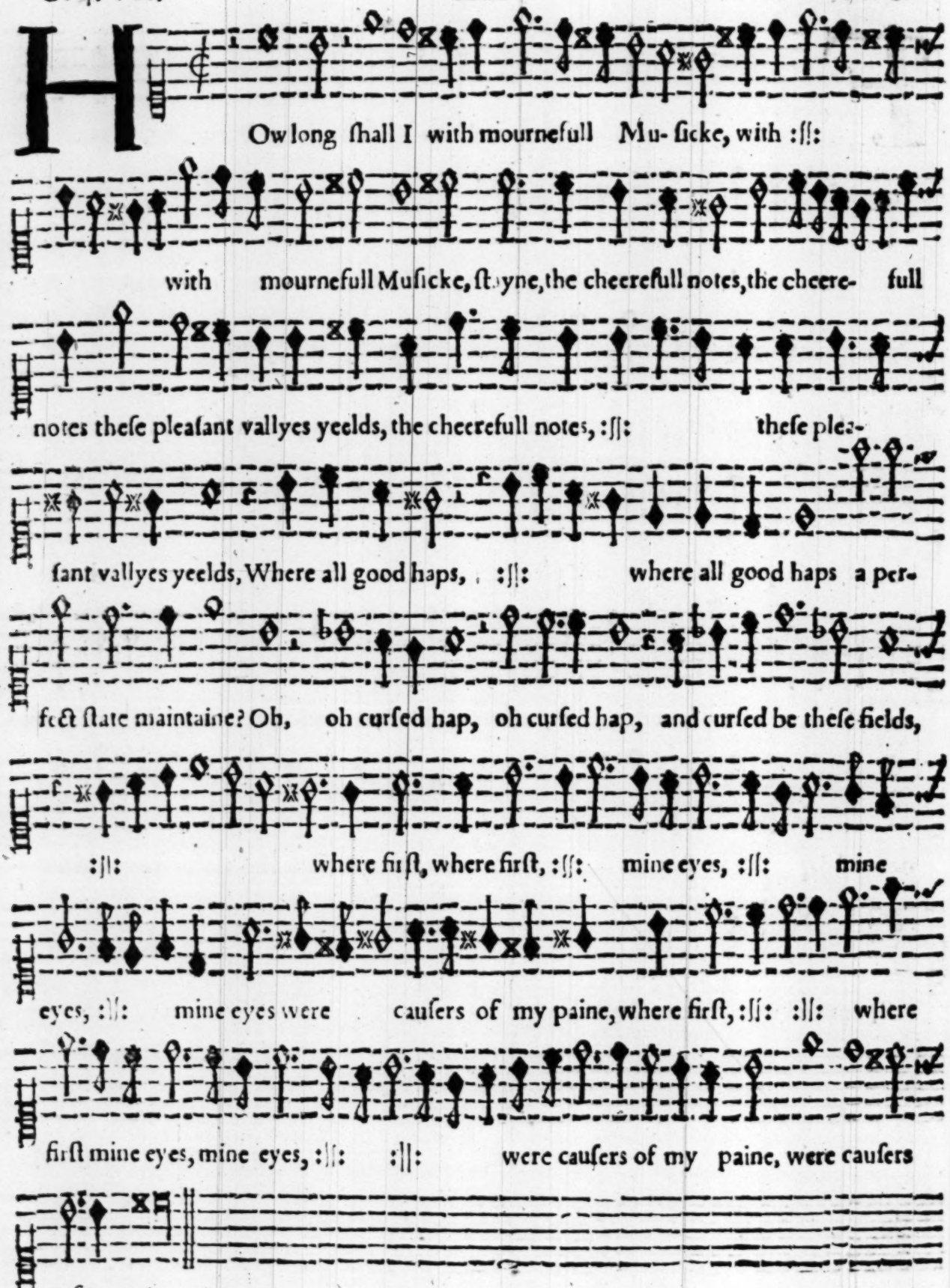

A Satyre once did runne away, did runne a-
way, did runne away for dread, At ſound of horne, at :‖: which he himſelfe did
blow, did blow. A Satyre, a Satyre once did runne away, did
runne a-way for dread, At ſound of horne, at :‖: ſound of
horne, which he himſelfe did blow, did blow, Fearing and feared, fearing and feared,
thus from himſelfe he fled, hee fled, Deeming ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange e-
uill, deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know. Fearing and feared, :‖:
thus from himſelfe he fled, Deeming ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange euill,
ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.


O My thoughts, O my thoughts, my thoughts, O my thoughts ſur-
ceaſe, Thy delights my woes increaſe, thy :|: in- creaſe, thy de-
lights my woes increaſe, My life melts with too much thinking, Thinke no
more, thinke no more, no more, no more, but dye in me, Till thou ſhalt re-
uiued be, till :|: re- ui- ued be, reuiued be, :|: At her lips,
at her lips, at :|: my Nectar, Nectar drinking, my Nectar drinking. Till thou
ſhalt reuiued be, till :|: re- uiued be, reuiued be, re- uiued be,
At her lips, at her lips, at her lips, my Nectar drinking. my Nectar drinking.

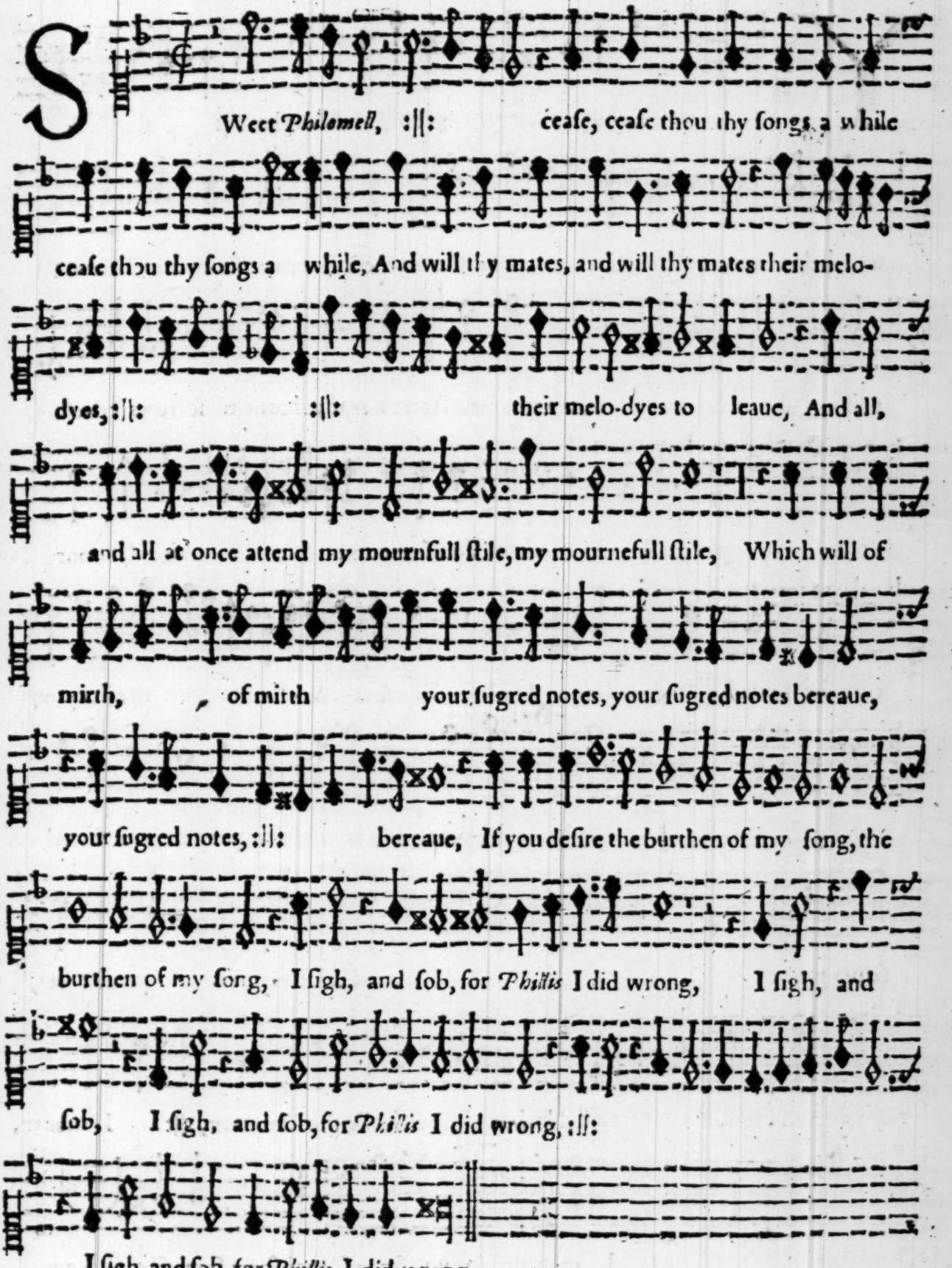

Sweet pittie wake, :||: :||: and tell my cruell
sweet, That if my death, :||: :||: :||: her honour
might increase, I would lay downe my life, :||: :||:
my life at her proud feet, and willing dye, :||: and dying, and dying,
hold my peace, and onely liue, (and liuing mercy cry) :||: mercy cry,
Because her glory in my death, in my death will dye, because :||:
in my death, in my death will dye, in my death, in my death, in my death
will dye, will dye.

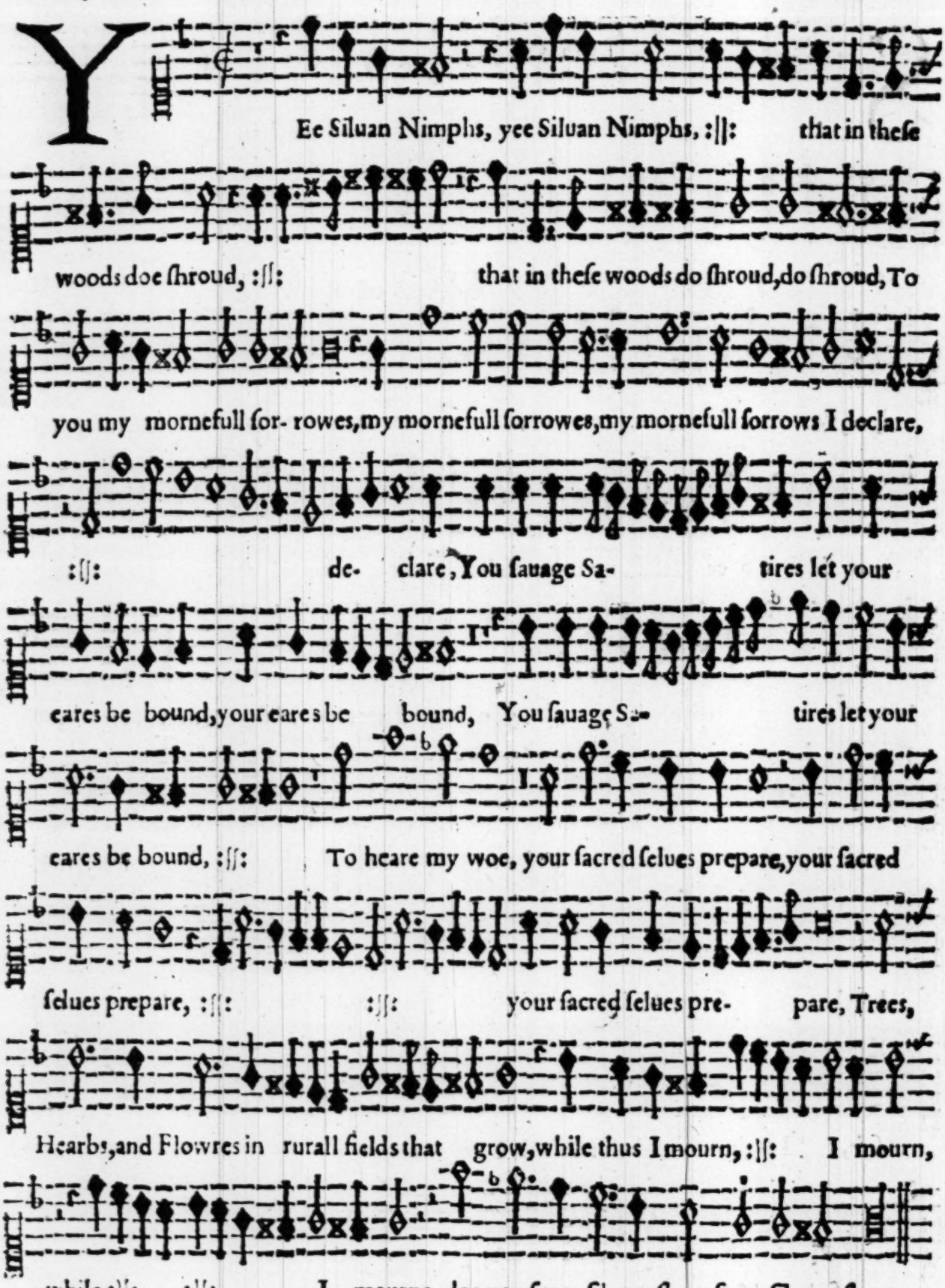

Loue is a daintie milde, Loue is a dainty milde, and ſweet,
Loue is a dainty milde and ſweet, and ſweet, A gentle power, a fee- ling
fine and tender, :||: So that thoſe harmes and paynes vnmeet, thoſe
harmes and paines vnmeet, paynes vnmeet, which I doe paſſe, thou onely doſt en-
gender, Onely to him his torments loue deuiſeth, that ſcornes his lawes, :||:
that ſcornes his lawes, his rites, and Loue deſpiſeth, :||: Onely to him his
torments loue de- uiſeth, that ſcornes his lawes, that ſcornes his lawes, that ſcornes his
lawes, his rites, and loue deſpi-ſeth, deſpi- ſeth.

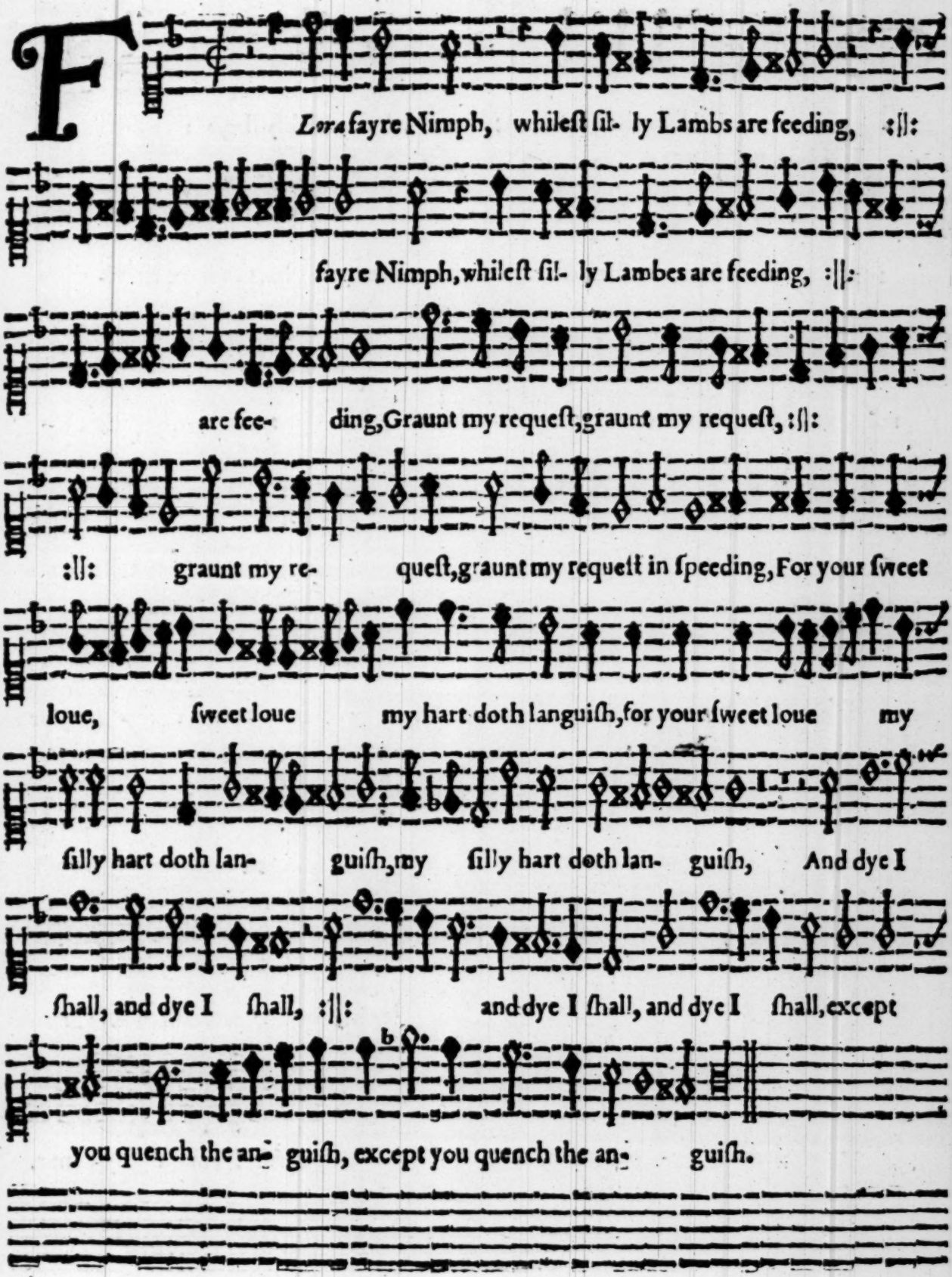

Free from loues bonds I li- ued long, liued long, Free
from loues bonds I liued long, I li- ued long, But now to loue, :||:
I change my ſong, With diſcords ſweet, with diſcords, with diſcords ſweet in
euery ſtraine, And of my ioy and pleaſing paine, :||: But
out a- las, a las my wounded hart, can neither reſt, can neither reſt, :||:
nor end my ſmart. But out alas my wounded hart, Can neither reſt, can neither
reſt, nor end my ſmart.

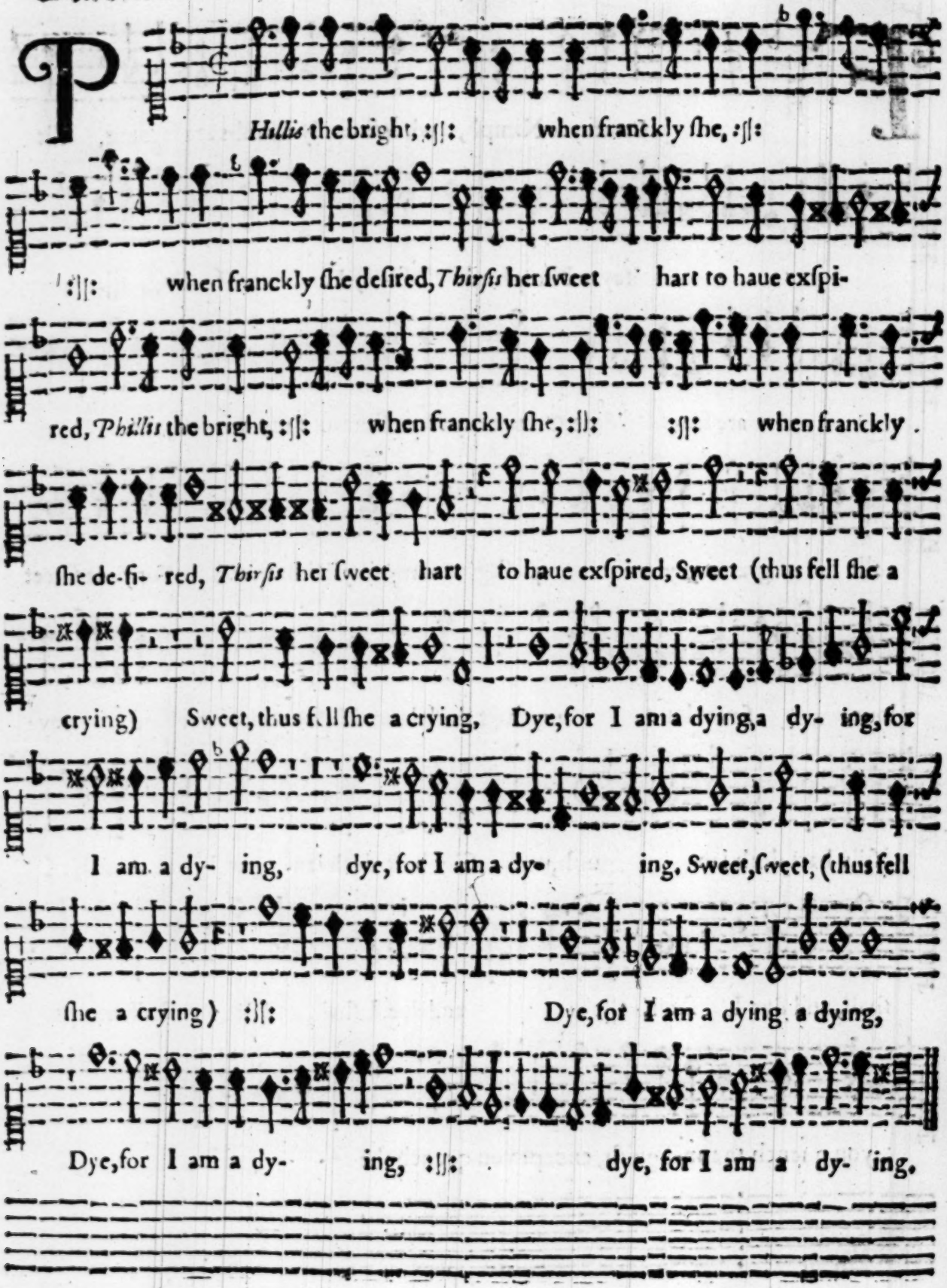


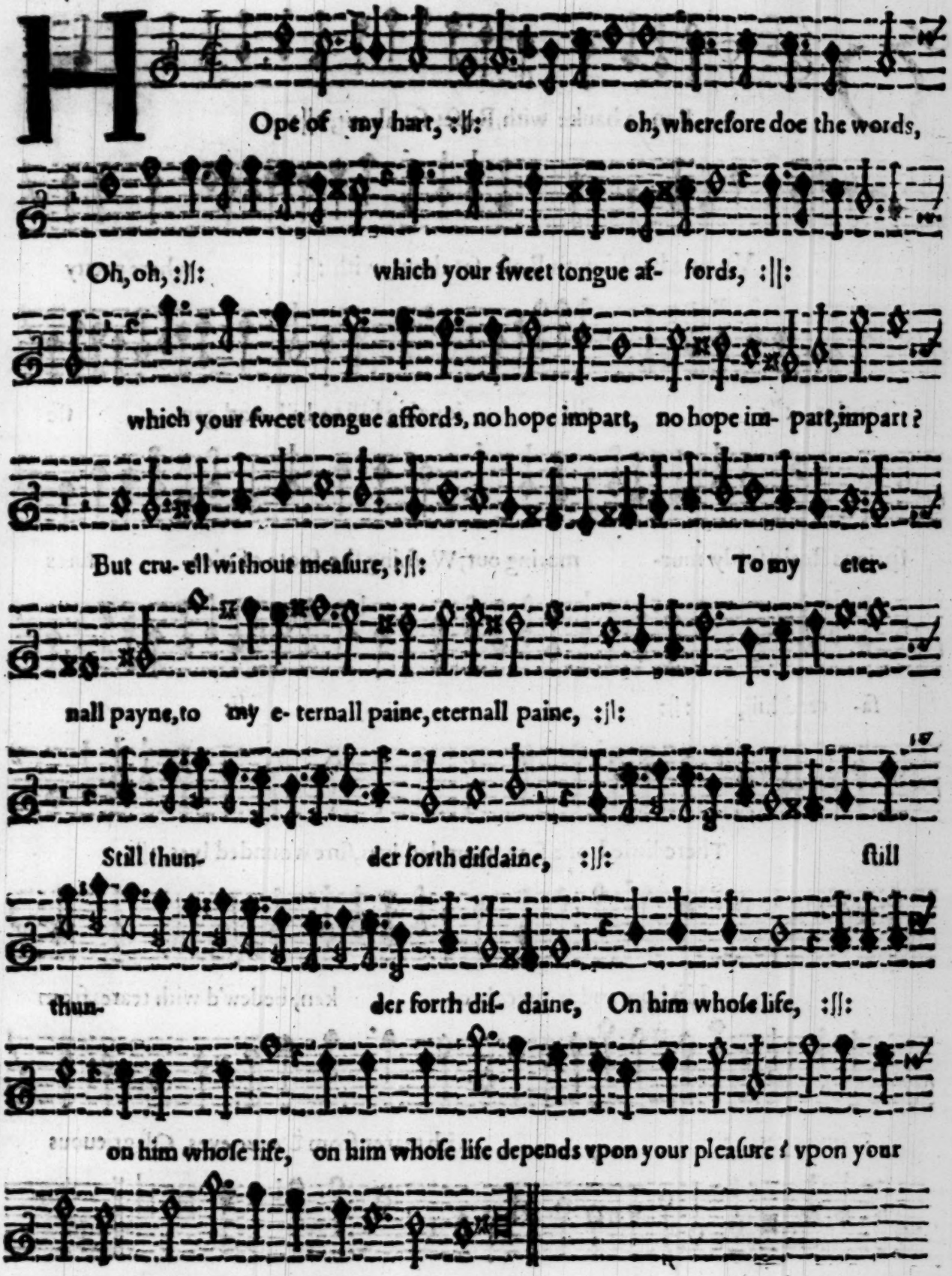
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. Parts.

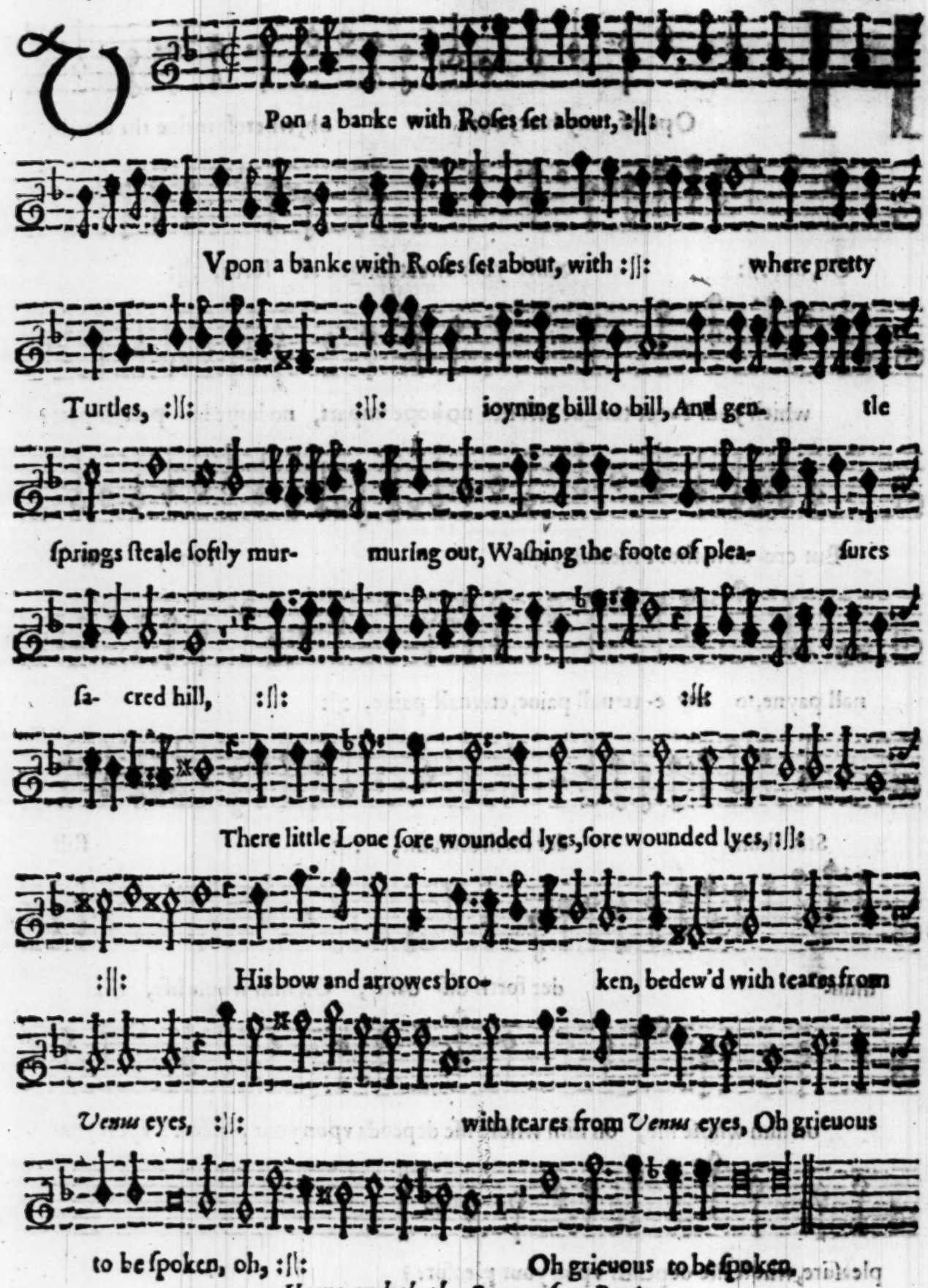

Sweet Philomell, :||: ceaſe, ceaſe thou thy ſongs a while
ceaſe thou thy ſongs a while, And will thy mates, and will thy mates their melo-
dyes, :||: :||: their melo-dyes to leaue, And all,
and all at once attend my mournfull ſtile, my mournefull ſtile, Which will of
mirth, of mirth your ſugred notes, your ſugred notes bereaue,
your ſugred notes, :||: bereaue, If you deſire the burthen of my ſong, the
burthen of my ſong, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong, I ſigh, and
ſob, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong, :||:
I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong.


Ye Siluan Nimphs, yee Siluan Nimphs, :||: that in theſe
woods doe ſhroud, :||: that in theſe woods do ſhroud, do ſhroud, To
you my mornefull ſor- rowes, my mornefull ſorrowes, my mornefull ſorrows I declare,
:||: de- clare, You ſauage Sa- tires let your
eares be bound, your eares be bound, You ſauage Sa- tires let your
eares be bound, :||: To heare my woe, your ſacred ſelues prepare, your ſacred
ſelues prepare, :||: :||: your ſacred ſelues pre- pare, Trees,
Hearbs, and Flowres in rurall fields that grow, while thus I mourn, :||: I mourn,
while :||: :||: I mourne, doe you ſome ſilence ſhow, ſome ſilence ſhow.

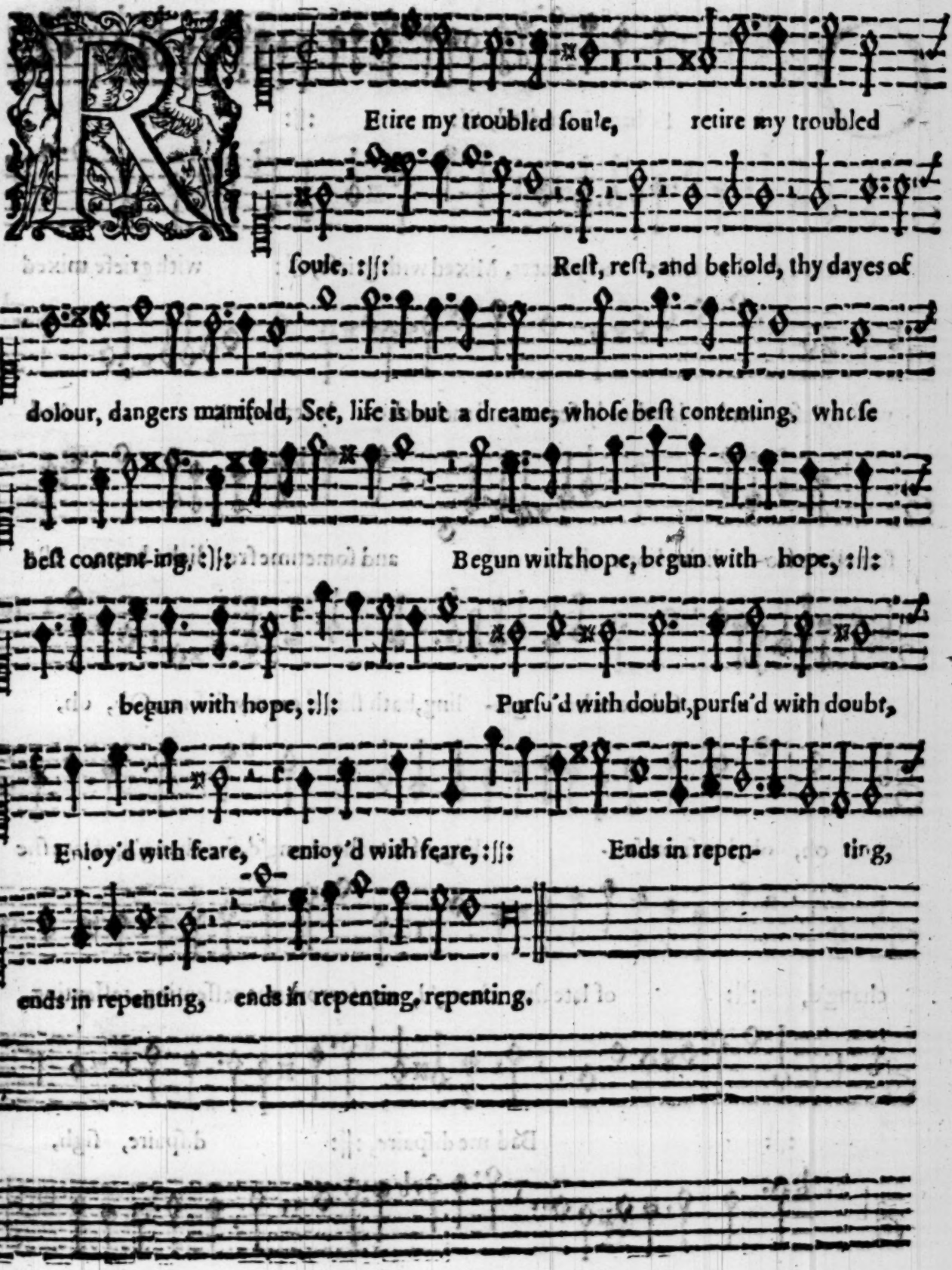

Lora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſil- ly Lambs are feeding, :||:
fayre Nimph, whileſt ſil- ly Lambes are feeding, :||:
are fee- ding, Graunt my requeſt, graunt my requeſt, :||:
:||: graunt my re- queſt, graunt my requeſt in ſpeeding, For your ſweet
loue, ſweet loue my hart doth languiſh, for your ſweet loue my
ſilly hart doth lan- guiſh, my ſilly hart doth lan- guiſh, And dye I
ſhall, and dye I ſhall, :||: and dye I ſhall, and dye I ſhall, except
you quench the an- guiſh, except you quench the an- guiſh.

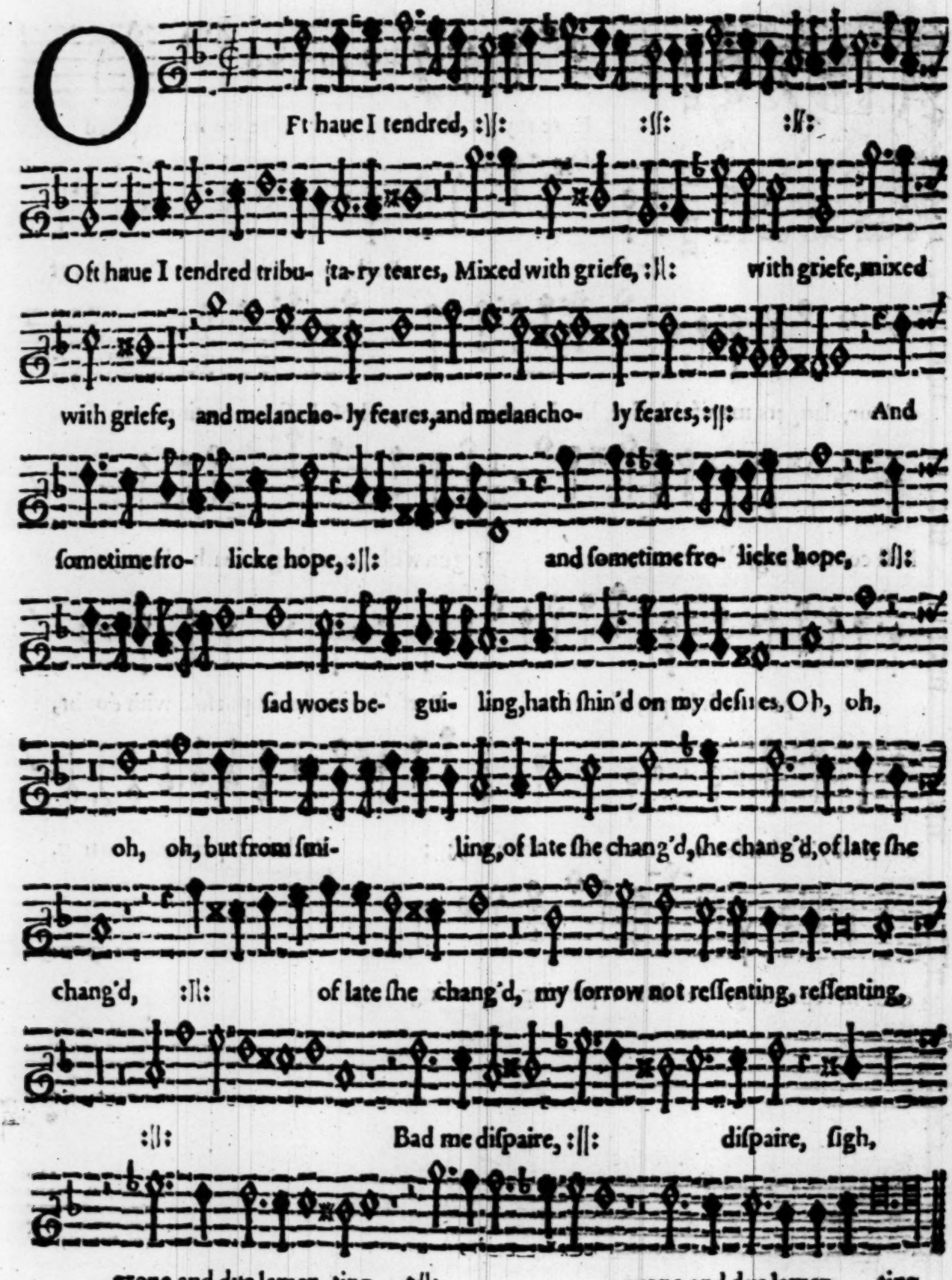

Hillis the bright, :||: when franckly ſhe, :||:
:||: when franckly ſhe deſired, Thirſis her ſweet hart to haue exſpi-
red, Phillis the bright, :||: when franckly ſhe, :||: :||: when franckly
ſhe de-ſi- red, Thirſis her ſweet hart to haue exſpired, Sweet (thus fell ſhe a
crying) Sweet, thus fell ſhe a crying, Dye, for I am a dying, a dy- ing, for
I am a dy- ing, dye, for I am a dy- ing, Sweet, ſweet, (thus fell
ſhe a crying) :||: Dye, for I am a dying a dying,
Dye, for I am a dy- ing, :||: dye, for I am a dy- ing.

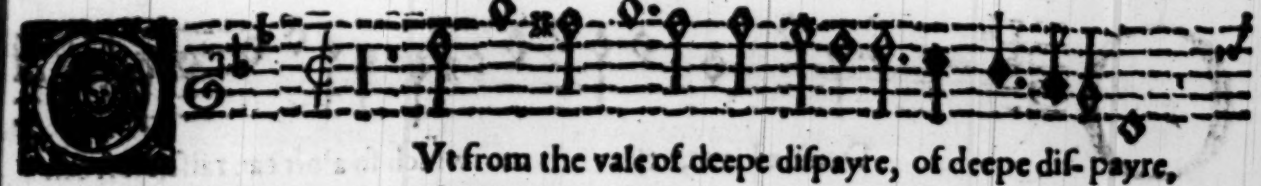

Hope of my hart, :||: oh, wherefore doe the words,
Oh, oh, :||: which your sweet tongue af- fords, :||:
which your sweet tongue affords, no hope impart, no hope im- part, impart?
But cru- ell without measure, :||: To my eter-
nall payne, to my e- ternall paine, eternall paine, :||:
Still thun- der forth disdaine, :||: still
thun- der forth dis- daine, On him whose life, :||:
on him whose life, on him whose life depends vpon your pleasure? vpon your
pleasure, whose life depends vpon your pleasure?



Heere endeth the Songs of 5. Parts.


Etire my troubled ſoule, retire my troubled
ſoule, :|||: Reſt, reſt, and behold, thy dayes of
dolour, dangers manifold, See, life is but a dreame, whoſe beſt contenting, whoſe
beſt content-ing, :|||: Begun with hope, begun with hope, :|||:
begun with hope, :|||: Purſu'd with doubt, purſu'd with doubt,
Enioy'd with feare, enioy'd with feare, :|||: Ends in repen- ting,
ends in repenting, ends in repenting, repenting.


Oft haue I tendred, :||: :||: :||:
Oft haue I tendred tribu- ta-ry teares, Mixed with griefe, :||: with griefe, mixed
with griefe, and melancho- ly feares, and melancho- ly feares, :||: And
ſometime fro- licke hope, :||: and ſometime fro- licke hope, :||:
ſad woes be- gui- ling, hath ſhin'd on my deſires, Oh, oh,
oh, oh, but from ſmi- ling, of late ſhe chang'd, ſhe chang'd, of late ſhe
chang'd, :||: of late ſhe chang'd, my ſorrow not reſſenting, reſſenting,
:||: Bad me diſpaire, :||: diſpaire, ſigh,
grone, and dye lamen- ting, :||: grone, and dye lamen- ting.

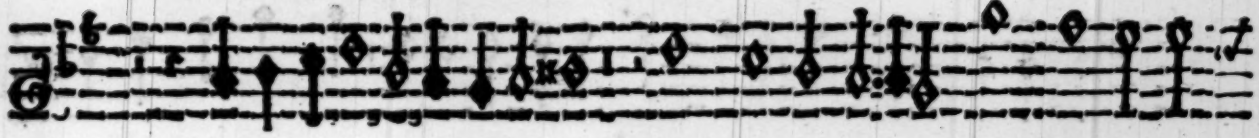


Vt from the vale of deepe diſpayre, of deepe diſ- payre,

With mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, with mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, I

fill the ayre, :||: with mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, To

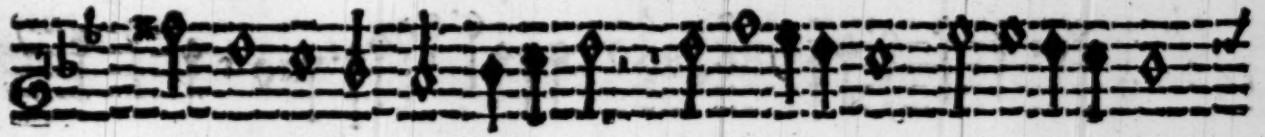
ſatisfie my reſtleſſe ghoſt, my reſtleſſe ghoſt, :||:



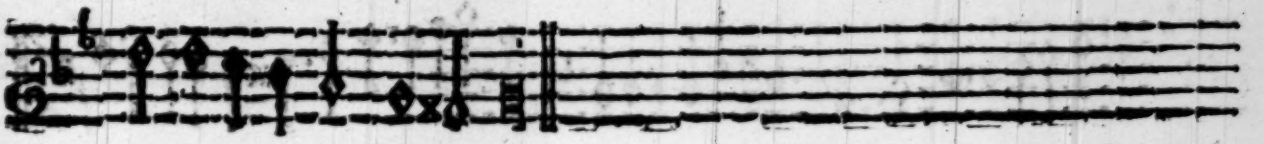
:||: Which *Daphnes* cruelty, which *Daphnes* cru-

elty hath loſt, (her) cruel- ty hath loſt, Ore hils and dales in her dull eares,

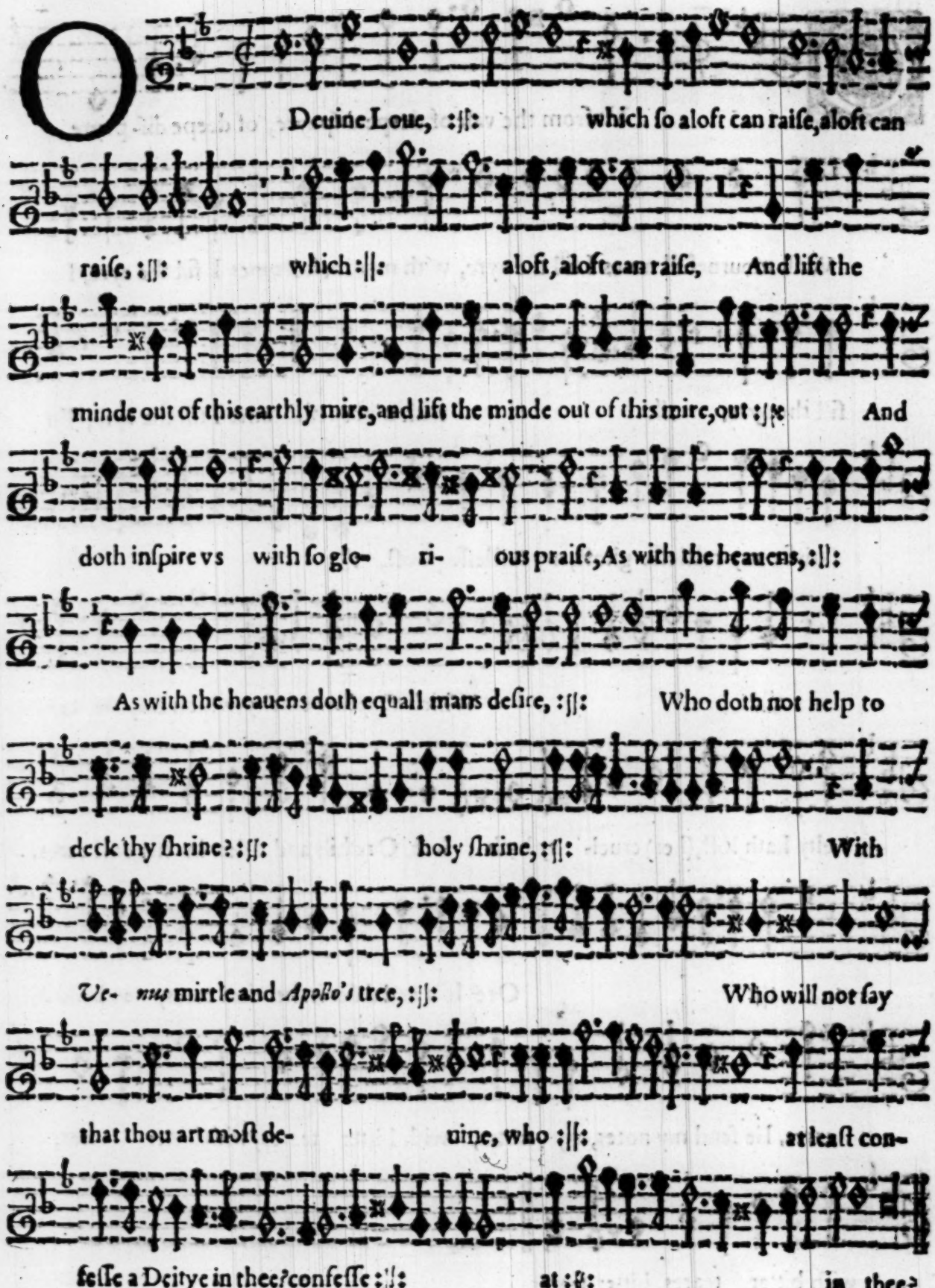
:||: Ore hils and dales in her dull eares, in her dull

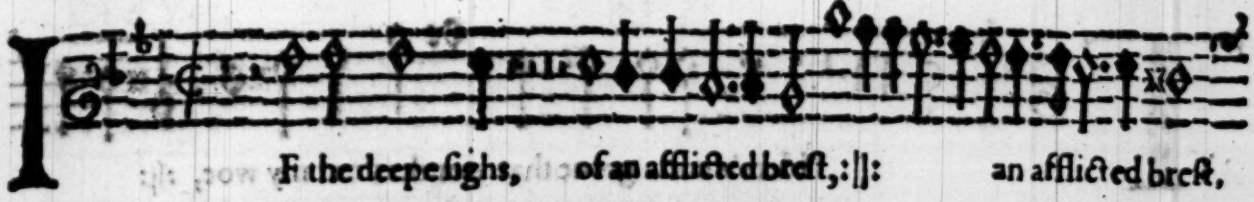


eares, Ile ſend my notes, my notes, with bitter teares, with bitter teares,

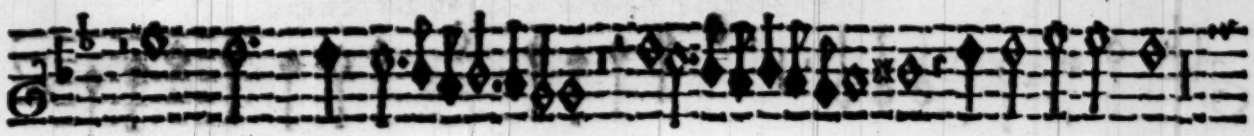


with bitter teares, bitter teares.

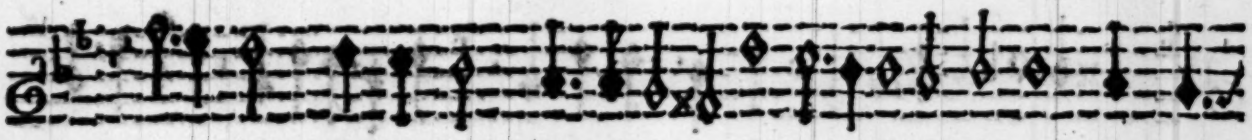

O Deuine Loue, :||: which ſo aloft can raiſe, aloft can raiſe, :||: which :||: aloft, aloft can raiſe, And lift the minde out of this earthly mire, and lift the minde out of this mire, out :||: And doth inſpire vs with ſo glo- ri- ous praiſe, As with the heauens, :||: As with the heauens doth equall mans deſire, :||: Who doth not help to deck thy ſhrine? :||: holy ſhrine, :||: With Ve- nus mirtle and Apollo's tree, :||: Who will not ſay that thou art moſt de- uine, who :||: at leaſt con- feſſe a Deitye in thee? confeſſe :||: at :||: in thee?



IF the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt, :||: an afflicted breſt,



Orewhelm'd with ſor- row, :||: Or the'rected eyes

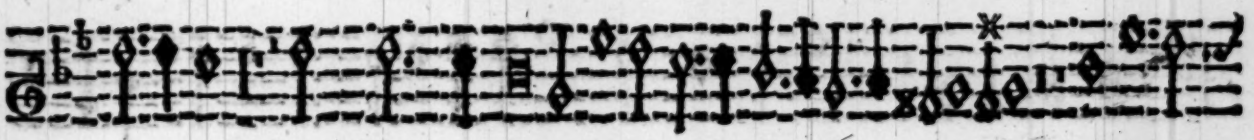


(of a poore wretch, a poore wretch, :||: with miſeries oppreſt) For whoſe com-

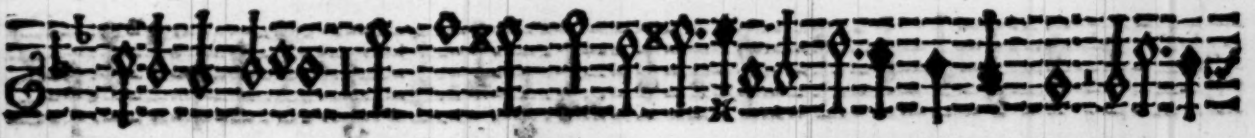
plaints, teares neuer could ſuffice, teares neuer could ſuffice, :||: for :||:

Haue not the power your Deities to moue, :||:

haue :||: Who ſhal ere looke for ſuccor from aboue, from

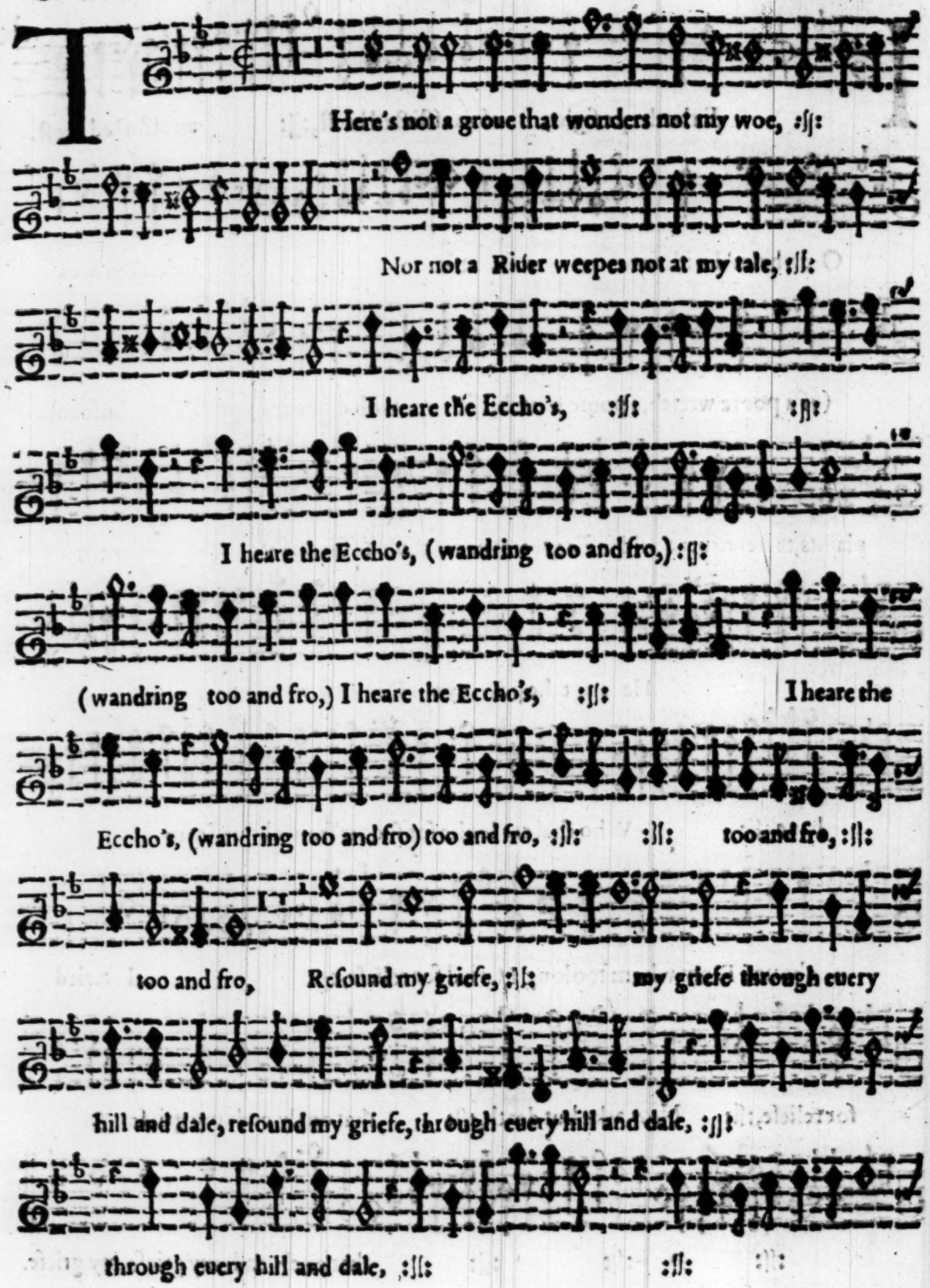


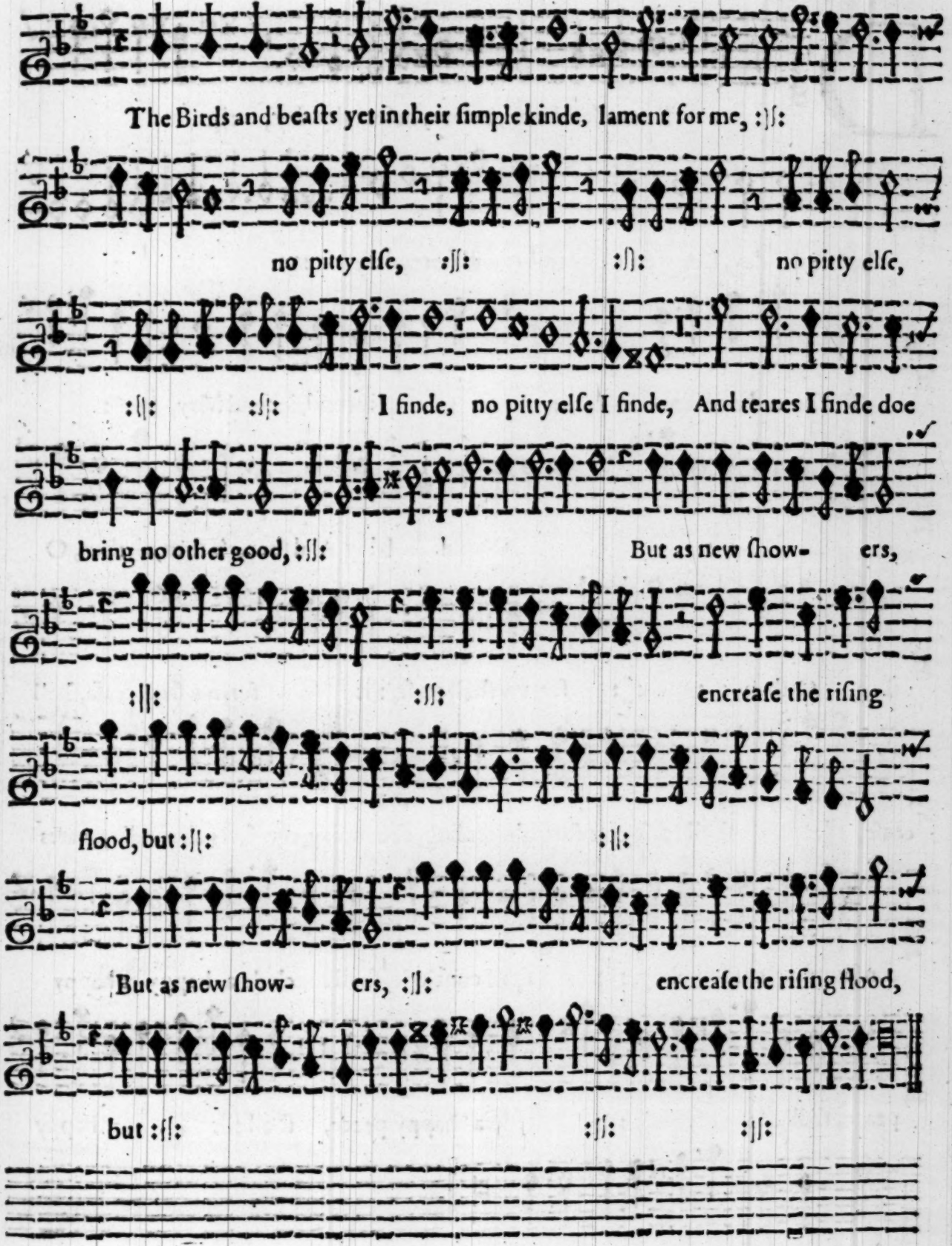
aboue? From whom too long I taried for reliefe, :||: I taried

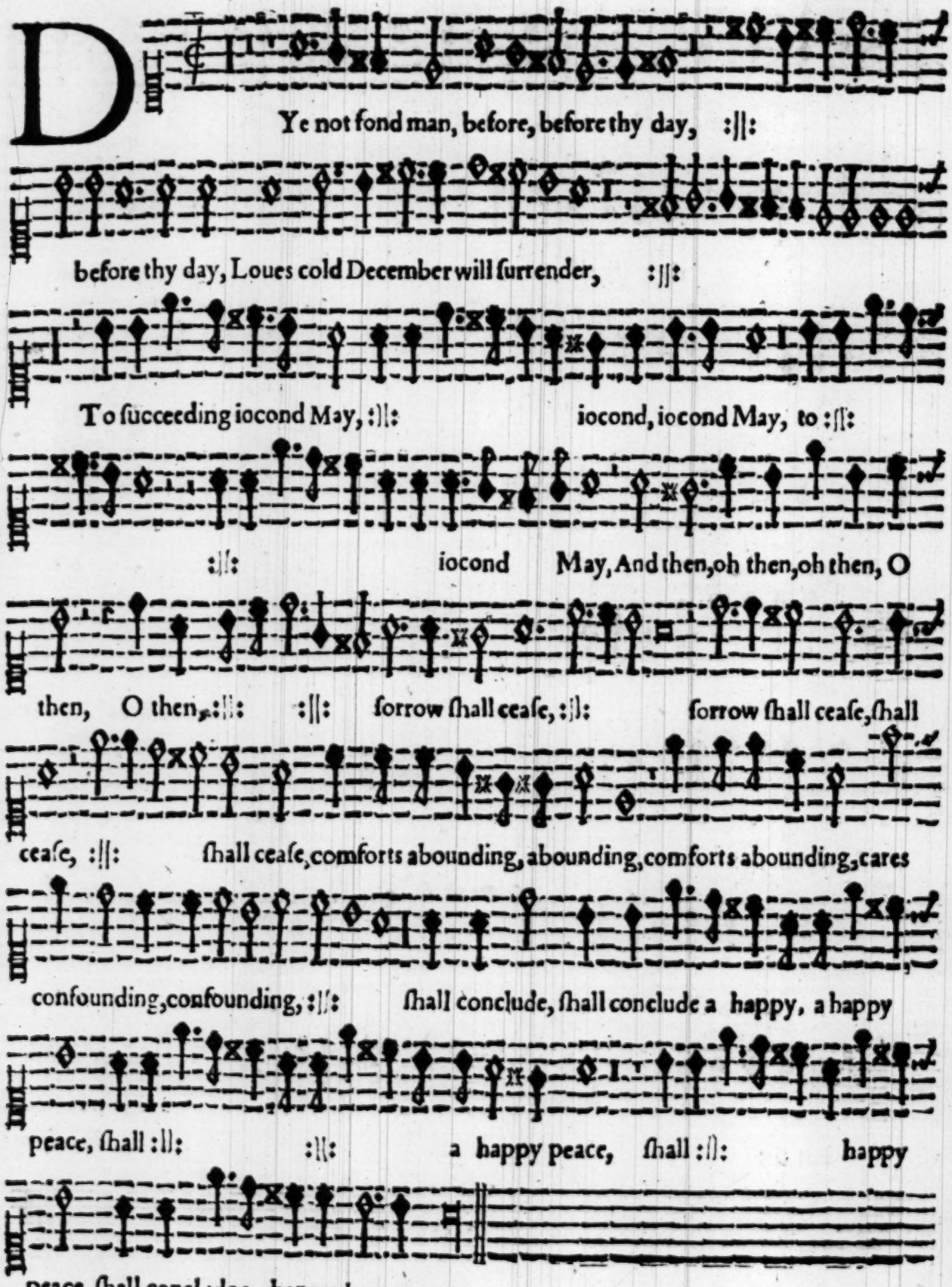


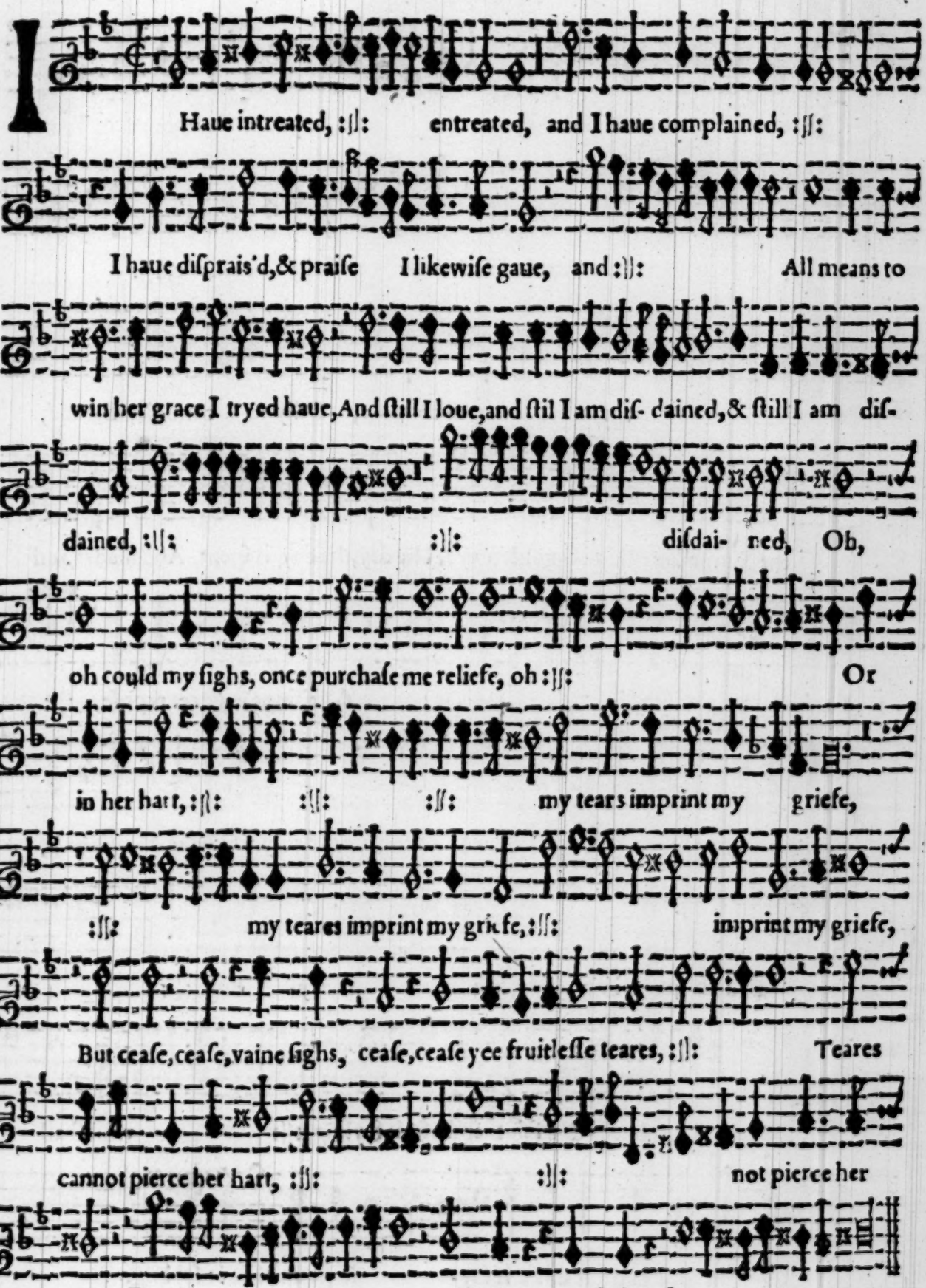
for reliefe, :||: Now aske but death, :||: that onely ends my griefe, :||:

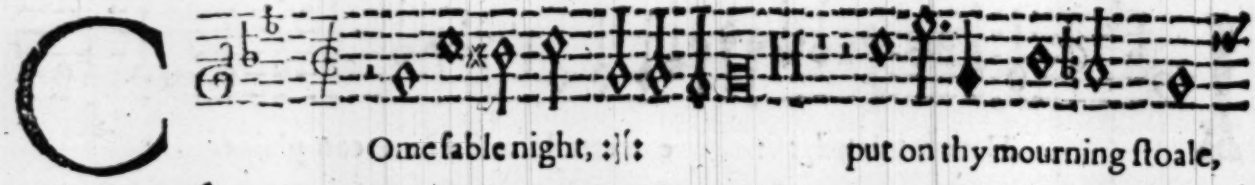
:||: :||: :||: :||: that onely ends my griefe, my griefe.


There's not a groue that wonders not my woe, :||:
Nor not a Rider weepes not at my tale, :||:
I heare the Eccho's, :||: :||:
I heare the Eccho's, (wandring too and fro,) :||:
(wandring too and fro,) I heare the Eccho's, :||: I heare the
Eccho's, (wandring too and fro) too and fro, :||: :||: too and fro, :||:
too and fro, Resound my griefe, :||: my griefe through euery
hill and dale, resound my griefe, through euery hill and dale, :||:
through euery hill and dale, :||: :||: :||:


The Birds and beaſts yet in their ſimple kinde, lament for me, :||:
no pitty elſe, :||: :||: no pitty elſe,
:||: :||: I finde, no pitty elſe I finde, And teares I finde doe
bring no other good, :||: But as new ſhow- ers,
:||: :||: encreaſe the riſing
flood, but :||: :||:
But as new ſhow- ers, :||: encreaſe the riſing flood,
but :||: :||: :||:


Ye not fond man, before, before thy day, :||:
before thy day, Loues cold December will ſurrender, :||:
To ſucceeding iocond May, :||: iocond, iocond May, to :||:
:||: iocond May, And then, oh then, oh then, O
then, O then, :||: :||: ſorrow ſhall ceaſe, :||: ſorrow ſhall ceaſe, ſhall
ceaſe, :||: ſhall ceaſe, comforts abounding, abounding, comforts abounding, cares
confounding, confounding, :||: ſhall conclude, ſhall conclude a happy, a happy
peace, ſhall :||: :||: a happy peace, ſhall :||: happy
peace, ſhall conclude a happy, happy peace.


I Haue intreated, :||: entreated, and I haue complained, :||:
I haue disprais'd,& praise I likewise gaue, and :||: All means to
win her grace I tryed haue, And still I loue, and stil I am dis- dained,& still I am dis-
dained, :||: :||: disdai- ned, Oh,
oh could my sighs, once purchase me relieſe, oh :||: Or
in her hart, :||: :||: :||: my tears imprint my griefe,
:||: my teares imprint my griefe, :||: imprint my griefe,
But ceaſe, ceaſe, vaine sighs, ceaſe, ceaſe yee fruitleſſe teares, :||: Teares
cannot pierce her hart, :||: :||: not pierce her
hart, :||: not :||: nor sighes, nor sighes her eares.



Come ſable night, :|: put on thy mourning ſtoale,

:|: And help *Amintas* ſadly to condole, :|:

:|: :|: to condole, ſadly to condole, Behold,

the Sunne hath ſhut his golden eye, The day, the day is ſpent, And ſhades, and

ſhades faire lights ſupply, :|: All things in ſweet repoſe, :|:

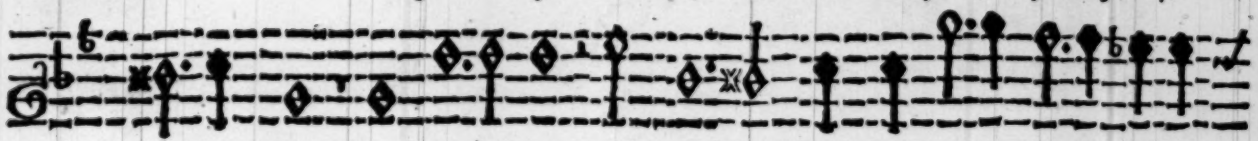
:|: their labours cloſe, Onely *Amintas*, *Amintas*,

waſt's his houres in wayling, :|: in way- ling, :|:

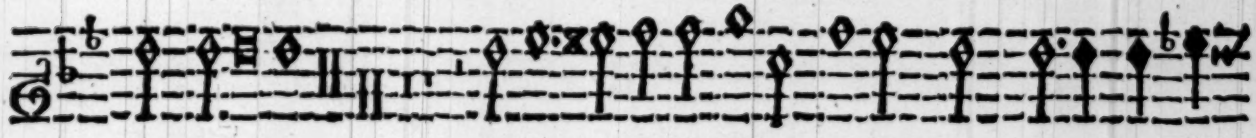
Whilſt all his hopes doe faint, and life is fayling, :|: whil'ſt all

his hopes doe faint and life is fay- ling. and life is fayling.

Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament, lament, weepe :||:



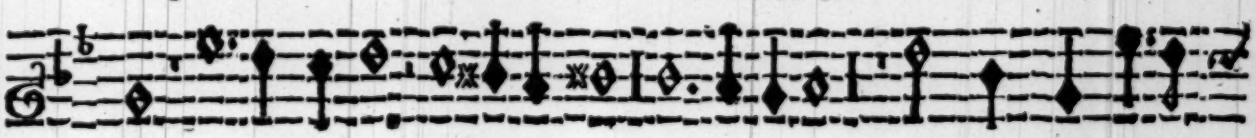
your teares, and doe lament, He's dead, he's dead, who liuing was of all the



world beloued, Let do- lorous lamenting ſtill be ſpread, through all the

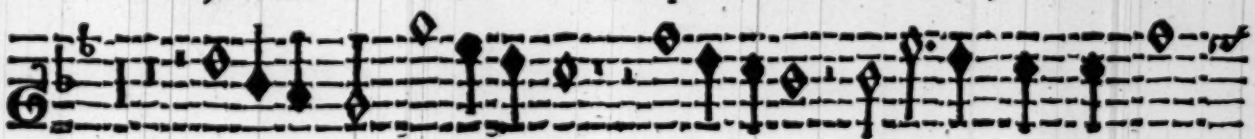
earth, :||: that all harts may be moued, To ſigh, to ſigh

and plaine, ſince death hath ſlaine Prince *Hene- ry*, :||:

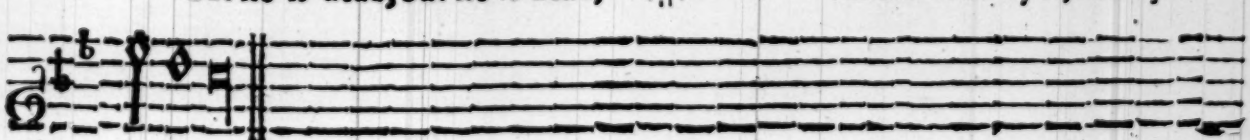


Oh, oh had he liu'd, oh :||: oh :||: our hopes had ſtill en-

creaſed, ſtill :||: ſtill :||: our hopes had ſtill encrea- ſed, But he is dead,

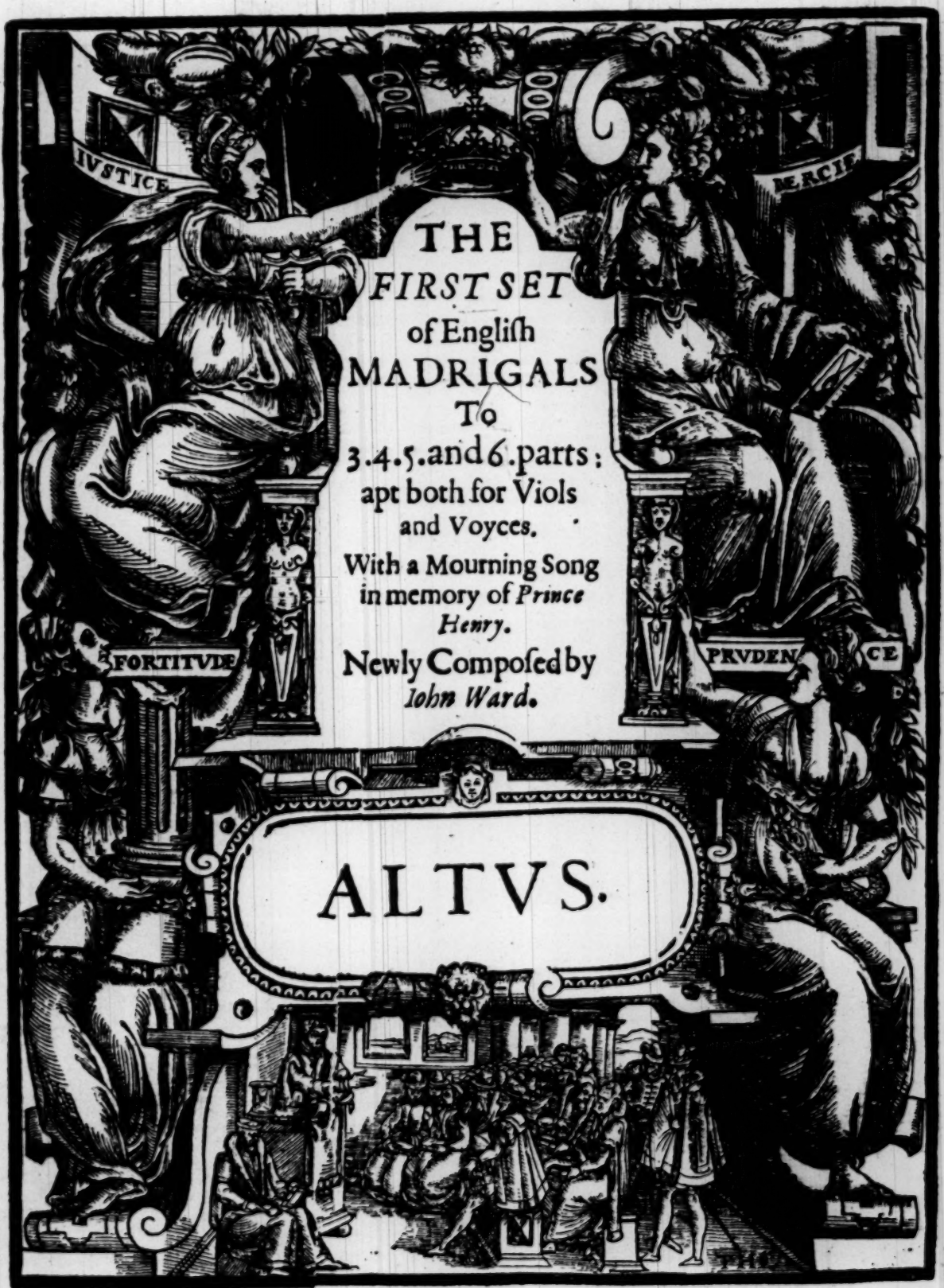


but he is dead, but he is dead, :||: and all our ioyes, our ioyes



deceaſed.

FINIS.



THE *FIRST SET* of English MADRIGALS To 3.4.5. and 6. parts: apt both for Viols and Voyces.

With a Mourning Song in memory of *Prince Henry.*

Newly Compoſed by *Iohn Ward.*

ALTVS.

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM. 1613.

TO THE HONORABLE
Gentleman, and my very good Maiſter, Sir *Henry Fanſhawe*, KNIGHT.

Worthy Sir: among many Patrons of Art, and Muſicall endeuours, I am emboldened to ranckeyour Name; who, as I know you not inferiour to the beſt, as well for a louer of MVSICKE, *as a competent Iudge of that Noble facultie; ſo I preſent you here, with ſuch numbers beſt fitting your innated Harmony, and (I hope) not vnworthy your Patronage. And though I know the excellent varietie of theſe Compoſitions, hath fed time with fulneſſe, and bred many Cenſors, more curious, then (perhaps) Iudiciall; and ſince no Science carries ſo ſufficient authority in it ſelfe, but muſt needs ſubmit to that Monſter* OPINION, *halfe truth, halfe falſhood; yet theſe of mine being thus fronted with your Countenance, digeſted by your Eare, and allowed in your Knowledge; ſhould they proue diſtaſtfull with the queaſie-pallated, or ſurfeited delight, yet with the ſound (vnſubiect to ſuch diſeaſe of Humor, and appetite) I preſume they will pleaſingly relliſh, and (with your equall ſelfe) mainteine me againſt the corrupted number of Time-ſicke humoriſts. Theſe (honoured* SYR) *are the* primitiæ *of my Muſe, planted in your pleaſure, and cheriſht by the gentle calme of your Fauour; what I may produce hereafter is wholy Yours (as who hath more right to the Fruit then he that owneth the Stock?) If then you accept (inſtead of reall worth) this my humble Tribute of Affection, I ſhall ſtudy to vſe that grace, with my time, to the beſt aduantage, and till I may better deſerue you, in my vtmoſt abilities euer reſt*

Your Worſhips in all ſeruiceable
endeuour and deuotion

IOHN WARD.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Parts.

MY true loue hath my heart. 1 Part. I
His hart his wound receiued from my sight. 2 Part. II
O say deere life, when shall these twin-borne berryes. III
In health and ease am I. IIII
Goe wayling accents, goe. V
Fly not so fast, my onely ioy and Iewell. VI

Songs of 4. Parts.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread. VII
O my thoughts surcease. VIII
Sweet pittie wake, and tell my cruell. IX
Loue is a dainty milde and sweet. X
Free from loues bonds I liued long. XI
How long shall I with mournefull Musicke? XII

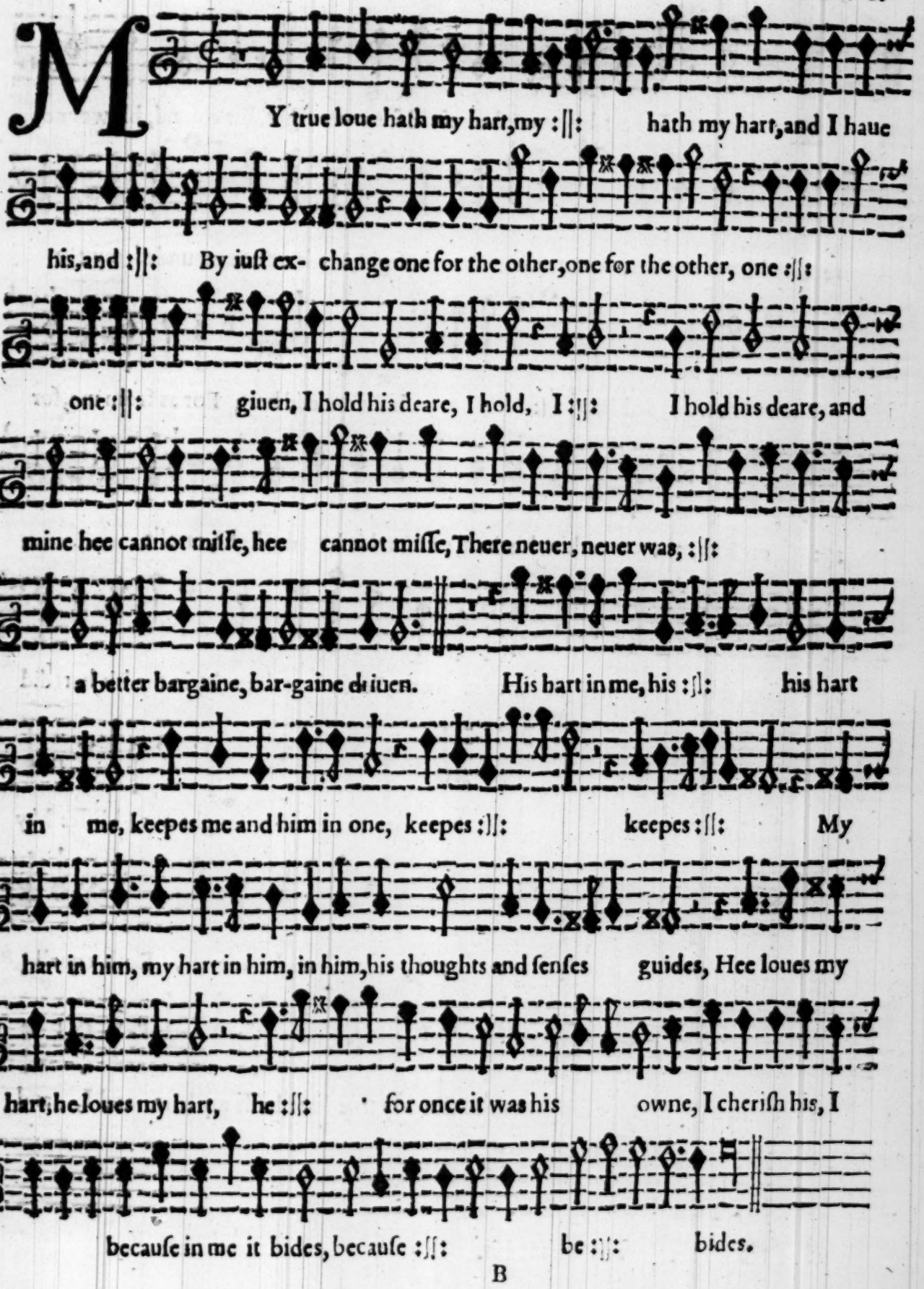
Songs of 5. Parts.

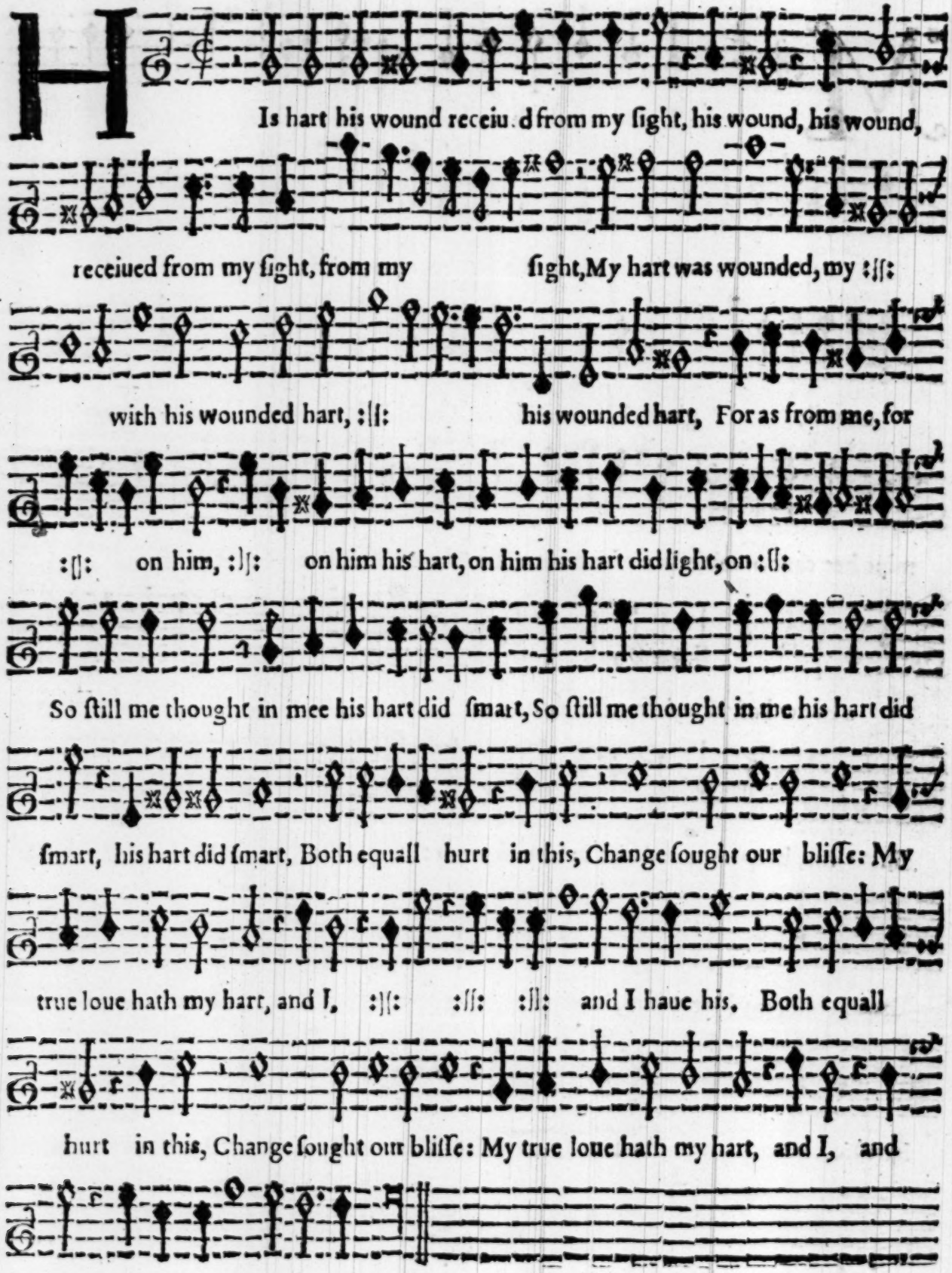
Sweet *Philomell*, cease thou thy song a while. 1 Part. XIII
Ye Siluan Nimphs, that in these woods doe shroud. 2 Part. XIIII
Flora fayre Nimph, whilest silly Lambs are feeding. XV
Phillis the bright, when franckly she desired. XVI
Hope of my hart, oh, wherefore doe the words. XVII
Vpon a banke with Roses set about. XVIII

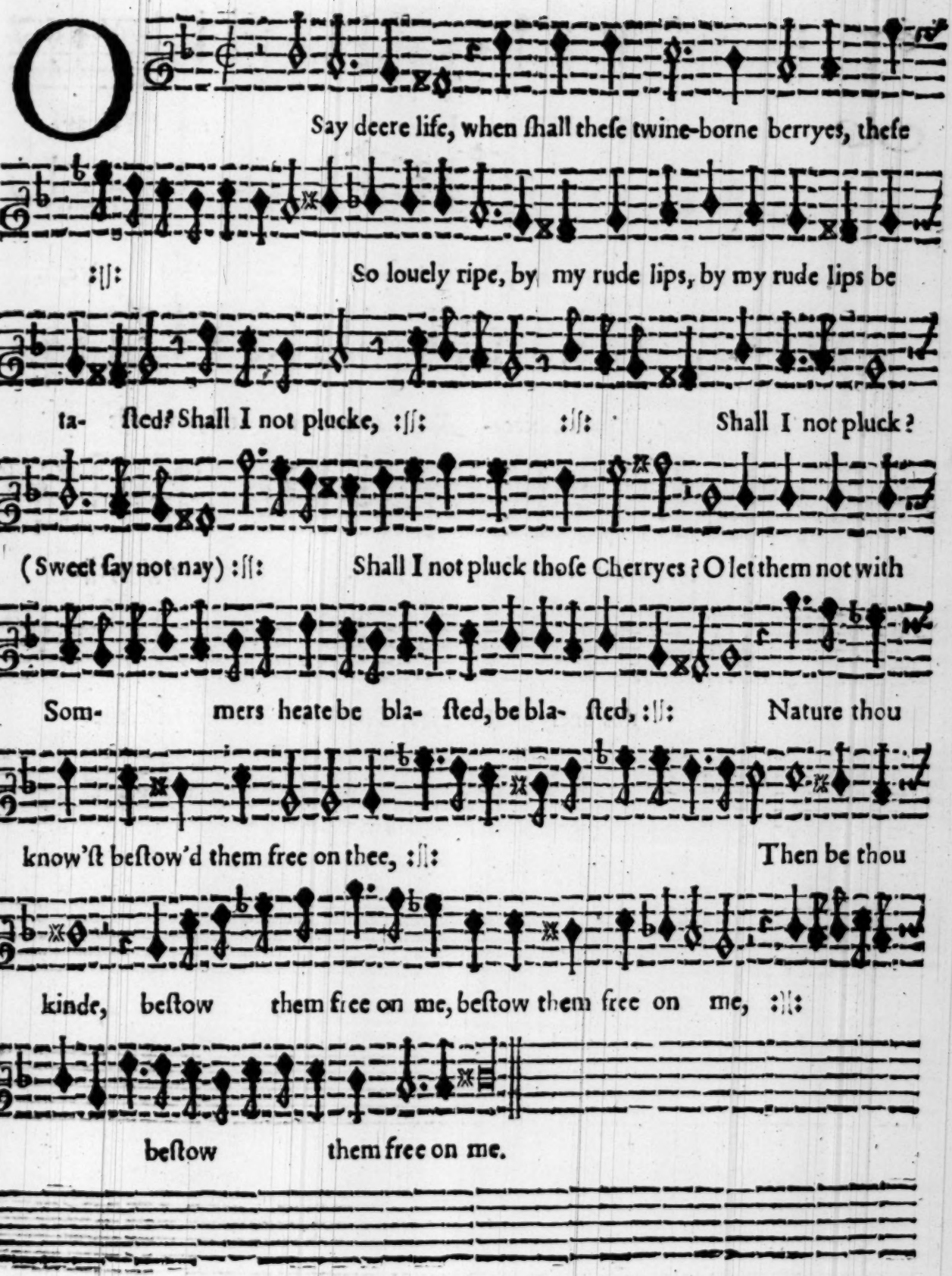
Songs of 6. Parts.

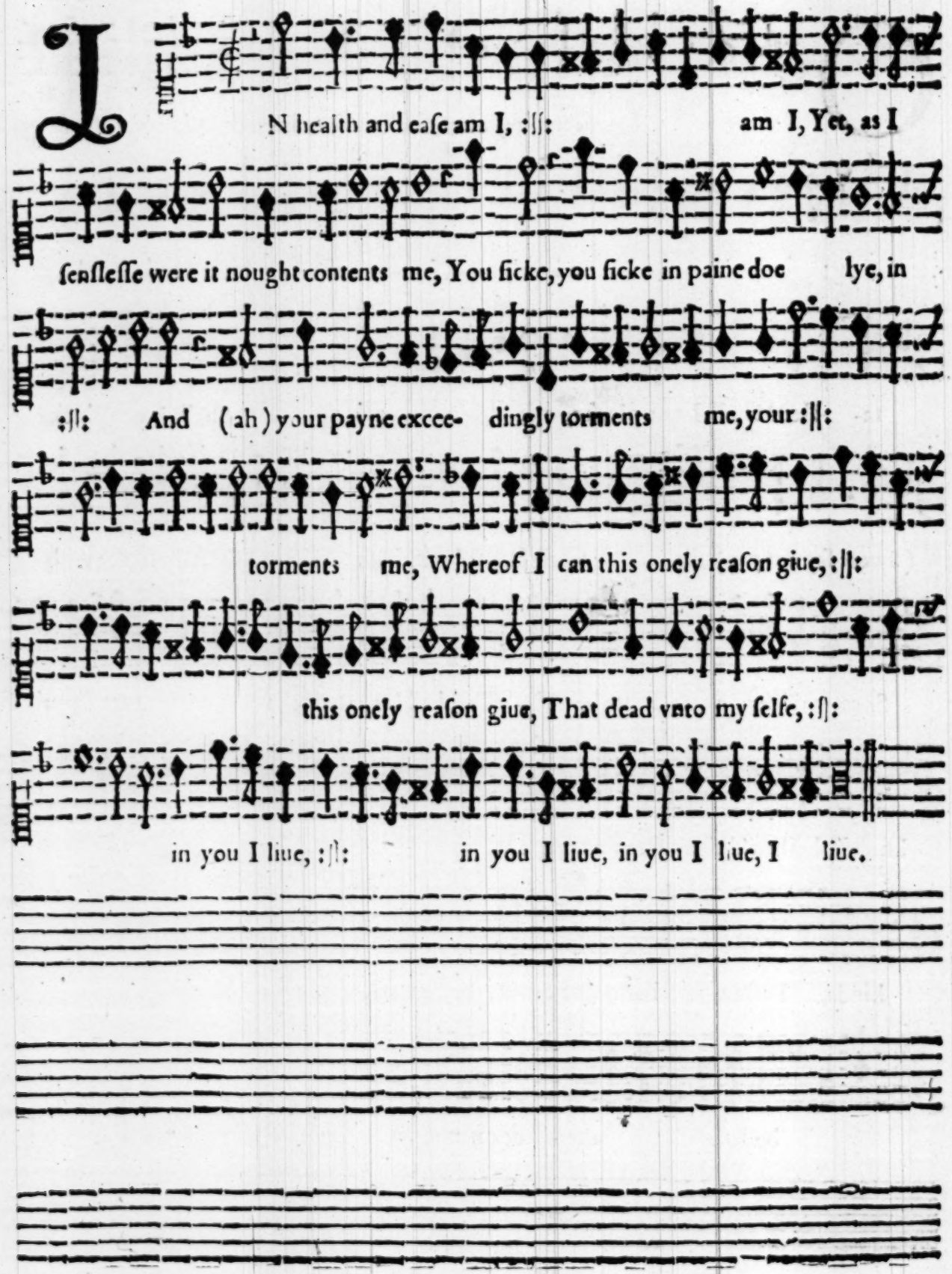
Retire my troubled soule. XIX
Oft haue I tendred tributary teares. XX
Out from the vale of deepe dispayre. XXI
O Diuine loue, which so aloft can raise. XXII
If the deepe sighs, of an afflicted brest. 1 Part. XXIII
There's not a groue that wonders not my woe. 2 Part. XXIIII
Dye not (fond man) before thy day. XXV
I haue entreated, and I haue complained. XXVI
Come sable night, put on thy mourning stoale. XXVII
Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament. XXVIII

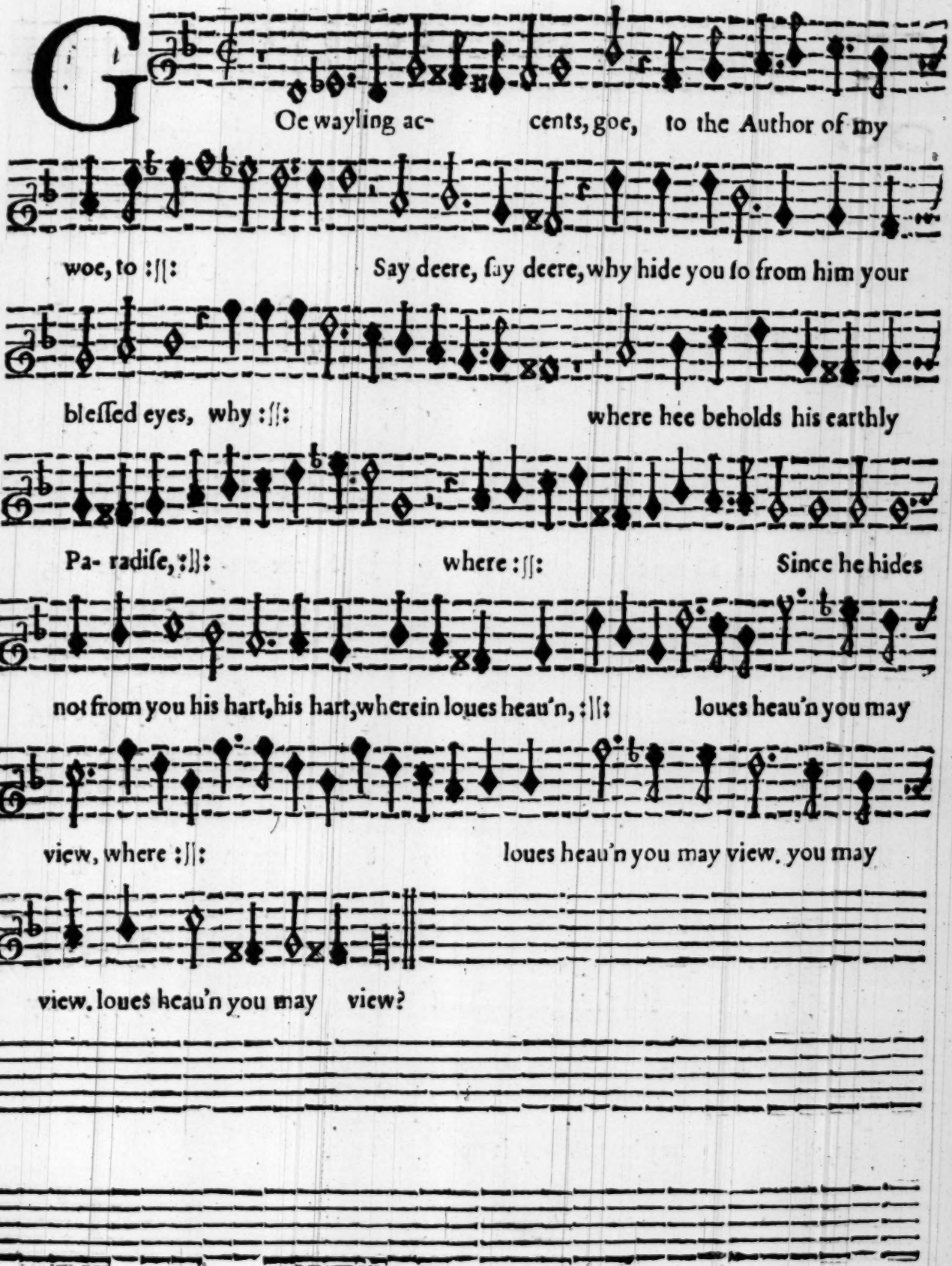
FINIS.

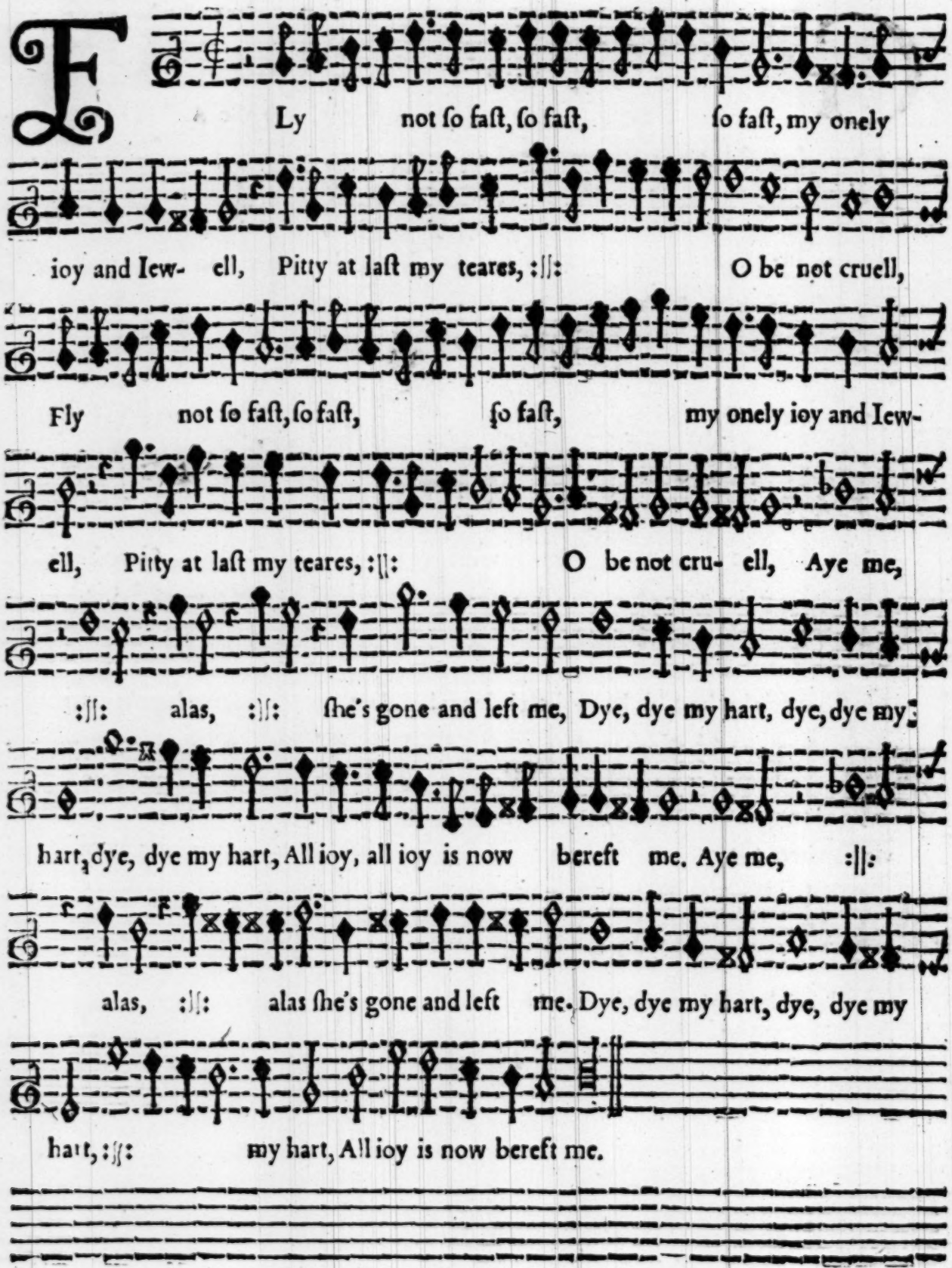

MY true loue hath my hart, my :||: hath my hart, and I haue
his, and :||: By iuſt ex- change one for the other, one for the other, one :||:
one :||: giuen, I hold his deare, I hold, I :||: I hold his deare, and
mine hee cannot miſſe, hee cannot miſſe, There neuer, neuer was, :||:
a better bargaine, bar-gaine diuen. His hart in me, his :||: his hart
in me, keepes me and him in one, keepes :||: keepes :||: My
hart in him, my hart in him, in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guides, Hee loues my
hart, he loues my hart, he :||: for once it was his owne, I cheriſh his, I
becauſe in me it bides, becauſe :||: be :||: bides.


His hart his wound receiu.d from my ſight, his wound, his wound,
receiued from my ſight, from my ſight, My hart was wounded, my :||:
with his wounded hart, :||: his wounded hart, For as from me, for
:||: on him, :||: on him his hart, on him his hart did light, on :||:
So ſtill me thought in mee his hart did ſmart, So ſtill me thought in me his hart did
ſmart, his hart did ſmart, Both equall hurt in this, Change ſought our bliſſe: My
true loue hath my hart, and I, :||: :||: :||: and I haue his. Both equall
hurt in this, Change ſought our bliſſe: My true loue hath my hart, and I, and
I :||: :||: and I haue his.


O Say deere life, when ſhall theſe twine-borne berryes, theſe
:|: So louely ripe, by my rude lips, by my rude lips be
ta- ſted? Shall I not plucke, :|: :|: Shall I not pluck?
(Sweet ſay not nay) :|: Shall I not pluck thoſe Cherryes? O let them not with
Som- mers heate be bla- ſted, be bla- ſted, :|: Nature thou
know'ſt beſtow'd them free on thee, :|: Then be thou
kinde, beſtow them free on me, beſtow them free on me, :|:
beſtow them free on me.

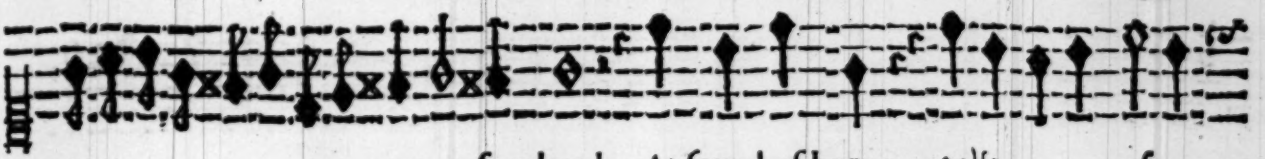

IN health and eaſe am I, :||: am I, Yet, as I
ſenſleſſe were it nought contents me, You ſicke, you ſicke in paine doe lye, in
:||: And (ah) your payne excee- dingly torments me, your :||:
torments me, Whereof I can this onely reaſon giue, :||:
this onely reaſon giue, That dead vnto my ſelfe, :||:
in you I liue, :||: in you I liue, in you I liue, I liue.

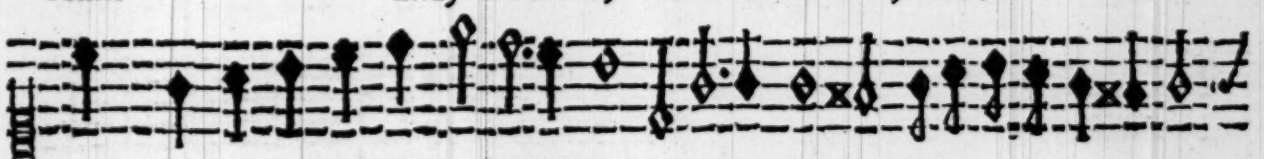

Goe wayling ac- cents, goe, to the Author of my
woe, to :||: Say deere, say deere, why hide you so from him your
blessed eyes, why :||: where hee beholds his earthly
Pa- radise, :||: where :||: Since he hides
not from you his hart, his hart, wherein loues heau'n, :||: loues heau'n you may
view, where :||: loues heau'n you may view, you may
view, loues heau'n you may view?



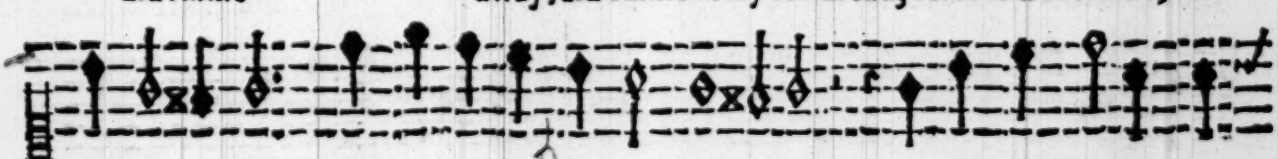
Heere endeth the Songs of 3. Parts.

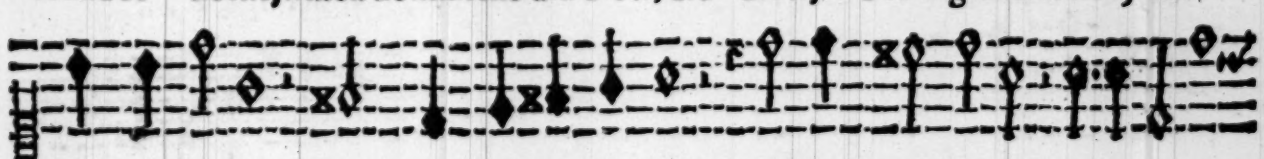
A Satyre, a Satyre once did runne a- way, did

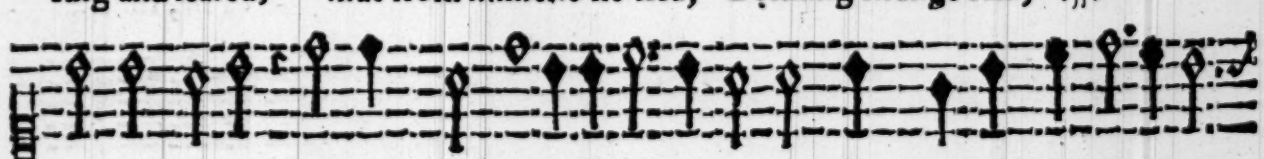

runne away for dread, At ſound of horne, at :‖: of


horne, which he himſelfe did blow, did blow. A Satyre once did runne away,

did runne away, did runne away for dread, At ſound of horne, at

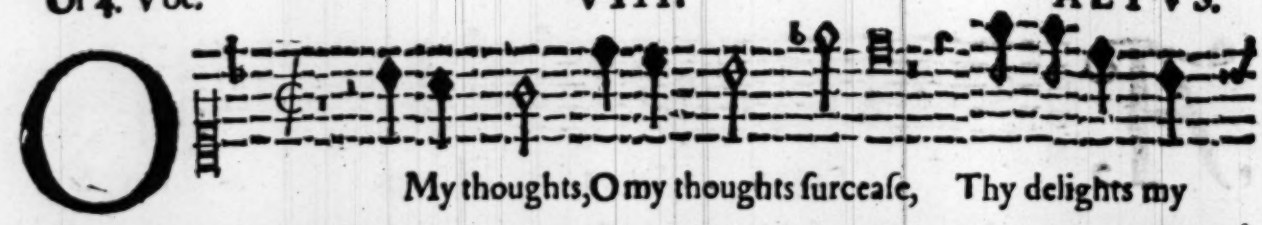

ſound of horne, which he himſelfe did b'ow, did blow, Fearing and feared, fea-


ring and feared, thus from himſelfe he fled, Deeming ſtrange euill, :‖:

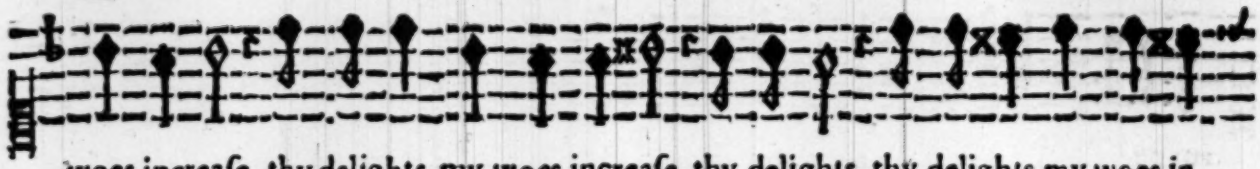

ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know. Fearing and ſea- red,

fearing and feared, thus from himſelfe he fled, he fled, Deeming ſtrange

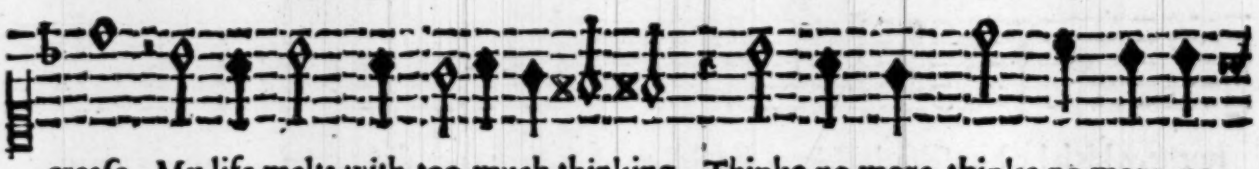
euill, deeming ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not



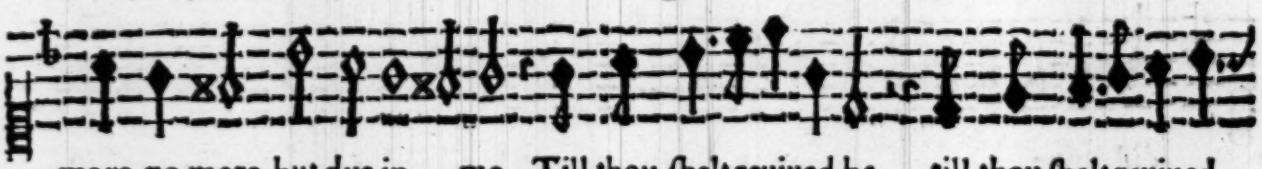
O My thoughts, O my thoughts ſurceaſe, Thy delights my



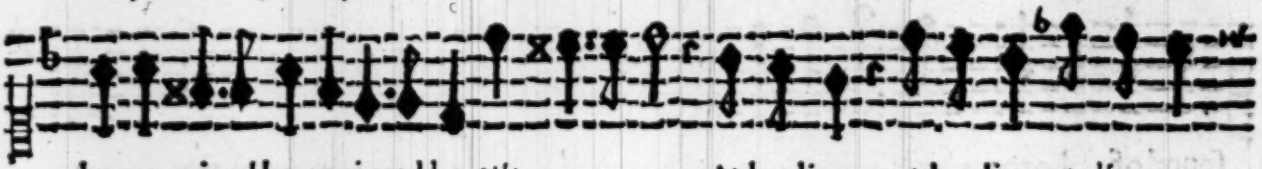
woes increaſe, thy delights my woes increaſe, thy delights, thy delights my woes in-



creaſe, My life melts with too much thinking, Thinke no more, thinke no more, no

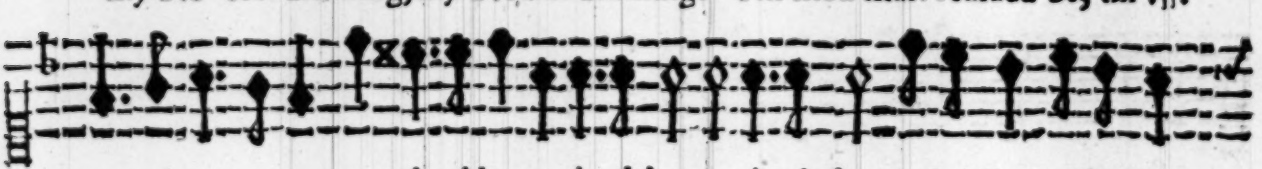


more, no more, but dye in me, Till thou ſhalt reuiued be, till thou ſhalt reuiued



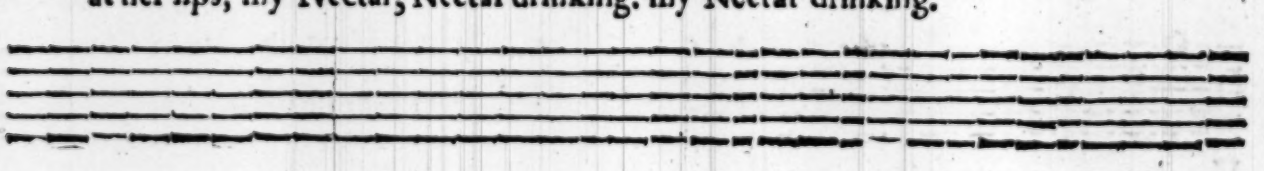
be, re- uiued be, reui-ued be, :|: At her lips, at her lips, at :|:

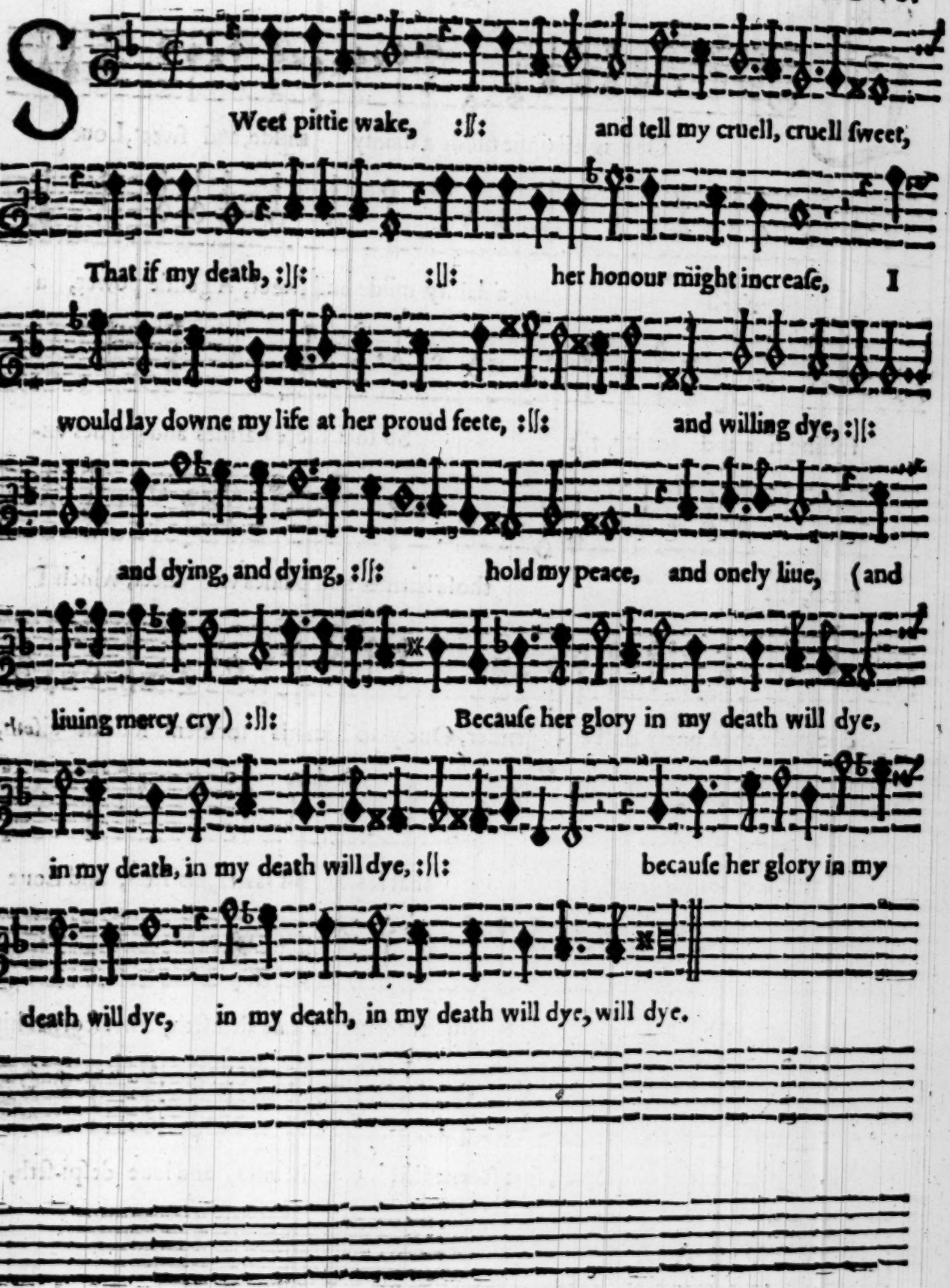
my Ne- ctar drinking, my Nectar drinking. Till thou ſhalt-reuiued be, till :|:

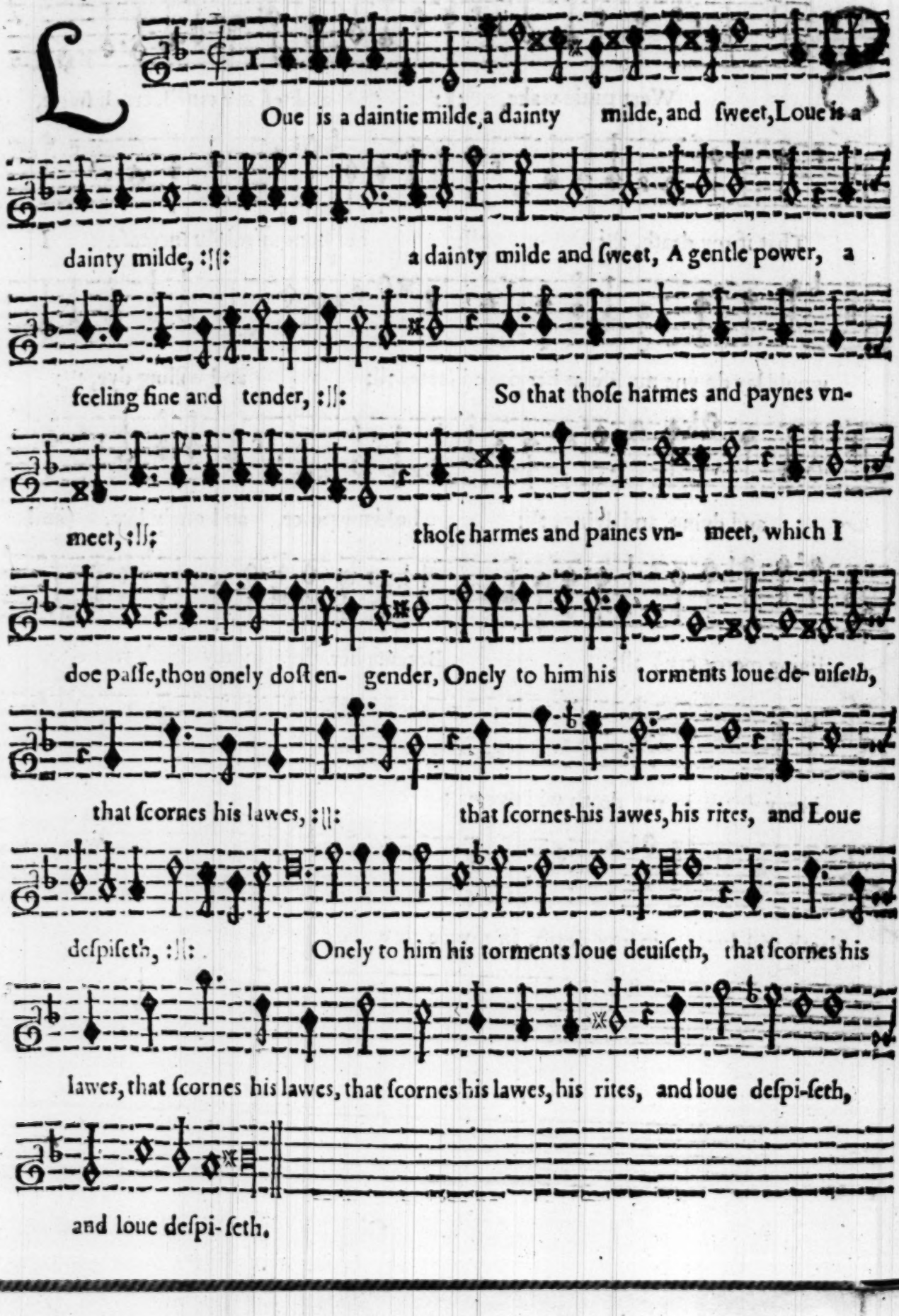


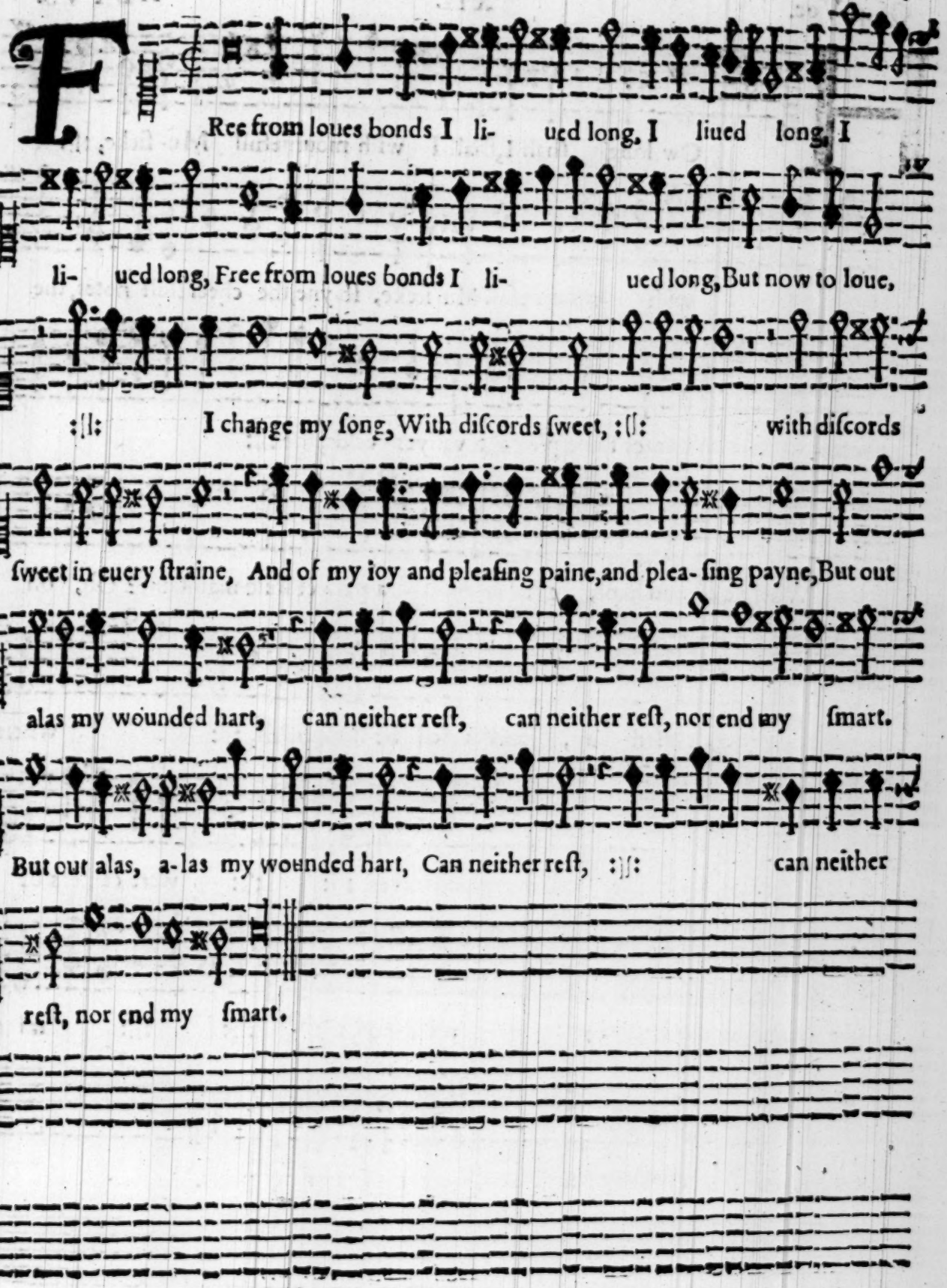
re- uiued be, reuiued be, re-uiued be, At her lips, at her lips,

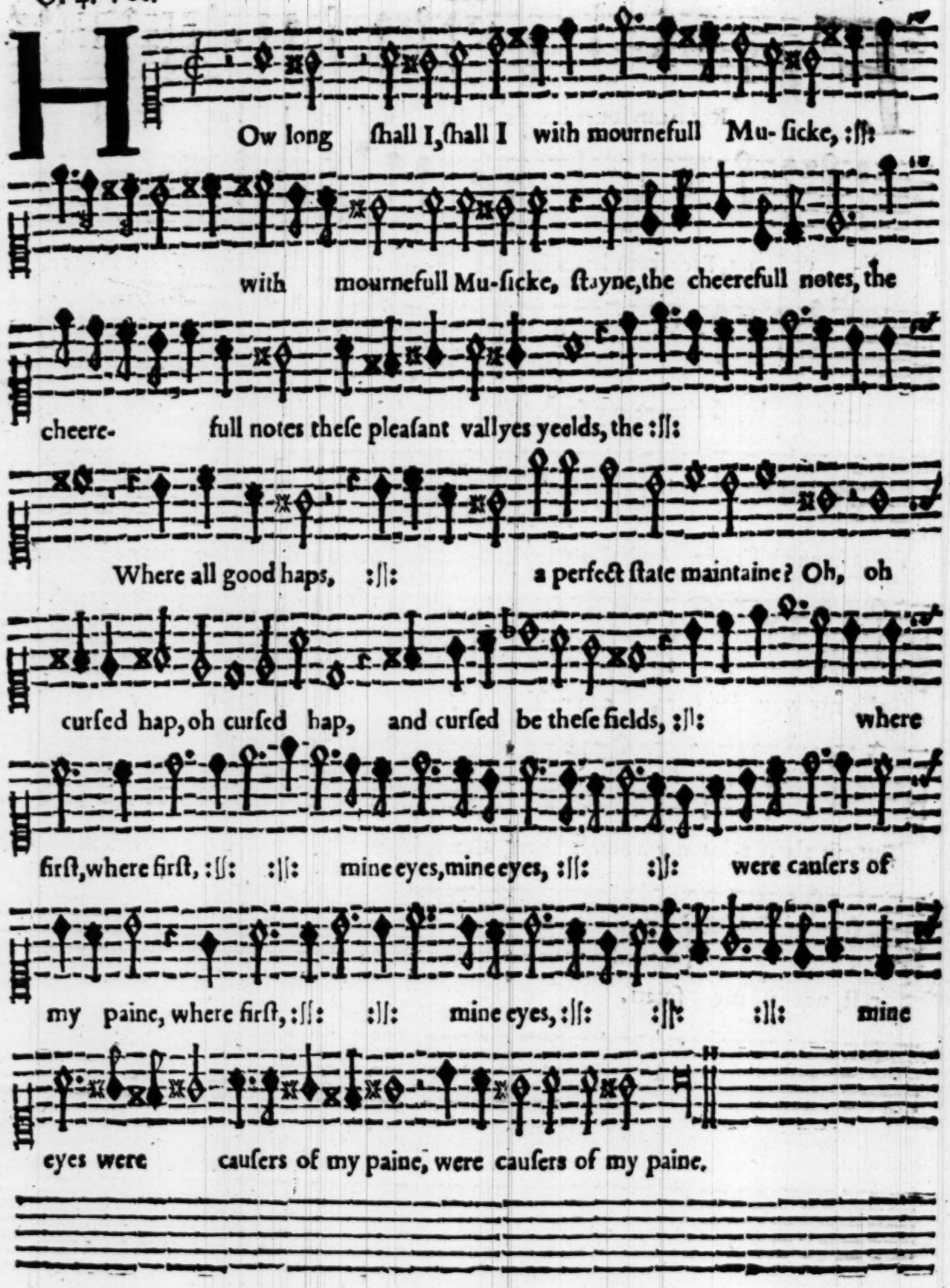
at her lips, my Nectar, Nectar drinking. my Nectar drinking.



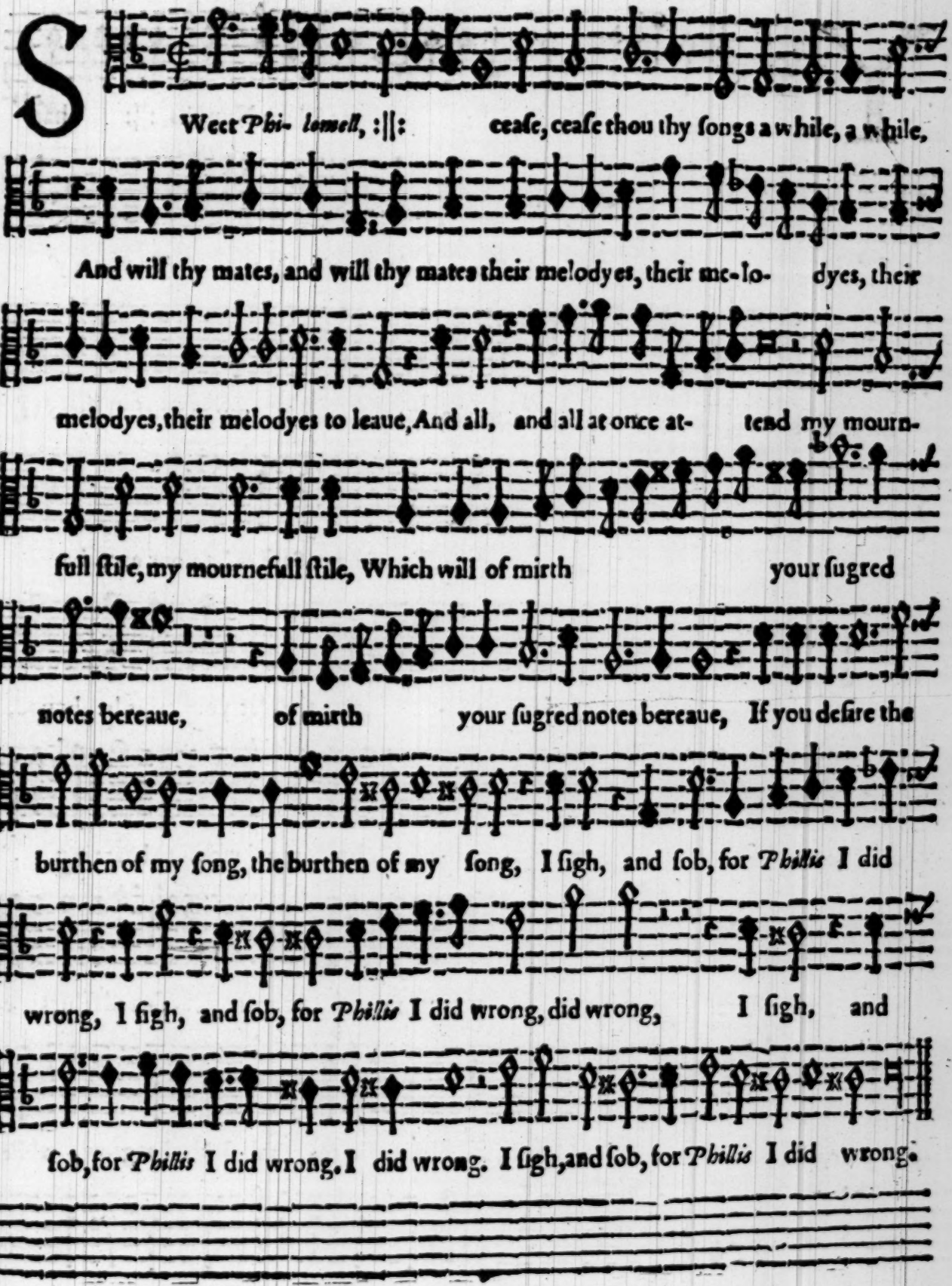

Sweet pittie wake, :||: and tell my cruell, cruell sweet,
That if my death, :||: :||: her honour might increase, I
would lay downe my life at her proud feete, :||: and willing dye, :||:
and dying, and dying, :||: hold my peace, and onely liue, (and
liuing mercy cry) :||: Becauſe her glory in my death will dye,
in my death, in my death will dye, :||: becauſe her glory in my
death will dye, in my death, in my death will dye, will dye.

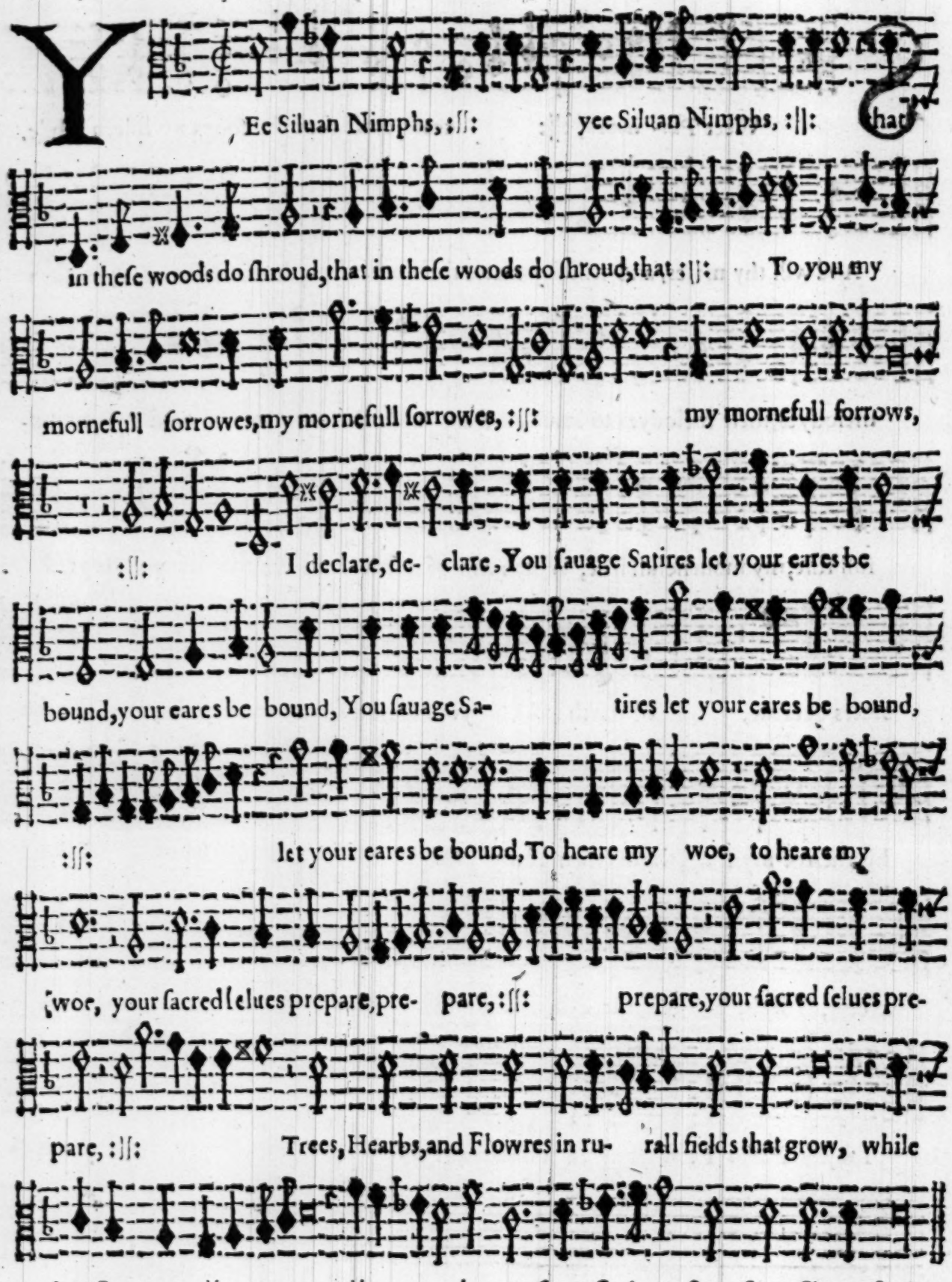

Loue is a daintie milde, a dainty milde, and ſweet, Loue is a
dainty milde, :|||: a dainty milde and ſweet, A gentle power, a
feeling fine and tender, :|||: So that thoſe harmes and paynes vn-
meet, :|||: thoſe harmes and paines vn- meet, which I
doe paſſe, thou onely doſt en- gender, Onely to him his torments loue de- uiſeth,
that ſcornes his lawes, :|||: that ſcornes his lawes, his rites, and Loue
deſpiſeth, :|||: Onely to him his torments loue deuiſeth, that ſcornes his
lawes, that ſcornes his lawes, that ſcornes his lawes, his rites, and loue deſpi-ſeth,
and loue deſpi- ſeth.

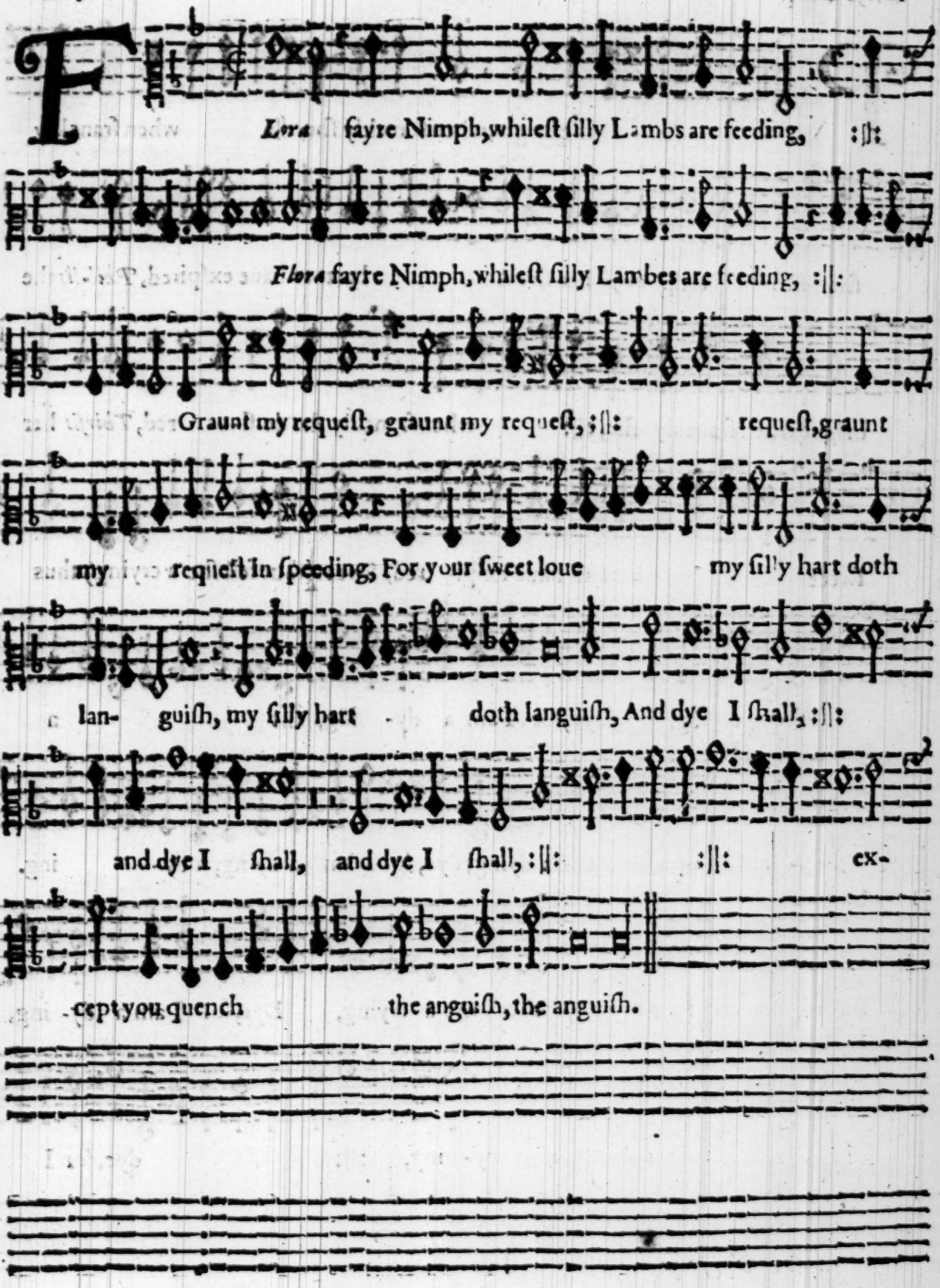

FRee from loues bonds I li- ued long, I liued long, I
li- ued long, Free from loues bonds I li- ued long, But now to loue,
:|: I change my ſong, With diſcords ſweet, :|: with diſcords
ſweet in euery ſtraine, And of my ioy and pleaſing paine, and plea- ſing payne, But out
alas my wounded hart, can neither reſt, can neither reſt, nor end my ſmart.
But out alas, a- las my wounded hart, Can neither reſt, :|: can neither
reſt, nor end my ſmart.

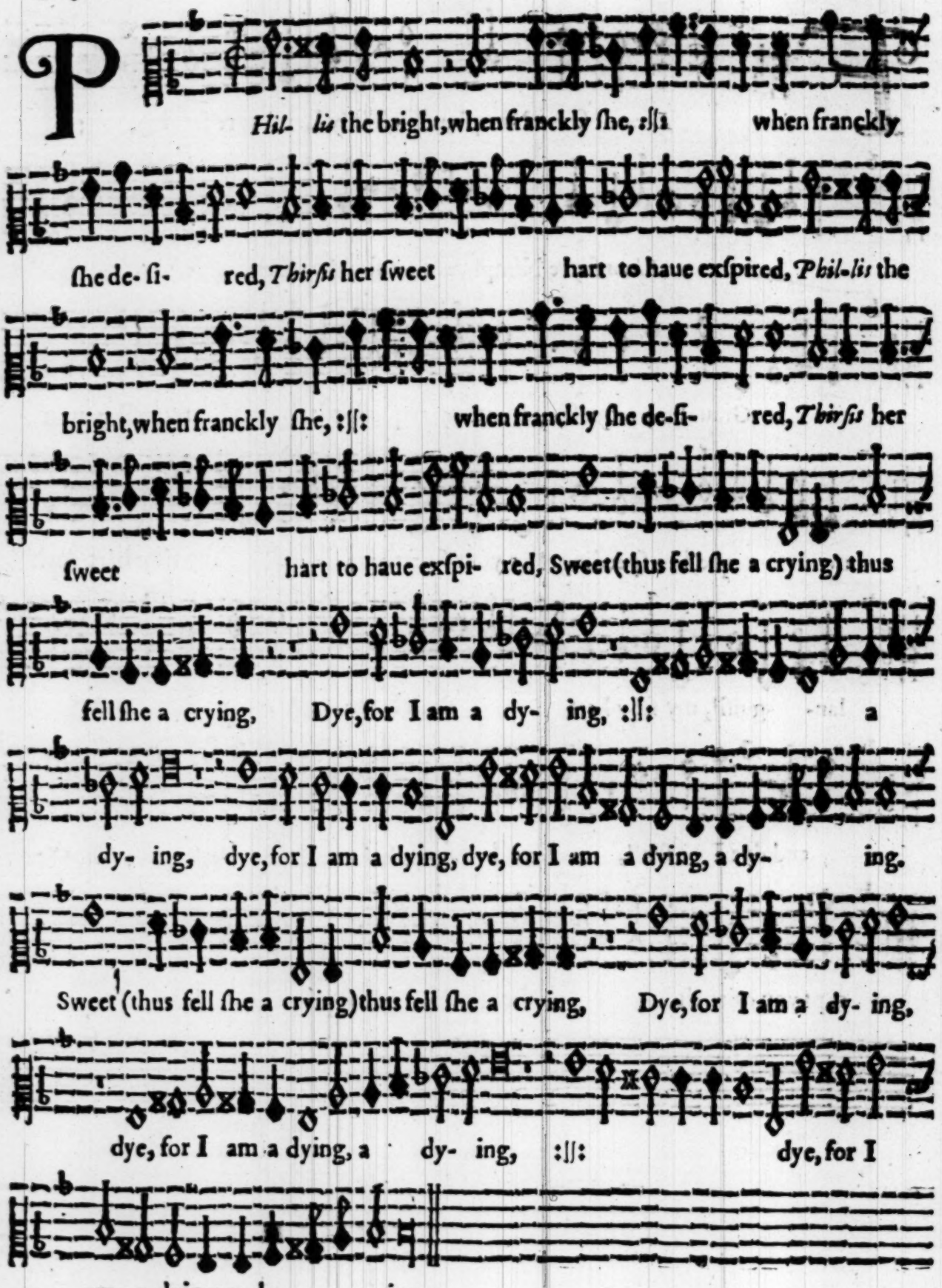


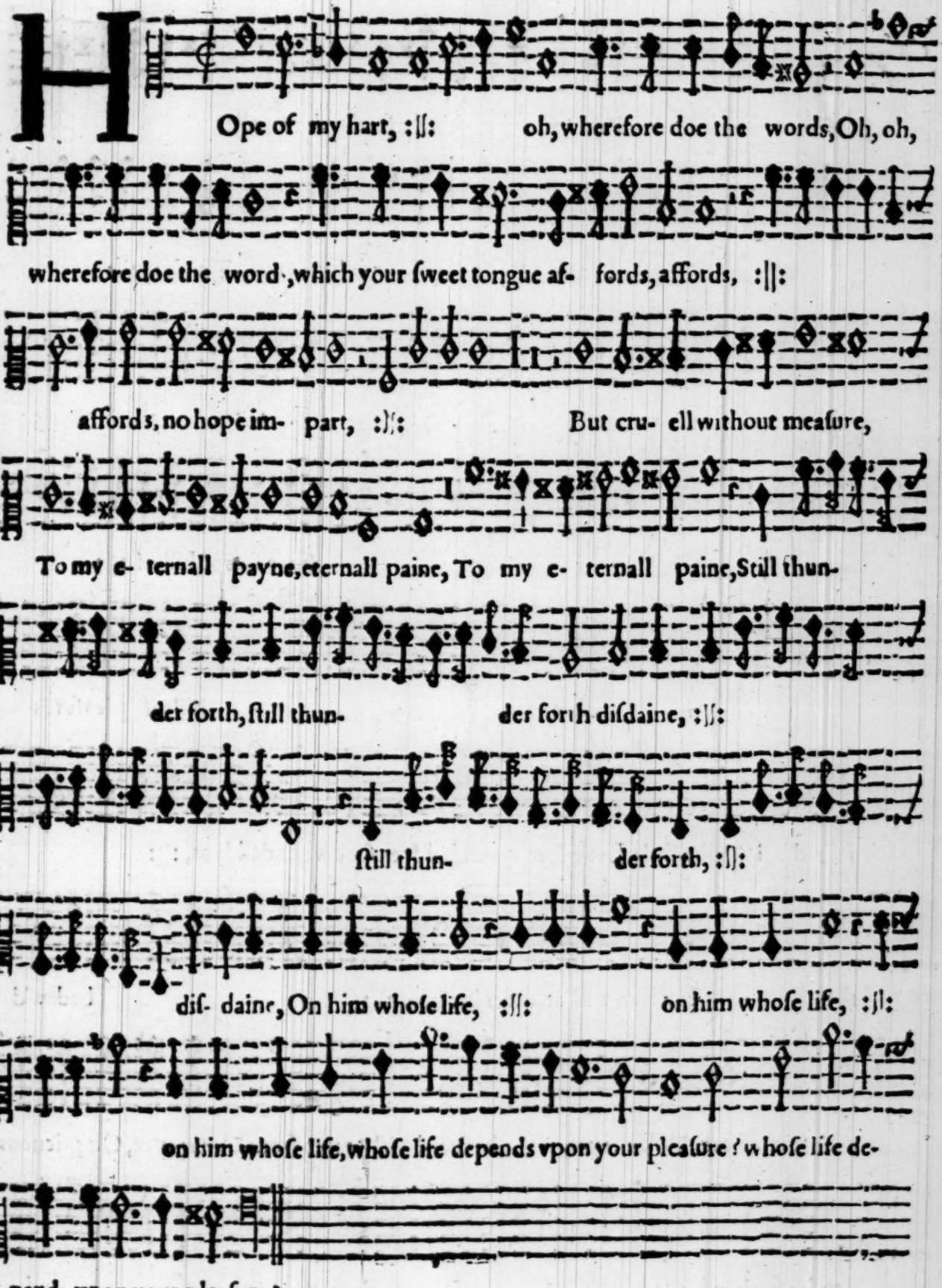
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. Parts.


Sweet Phi- lomell, :||: ceaſe, ceaſe thou thy ſongs a while, a while,
And will thy mates, and will thy mates their melodyes, their me-lo- dyes, their
melodyes, their melodyes to leaue, And all, and all at once at- tend my mourn-
full ſtile, my mournefull ſtile, Which will of mirth your ſugred
notes bereaue, of mirth your ſugred notes bereaue, If you deſire the
burthen of my ſong, the burthen of my ſong, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did
wrong, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong, did wrong, I ſigh, and
ſob, for Phillis I did wrong. I did wrong. I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong.


YEe Siluan Nimphs, :||: yee Siluan Nimphs, :||: that
in theſe woods do ſhroud, that in theſe woods do ſhroud, that :||: To you my
mornefull ſorrowes, my mornefull ſorrowes, :||: my mornefull ſorrows,
:||: I declare, de- clare, You ſauage Satires let your eares be
bound, your eares be bound, You ſauage Sa- tires let your eares be bound,
:||: let your eares be bound, To heare my woe, to heare my
woe, your ſacred ſelues prepare, pre- pare, :||: prepare, your ſacred ſelues pre-
pare, :||: Trees, Hearbs, and Flowres in ru- rall fields that grow, while
thus I mourn, :||: :||: doe you ſome ſi- lence ſhow, ſome ſilence ſhow.


Lora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſilly Lambs are feeding, :||:
Flora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſilly Lambes are feeding, :||:
Graunt my requeſt, graunt my requeſt, :||: requeſt, graunt
my requeſt in ſpeeding, For your ſweet loue my ſilly hart doth
lan- guiſh, my ſilly hart doth languiſh, And dye I ſhall, :||:
and dye I ſhall, and dye I ſhall, :||: :||: ex-
cept you quench the anguiſh, the anguiſh.

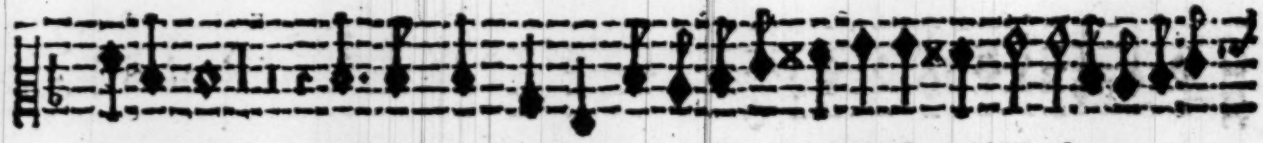

Hil- lis the bright, when franckly ſhe, ſſa when franckly
ſhe de- ſi- red, Thirſis her ſweet hart to haue exſpired, Phil-lis the
bright, when franckly ſhe, :||: when franckly ſhe de-ſi- red, Thirſis her
ſweet hart to haue exſpi- red, Sweet (thus fell ſhe a crying) thus
fell ſhe a crying, Dye, for I am a dy- ing, :||: a
dy- ing, dye, for I am a dying, dye, for I am a dying, a dy- ing.
Sweet (thus fell ſhe a crying) thus fell ſhe a crying, Dye, for I am a dy- ing,
dye, for I am a dying, a dy- ing, :||: dye, for I
am a dying, a dy- ing.


Hope of my hart, :||: oh, wherefore doe the words, Oh, oh,
wherefore doe the word, which your ſweet tongue af- fords, affords, :||:
affords, no hope im- part, :||: But cru- ell without meaſure,
To my e- ternall payne, eternall paine, To my e- ternall paine, Still thun-
der forth, ſtill thun- der forth diſdaine, :||:
ſtill thun- der forth, :||:
diſ- daine, On him whoſe life, :||: on him whoſe life, :||:
on him whoſe life, whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure? whoſe life de-
pends vpon your pleaſure?

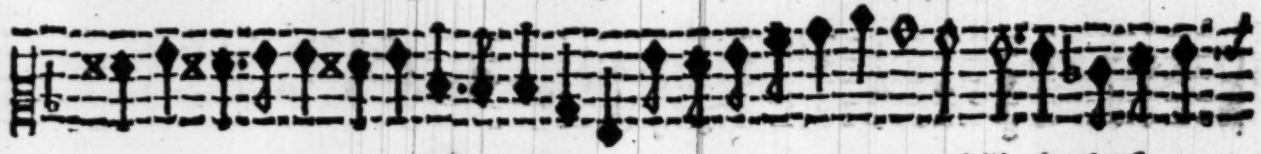
Vpon a banke with Roſes ſet about, :||:

vp :||: with Roſes ſet about, where pretty Turtles, :||:

:||: where pretty Turtles, :||: :||: ioyning



bill to bill, Waſhing the foote of plea- ſures ſacred hill, of :||:



waſhing :||: hill, of pleaſures

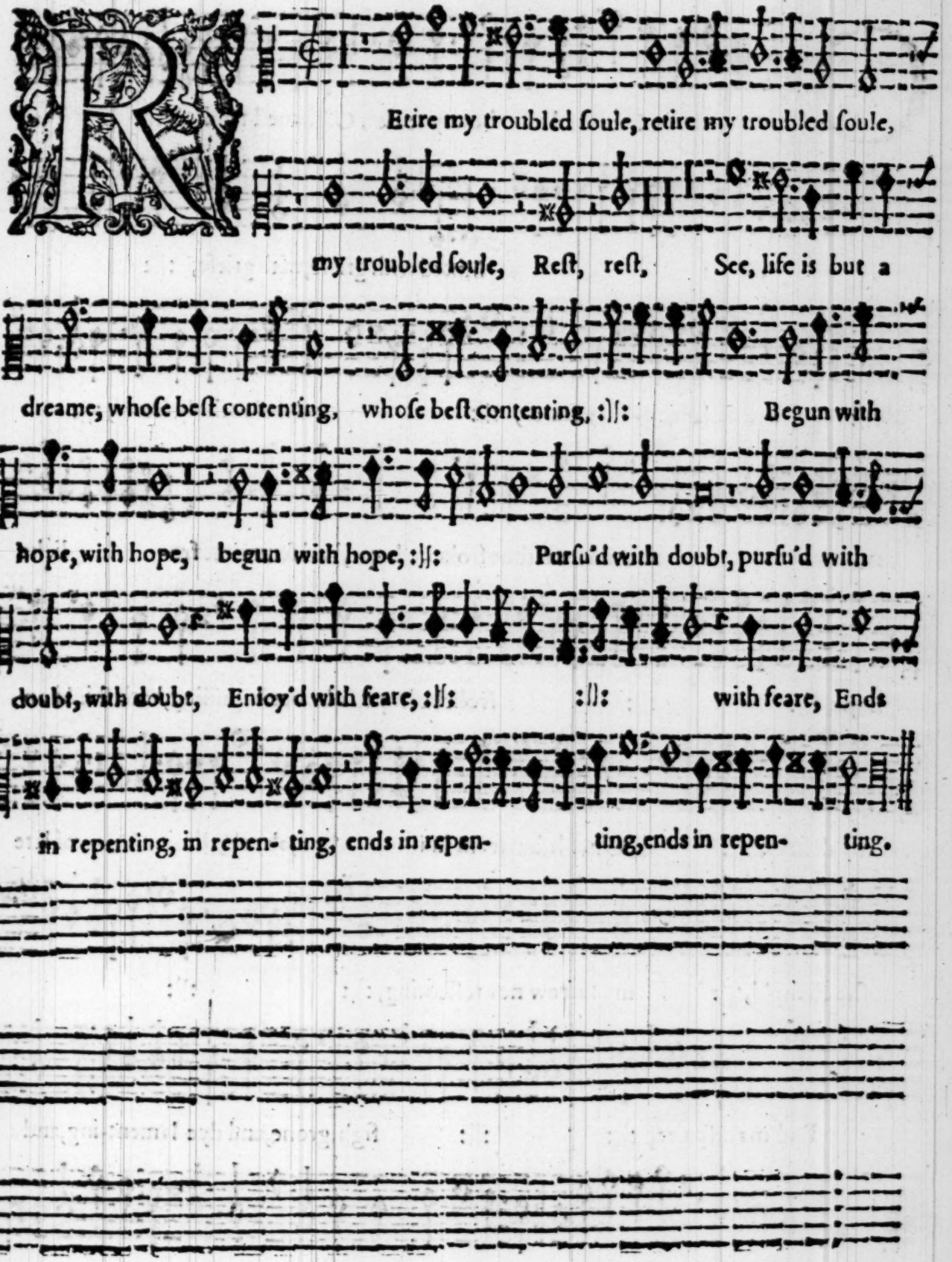
ſacred hill, There little Loue ſore wounded lyes, ſore wounded lyes, :||:

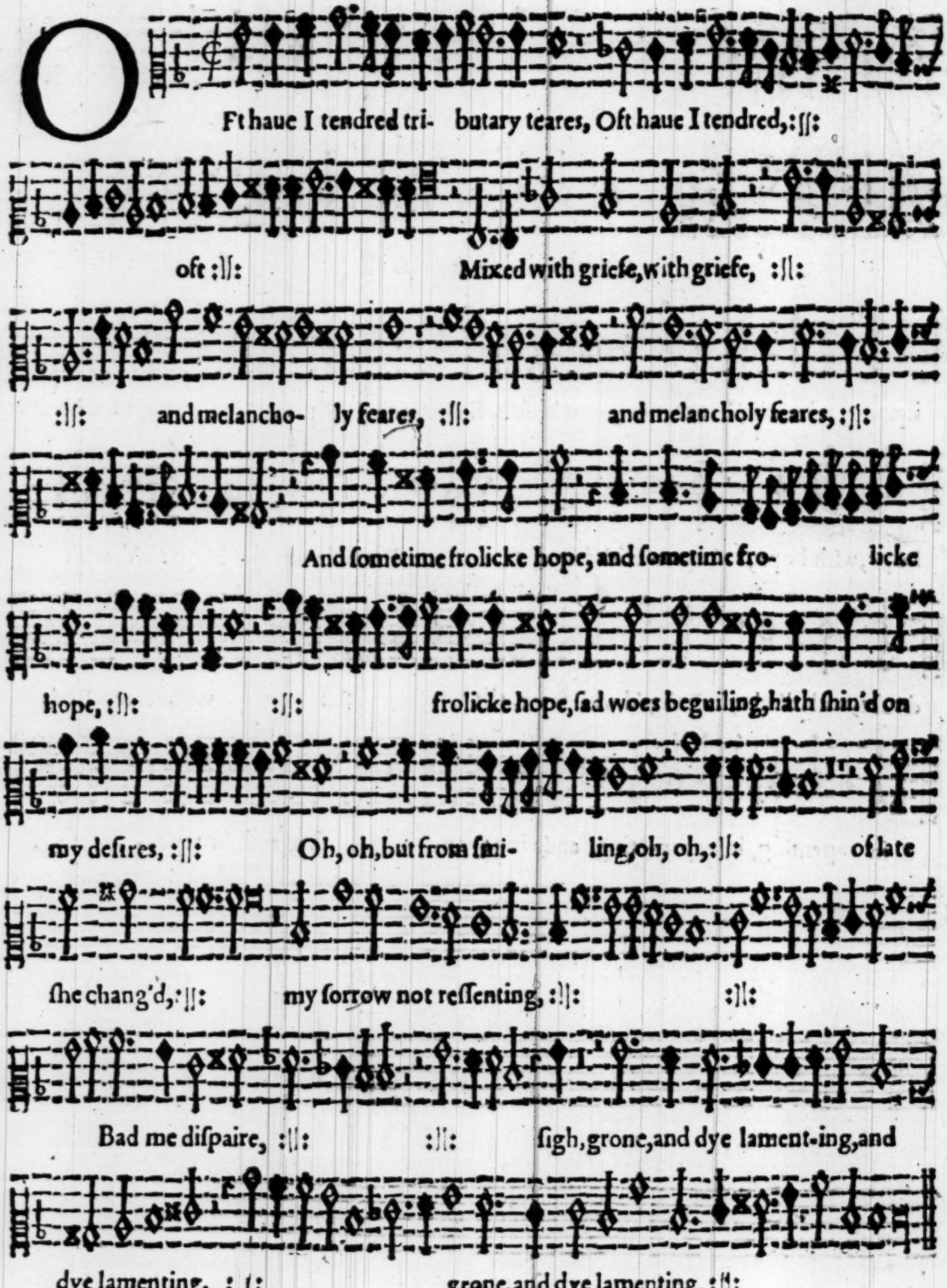
:||: His bow and arrowes broken, :||: bedew'd

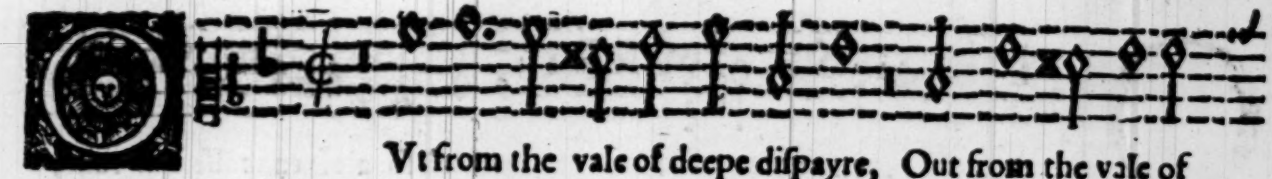
with teares from *Venus* eyes, bedew'd with teares from *Venus* eyes, Oh grieuous

to be ſpoken, :||: oh, :||:

Heere endeth the Songs of 5. Parts.


Etire my troubled ſoule, retire my troubled ſoule,
my troubled ſoule, Reſt, reſt, See, life is but a
dreame, whoſe beſt contenting, whoſe beſt contenting, :||: Begun with
hope, with hope, begun with hope, :||: Purſu'd with doubt, purſu'd with
doubt, with doubt, Enioy'd with feare, :||: :||: with feare, Ends
in repenting, in repen- ting, ends in repen- ting, ends in repen- ting.


Oft haue I tendred tri- butary teares, Oft haue I tendred,
oft
Mixed with griefe, with griefe,
and melancho- ly feares,
and melancholy feares,
And ſometime frolicke hope, and ſometime fro- licke
hope,
frolicke hope, ſad woes beguiling, hath ſhin'd on
my deſires,
Oh, oh, but from ſmi- ling, oh, oh,
of late
ſhe chang'd,
my ſorrow not reſſenting,
Bad me diſpaire,
ſigh, grone, and dye lament-ing, and
dye lamenting,
grone, and dye lamenting.

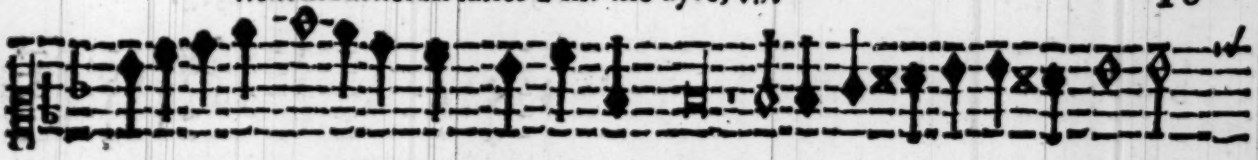


Vt from the vale of deepe diſpayre, Out from the vale of

deepe di- ſpaire, With mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, with mournefull tunes I

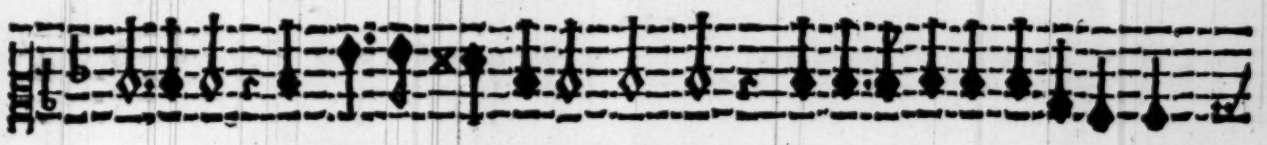
fill the ayre, I fill the ayre, with mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, :‖:

with mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, :‖: To

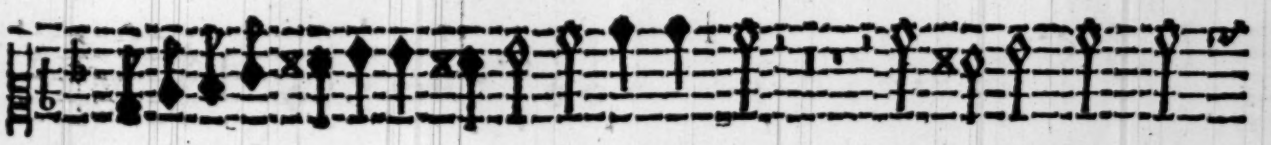


ſatis-fie my reſtleſſe ghoſt, my reſtleſſe ghoſt, to :‖: Which

Daphnes cru- elty hath loſt, which *Daphnes* cruel-ty hath loſt, :‖:

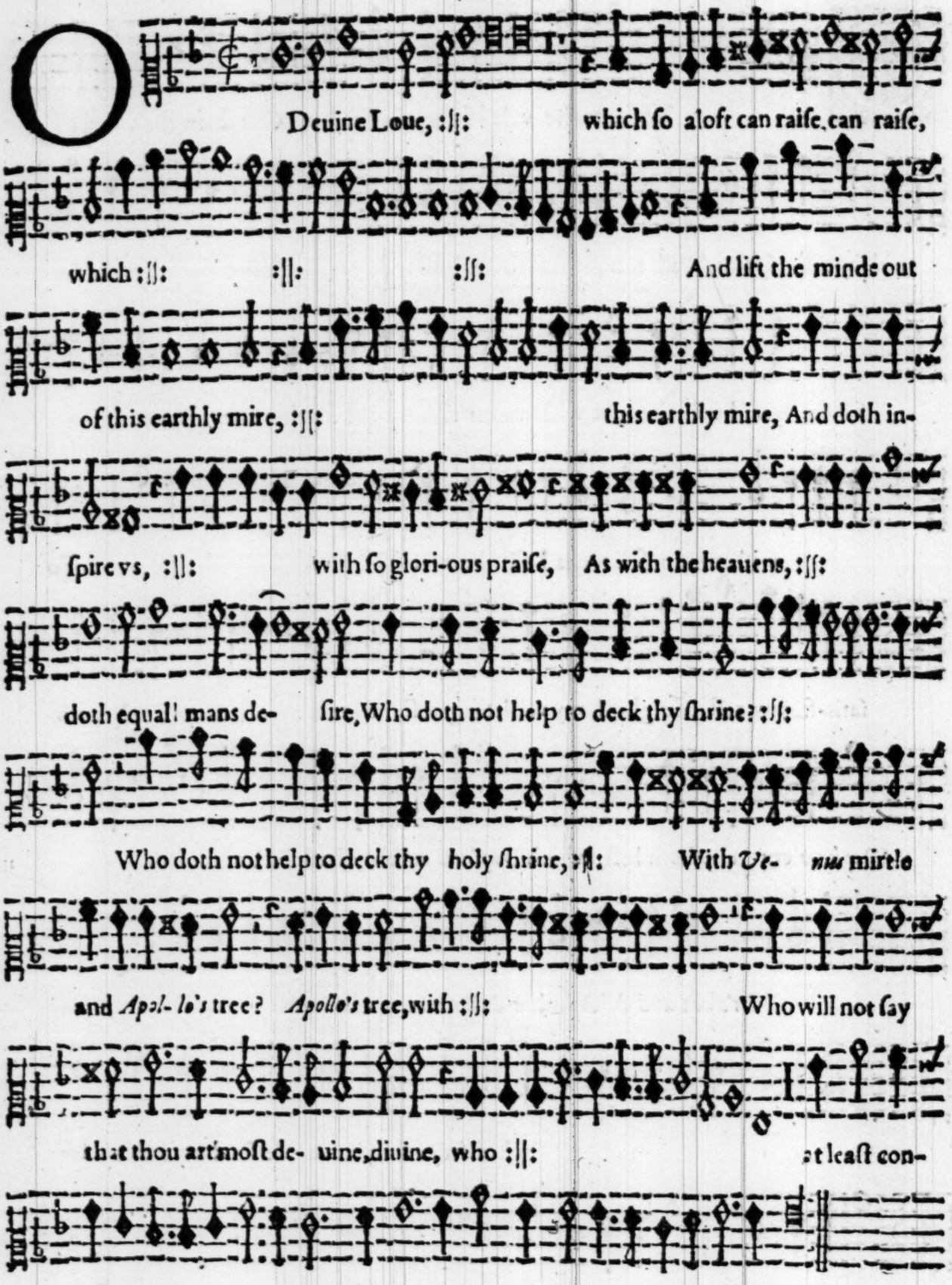


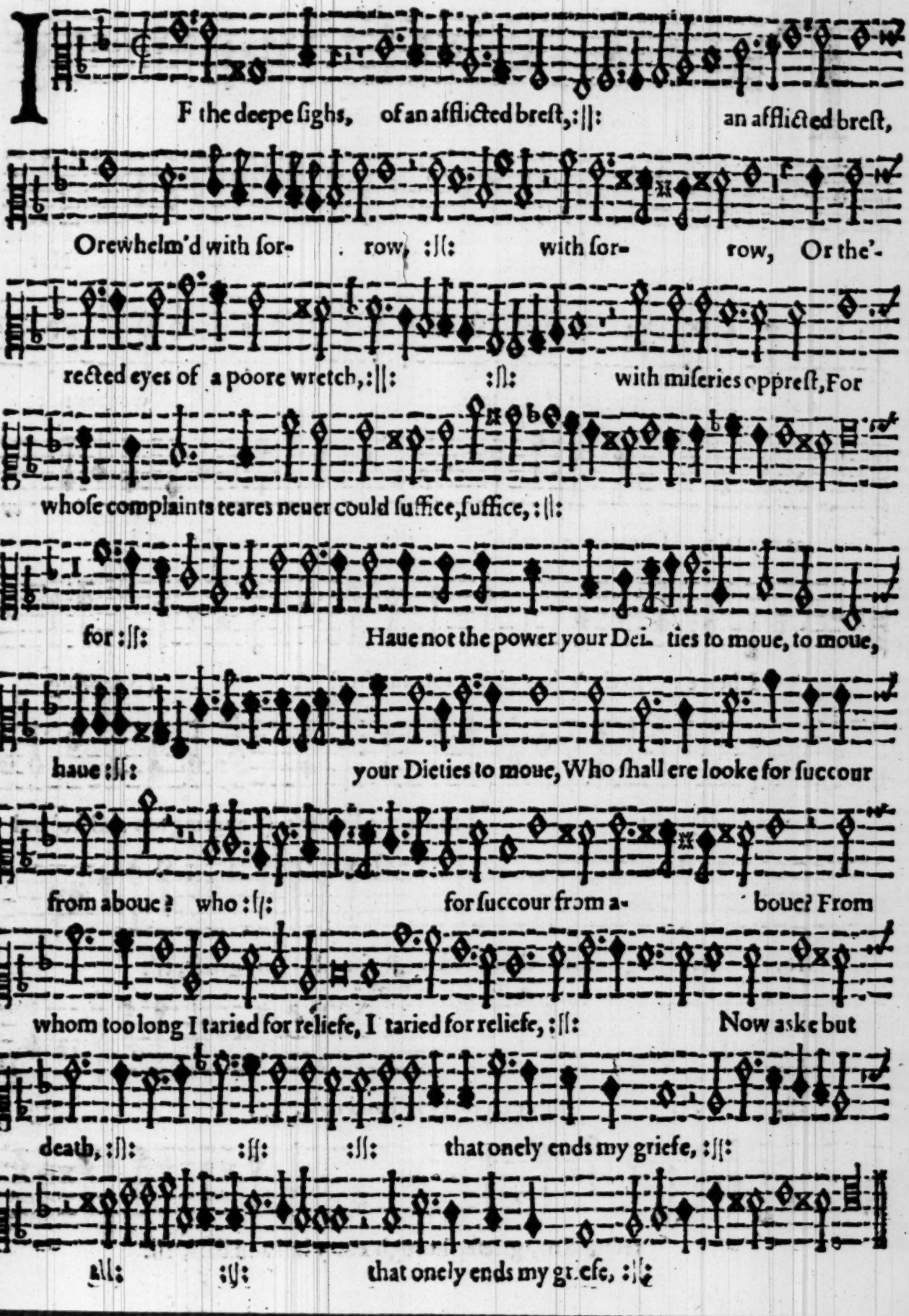
Ore hils and dales in her dull eares, :‖: :‖:

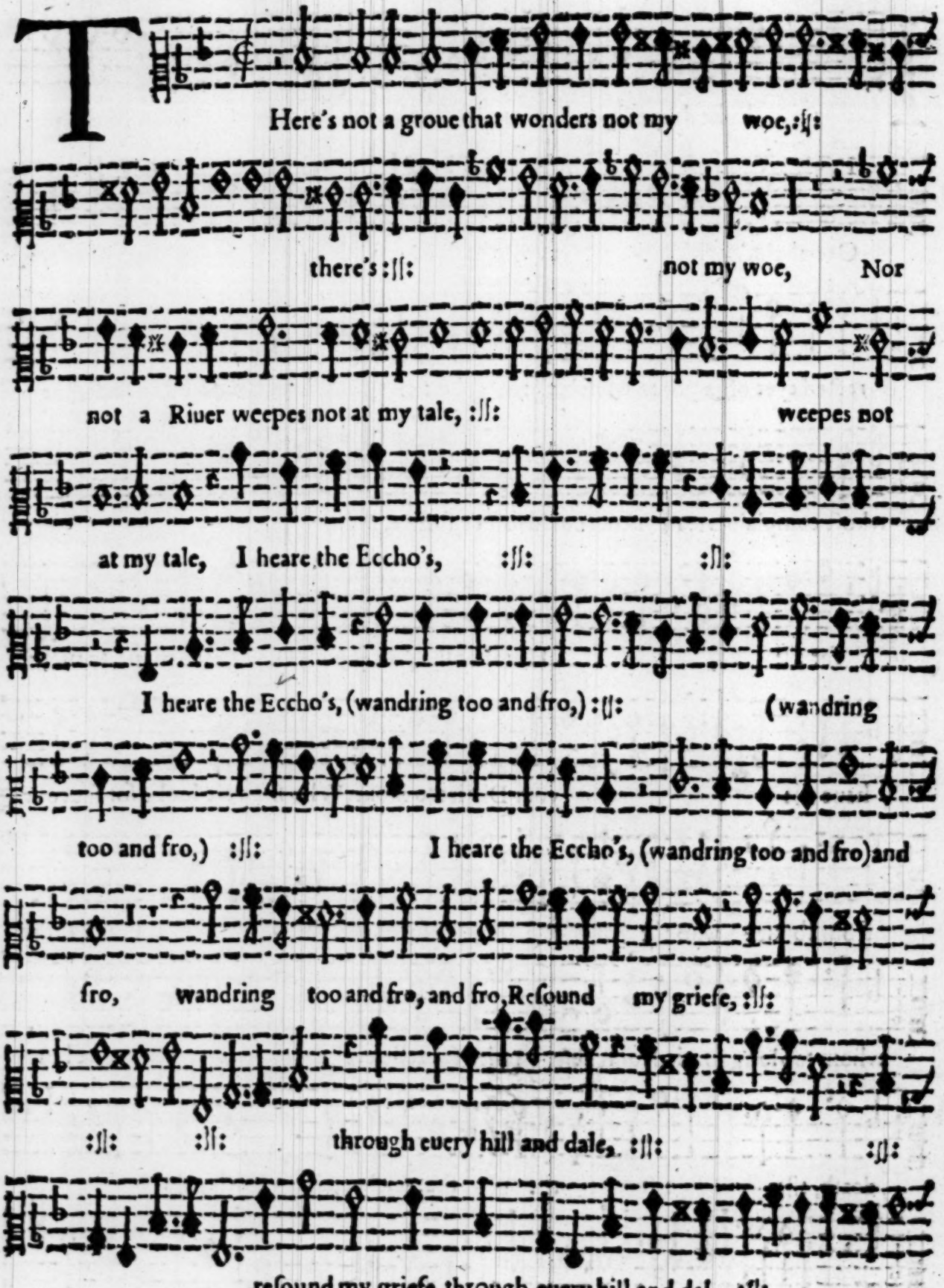


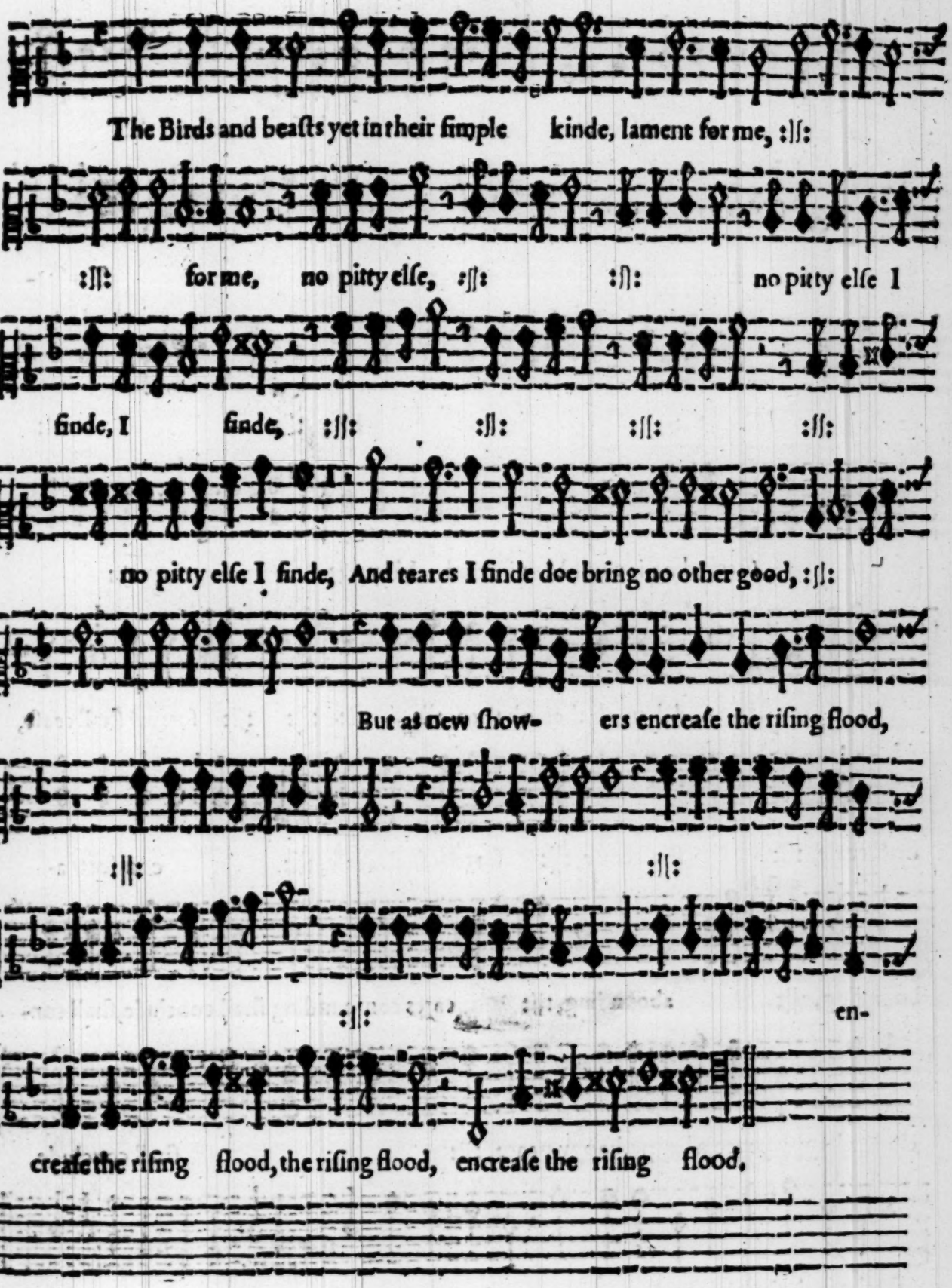
in her dull eares, Ile ſend my notes with

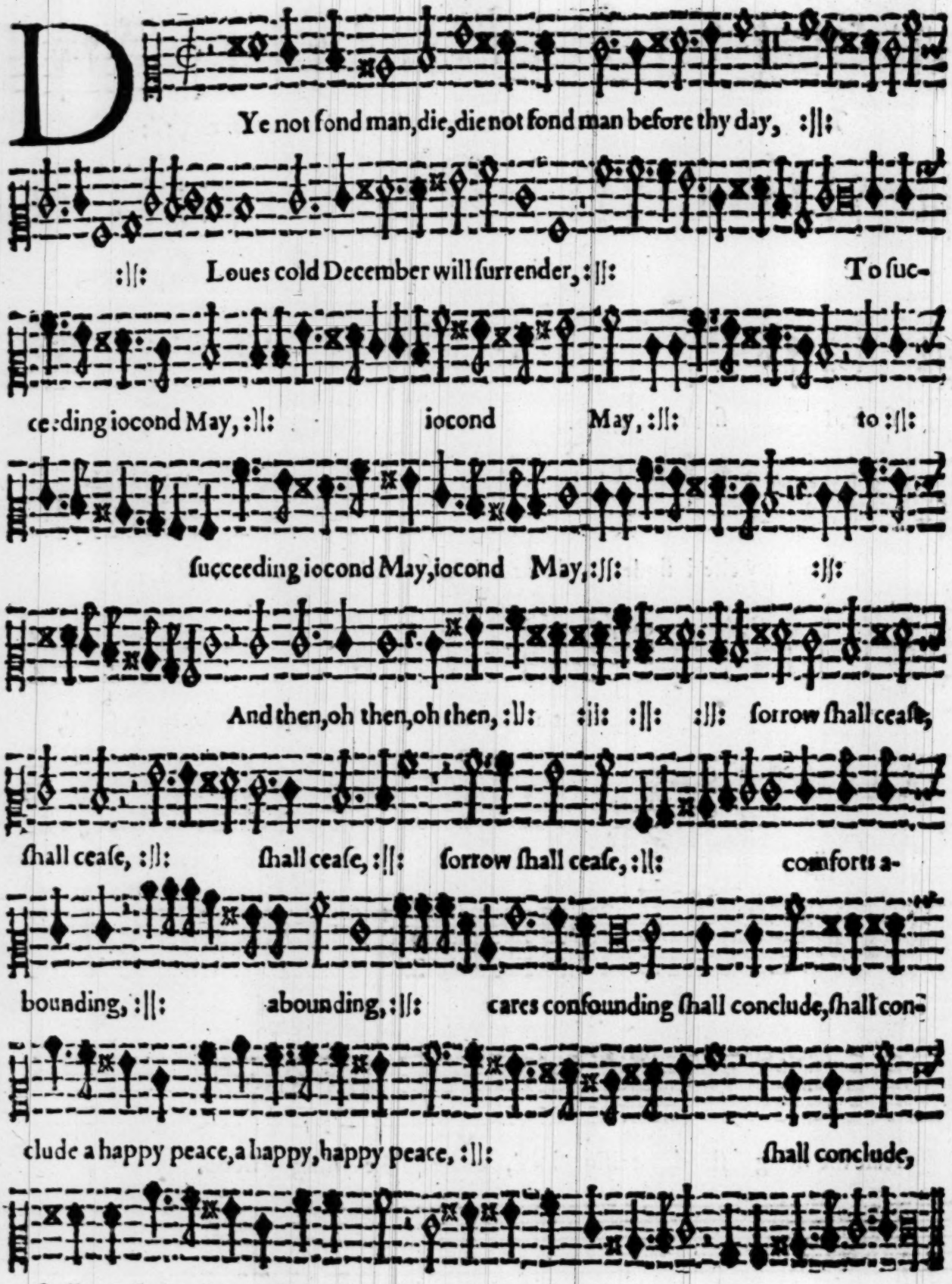
bitter teares, :‖: with bitter teares.

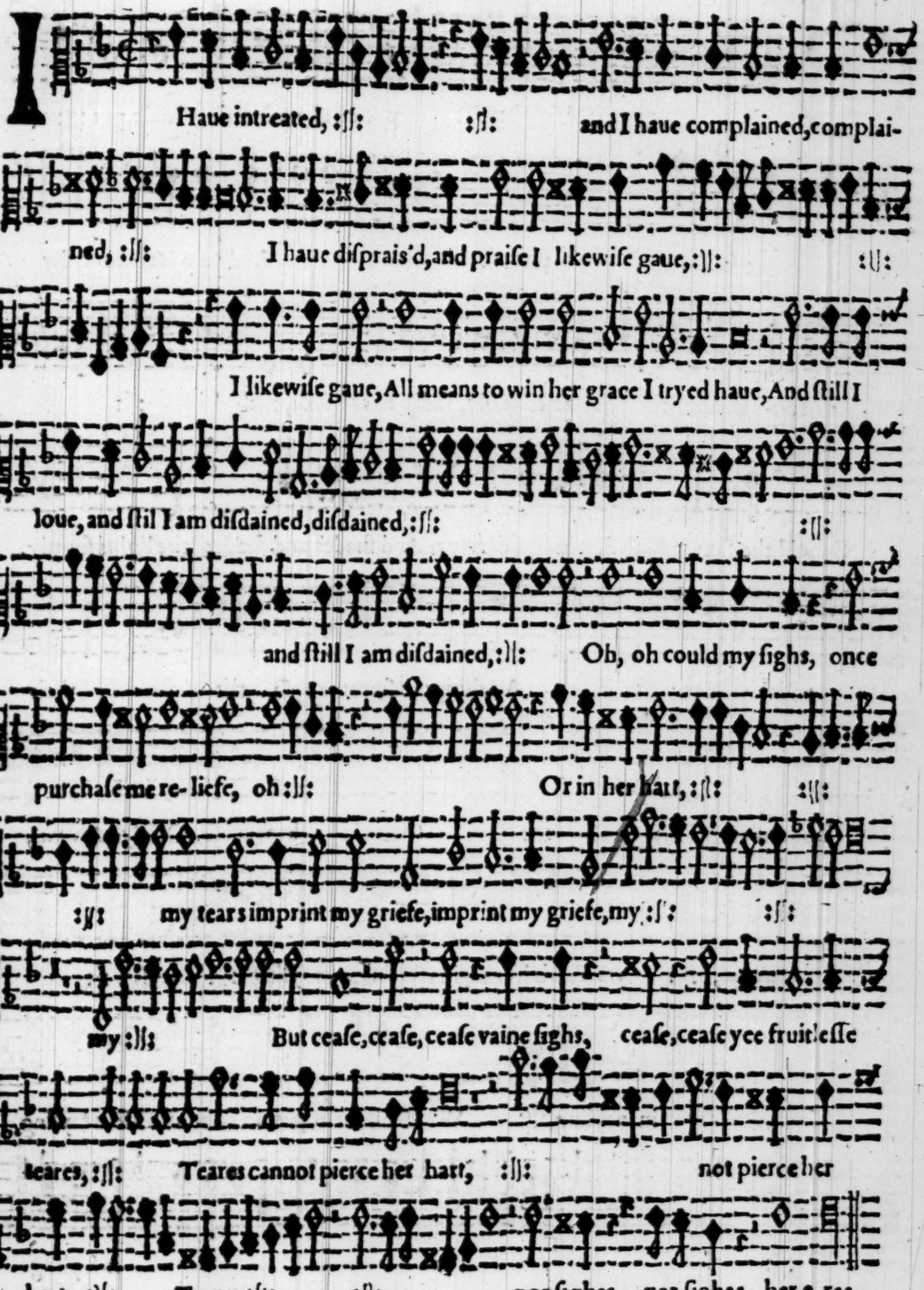

O Deuine Loue, :||: which ſo aloft can raiſe, can raiſe,
which :||: :||: :||: And lift the minde out
of this earthly mire, :||: this earthly mire, And doth in-
ſpire vs, :||: with ſo glori-ous praiſe, As with the heauens, :||:
doth equall mans de- ſire, Who doth not help to deck thy ſhrine? :||:
Who doth not help to deck thy holy ſhrine, :||: With Ve- nus mirtle
and Apol- lo's tree? Apollo's tree, with :||: Who will not ſay
that thou art moſt de- uine, diuine, who :||: at leaſt con-
feſſe a Dei- tye in thee? in thee? at leaſt confeſſe a Dei- tye in thee?

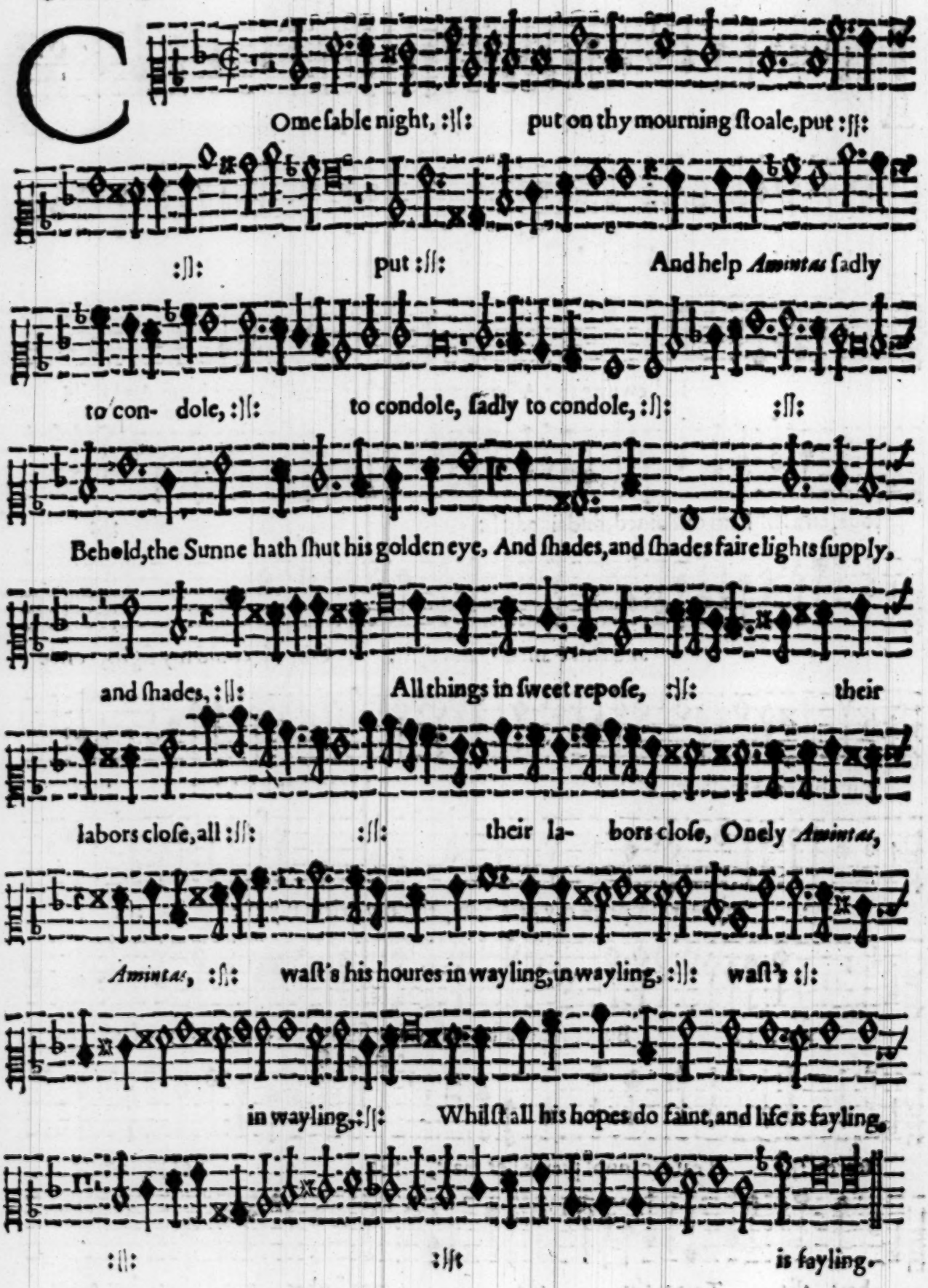

IF the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt, :||: an afflicted breſt,
Orewhelm'd with ſor- row, :||: with ſor- row, Or the'-
rected eyes of a poore wretch, :||: :||: with miſeries oppreſt, For
whoſe complaints teares neuer could ſuffice, ſuffice, :||:
for :||: Haue not the power your Dei- ties to moue, to moue,
haue :||: your Dieties to moue, Who ſhall ere looke for ſuccour
from aboue? who :||: for ſuccour from a- boue? From
whom too long I taried for reliefe, I taried for reliefe, :||: Now aske but
death, :||: :||: :||: that onely ends my griefe, :||:
all: :||: that onely ends my griefe, :||:

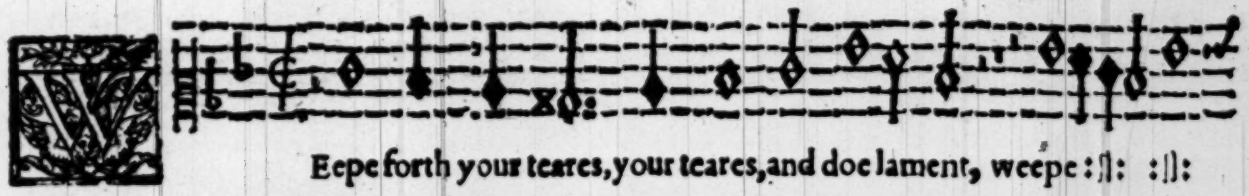

There's not a groue that wonders not my woe, :||:
there's :||: not my woe, Nor
not a Riuer weepes not at my tale, :||: weepes not
at my tale, I heare the Eccho's, :||: :||:
I heare the Eccho's, (wandring too and fro,) :||: (wandring
too and fro,) :||: I heare the Eccho's, (wandring too and fro) and
fro, wandring too and fro, and fro, Resound my griefe, :||:
:||: :||: through euery hill and dale, :||: :||:
resound my griefe, through euery hill and dale, :||:


The Birds and beasts yet in their simple kinde, lament for me, :||:
:||: for me, no pitty else, :||: :||: no pitty else I
finde, I finde, :||: :||: :||: :||:
no pitty else I finde, And teares I finde doe bring no other good, :||:
But as new show- ers encrease the rising flood,
:||: :||:
:||: en-
crease the rising flood, the rising flood, encrease the rising flood,

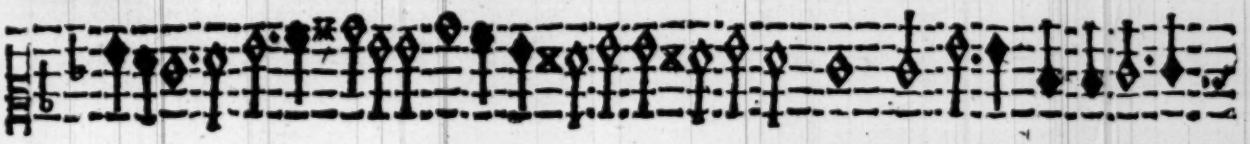

Ye not fond man, die, die not fond man before thy day, :||:
:||: Loues cold December will ſurrender, :||: To ſuc-
ce:ding iocond May, :||: iocond May, :||: to :||:
ſucceeding iocond May, iocond May, :||: :||:
And then, oh then, oh then, :||: :||: :||: :||: ſorrow ſhall ceaſe,
ſhall ceaſe, :||: ſhall ceaſe, :||: ſorrow ſhall ceaſe, :||: comforts a-
bounding, :||: abounding, :||: cares confounding ſhall conclude, ſhall con-
clude a happy peace, a happy, happy peace, :||: ſhall conclude,
ſhall conclude a happy, happy peace, a happy peace. :||: :||:


I Haue intreated, :||: :||: and I haue complained, complai-
ned, :||: I haue disprais'd, and praise I likewise gaue, :||: :||:
I likewise gaue, All means to win her grace I tryed haue, And still I
loue, and stil I am disdained, disdained, :||: :||:
and still I am disdained, :||: Oh, oh could my sighs, once
purchase me re-liefe, oh :||: Or in her hart, :||: :||:
:||: my tears imprint my griefe, imprint my griefe, my :||: :||:
my :||: But cease, cease, cease vaine sighs, cease, cease yee fruitlesse
teares, :||: Teares cannot pierce her hart, :||: not pierce her
hart, :||: Teares :||: :||: nor sighes, nor sighes her eares.

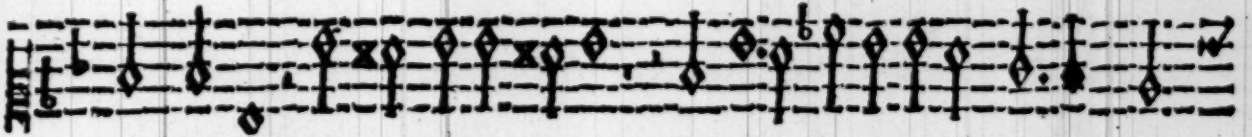

Come ſable night, :|ſ: put on thy mourning ſtoale, put :||:
:||: put :||: And help Amintas ſadly
to con- dole, :|ſ: to condole, ſadly to condole, :ſ|: :||:
Behold, the Sunne hath ſhut his golden eye, And ſhades, and ſhades faire lights ſupply,
and ſhades, :||: All things in ſweet repoſe, :|ſ: their
labors cloſe, all :||: :||: their la- bors cloſe, Onely Amintas,
Amintas, :ſ|: waſt's his houres in wayling, in wayling, :||: waſt's :|:
in wayling, :ſ|: Whilſt all his hopes do faint, and life is fayling,
:||: :|ſt is fayling.



Weepe forth your teares, your teares, and doe lament, weepe :‖: :‖:



:‖: He's dead who liuing was of all the



world belou'd, the world belo- ued, Let dolorous lamenting ſtill be ſpread,

:‖: Through all the earth, that all harts may be

moued, :‖: To ſigh, to ſigh and plaine, ſince death hath ſlaine Prince

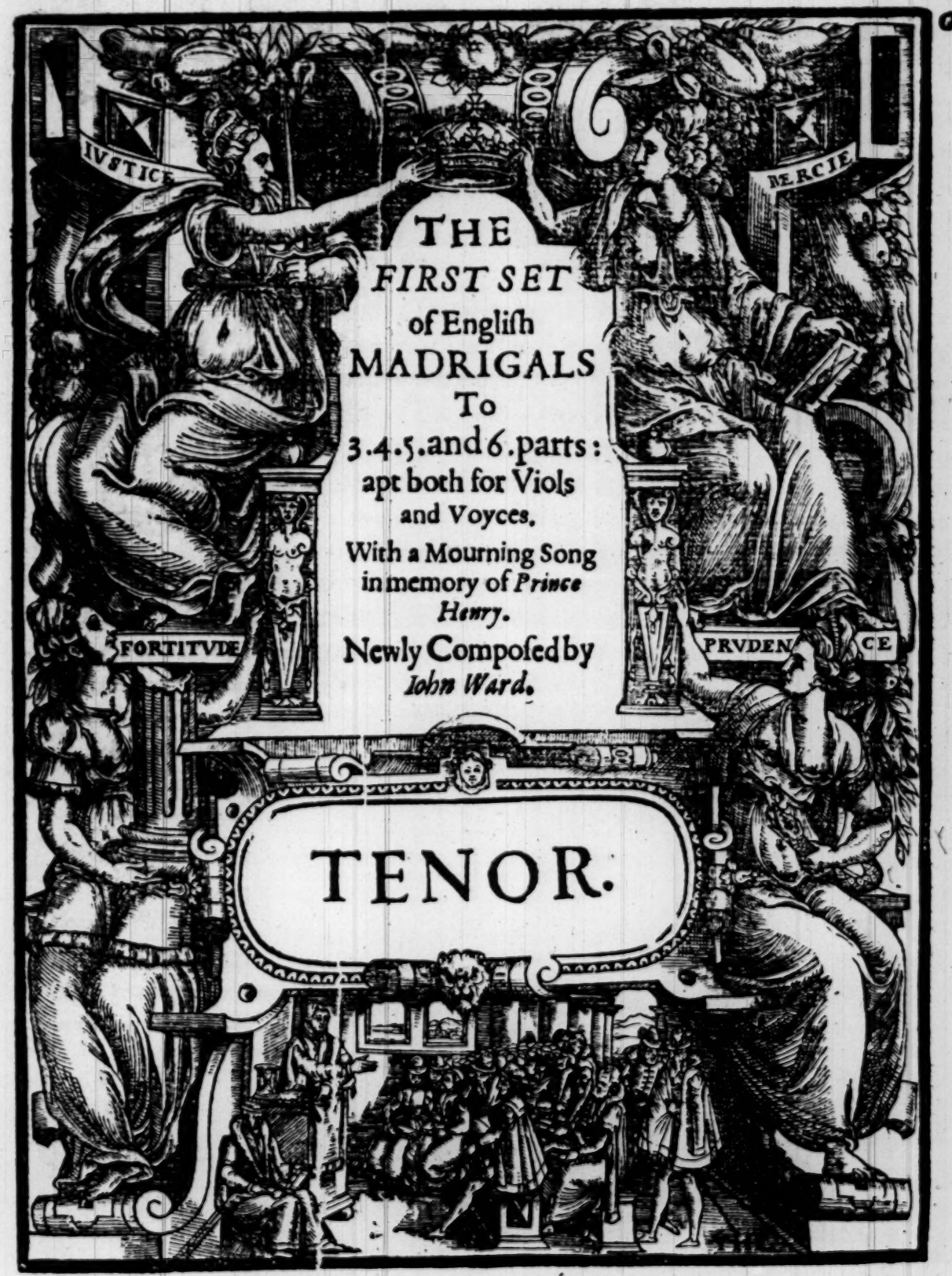
Hene- *ry,* ſince :‖: Oh, oh had he liu'd, :‖: :‖:

our hopes had ſtill encreaſed, ſtill :‖: :‖: our hopes had

ſtill encrea- ſed, But he is dead, :‖: but he is dead, and all our ioyes deceaſed.

but :‖: :‖: but he is dead, and all our ioyes deceaſed.

FINIS



THE *FIRST SET* of Englisſh MADRIGALS To 3.4.5.and 6.parts: apt both for Viols and Voyces.

With a Mourning Song in memory of *Prince Henry.*

Newly Compoſed by *Iohn Ward.*

TENOR.

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM.

TO THE HONORABLE

Gentleman, and my very good Maiſter, Sir Henry Fanſhawe, KNIGHT.

Worthy Sir: among many Patrons of Art, and Muſicall endeuours, I am emboldened to rancke your Name; who, as I know you not inferiour to the beſt, as well for a louer of MVSICKE, *as a competent Iudge of that Noble faculties; ſo I preſent you here, with ſuch numbers beſt fitting your innated Harmony, and (I hope) not vnworthy your Patronage. And though I know the excellent varietie of theſe Compoſitions, hath fed time with fulneſſe, and bred many Cenſors, more curious, then (perhaps) Iudiciall; and ſince no Science carries ſo ſufficient authority in it ſelfe, but muſt needs ſubmit to that Monſter* OPINION, *halfe truth, halfe falſhood; yet theſe of mine being thus fronted with your Countenance, digeſted by your Eare, and allowed in your Knowledge; ſhould they proue diſtaſtfull with the queaſie-pallated, or ſurfeited delight, yet with the ſound (vnſubiect to ſuch diſeaſe of Humor, and appetite) I preſume they will pleaſingly relliſh, and (with your equall ſelfe) mainteine me againſt the corrupted number of Time-ſicke humoriſts. Theſe (honoured* SYR) *are the* primitiæ *of my Muſe, planted in your pleaſure, and cheriſht by the gentle calme of your Fauour; what I may produce hereafter is wholy Yours (as who hath more right to the Fruit then he that owneth the Stock?) If then you accept (inſtead of reall worth) this my humble Tribute of Affection, I ſhall ſtudy to vſe that grace, with my time, to the beſt aduantage, and till I may better deſerue you, in my vtmoſt abilities euer reſt*

Your Worſhips in all ſeruiceable
endeuour and deuotion

IOHN WIARD.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Parts.

MY true loue hath my heart. 1 Part. I
His hart his wound receiued from my ſight. 2 Part. II
O ſay deere life, when ſhall theſe twin-borne berryes. III
In health and eaſe am I. IIII
Goe wayling accents, goe. V
Fly not ſo faſt, my onely ioy and Iewell. VI

Songs of 4. Parts.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread. VII
O my thoughts ſurceaſe. VIII
Sweet pittie wake, and tell my cruell. IX
Loue is a dainty milde and ſweet. X
Free from loues bonds I liued long. XI
How long ſhall I with mournefull Muſicke? XII

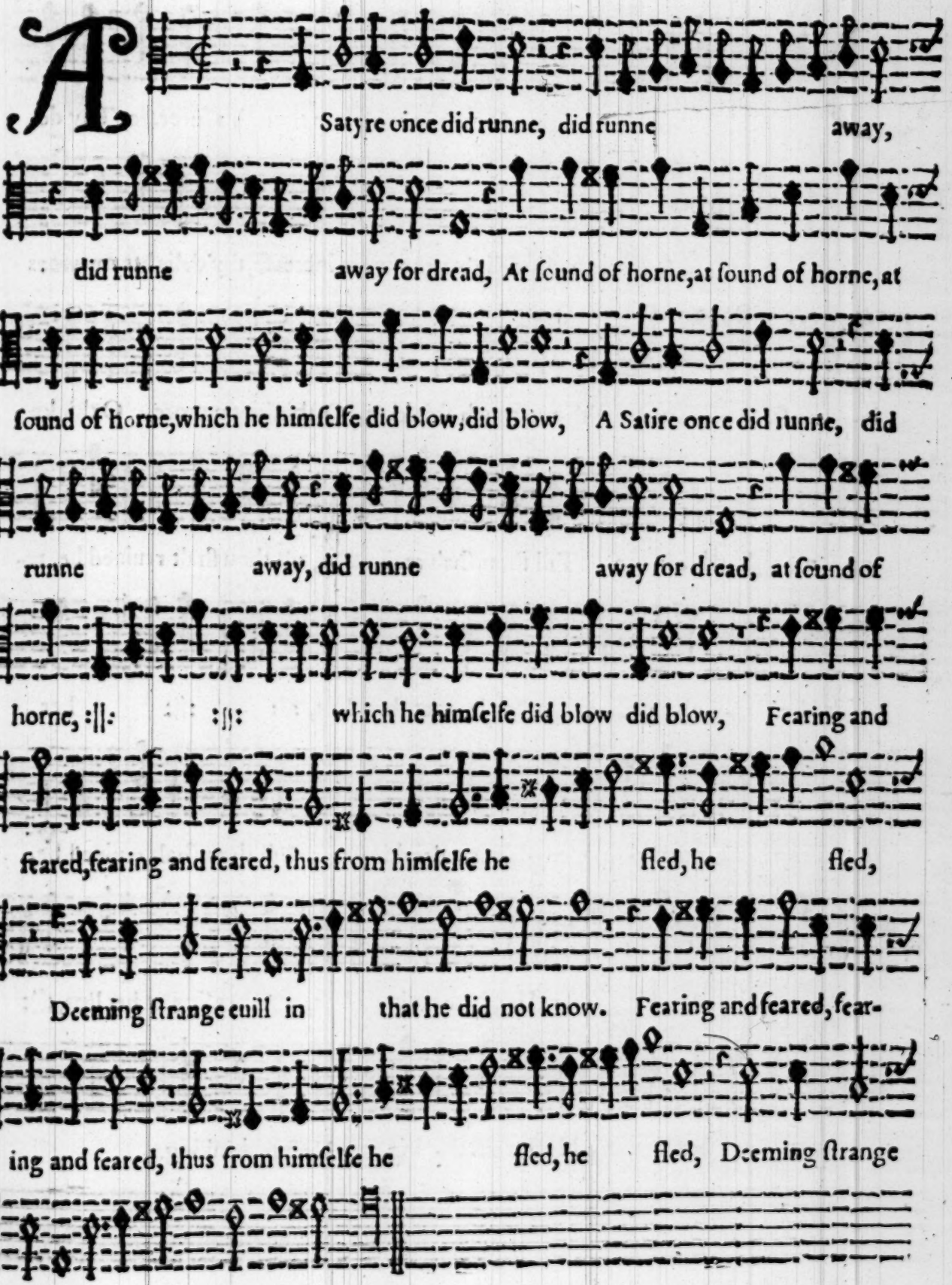
Songs of 5. Parts.

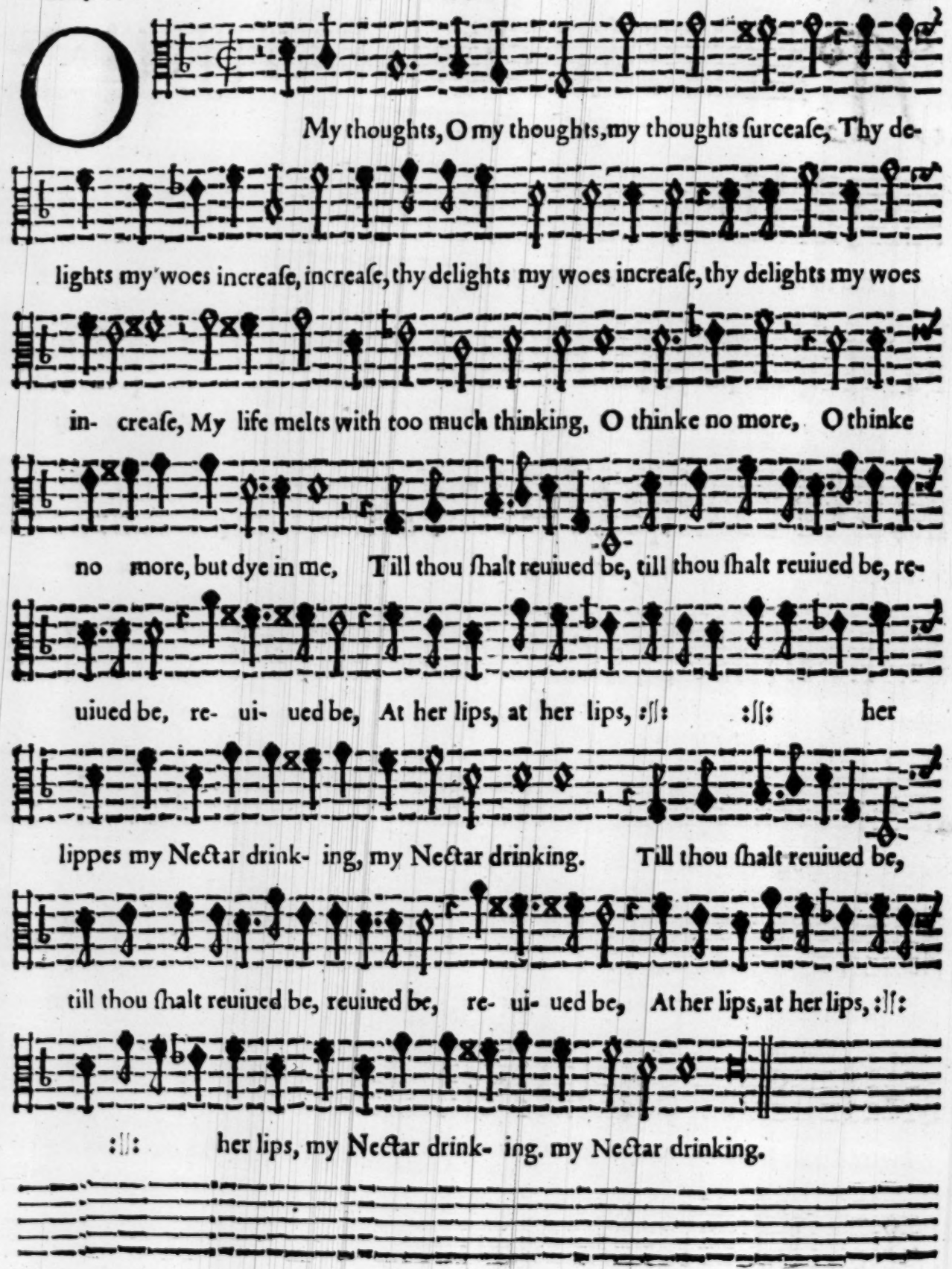
Sweet *Philomell*, ceaſe thou thy ſong a while. 1 Part. XIII
Ye Siluan Nimphs, that in theſe woods doe ſhroud. 2 Part. XIIII
Flora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſilly Lambs are feeding. XV
Phillis the bright, when franckly ſhe deſired. XVI
Hope of my hart, oh, wherefore doe the words. XVII
Vpon a banke with Roſes ſet about. XVIII

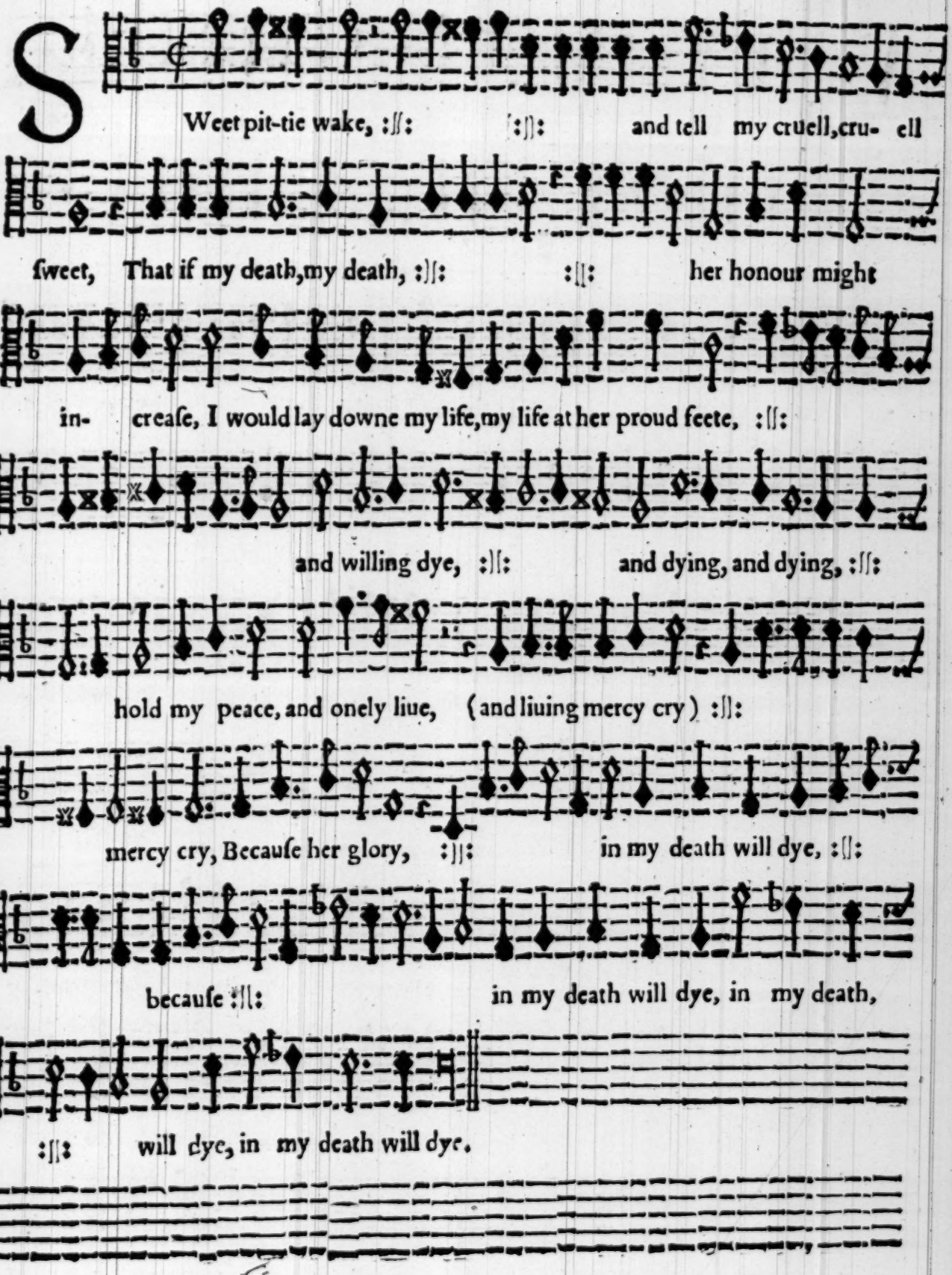
Songs of 6. Parts.

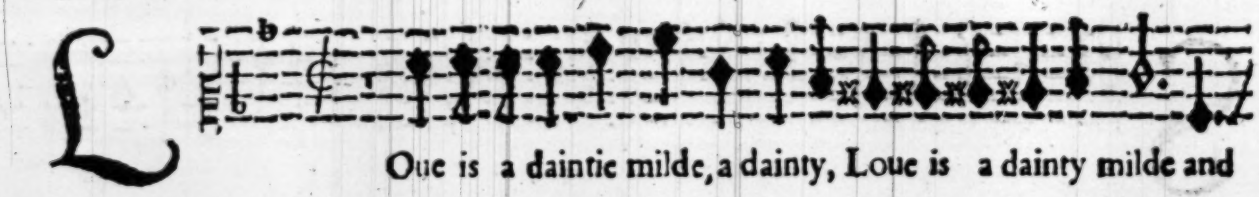
Retire my troubled ſoule. XIX
Oft haue I tendred tributary teares. XX
Out from the vale of deepe diſpayre. XXI
O Diuine loue, which ſo aloft can raiſe. XXII
If the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt. 1 Part. XXIII
There's not a groue that wonders not my woe. 2 Part. XXIIII
Dye not (fond man) before thy day. XXV
I haue entreated, and I haue complained. XXVI
Come ſable night, put on thy mourning ſtoale. XXVII
Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament. XXVIII

FINIS.


A Satyre once did runne, did runne away,
did runne away for dread, At ſound of horne, at ſound of horne, at
ſound of horne, which he himſelfe did blow, did blow, A Satire once did runne, did
runne away, did runne away for dread, at ſound of
horne, :||: :||: which he himſelfe did blow did blow, Fearing and
feared, fearing and feared, thus from himſelfe he fled, he fled,
Deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know. Fearing and feared, fear-
ing and feared, thus from himſelfe he fled, he fled, Deeming ſtrange
euill in that he did not know.


O My thoughts, O my thoughts, my thoughts surcease, Thy de-
lights my woes increase, increase, thy delights my woes increase, thy delights my woes
in- crease, My life melts with too much thinking, O thinke no more, O thinke
no more, but dye in me, Till thou shalt reuiued be, till thou shalt reuiued be, re-
uiued be, re- ui- ued be, At her lips, at her lips, :||: :||: her
lippes my Nectar drink- ing, my Nectar drinking. Till thou shalt reuiued be,
till thou shalt reuiued be, reuiued be, re- ui- ued be, At her lips, at her lips, :||:
:||: her lips, my Nectar drink- ing. my Nectar drinking.


Sweet pit-tie wake, :||: :||: and tell my cruell, cru- ell
ſweet, That if my death, my death, :||: :||: her honour might
in- creaſe, I would lay downe my life, my life at her proud feete, :||:
and willing dye, :||: and dying, and dying, :||:
hold my peace, and onely liue, (and liuing mercy cry) :||:
mercy cry, Becauſe her glory, :||: in my death will dye, :||:
becauſe :||: in my death will dye, in my death,
:||: will dye, in my death will dye.



Loue is a daintie milde, a dainty, Loue is a dainty milde and

ſweet, Loue is a dainty milde, Loue is a dainty milde, a dainty milde and

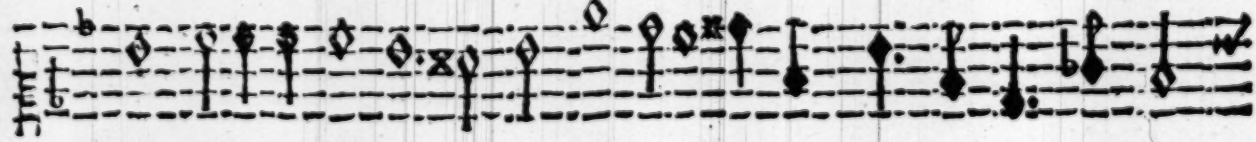
ſweet, A gentle power, a feeling fine and tender, :||: So that thoſe

harmes and paynes vnmeet, ſo that thoſe harmes and paines vnmeet, thoſe harmes and

paynes vnmeet, which I doe paſſe thou onely doſt engen- der, Onely to

him his torments loue deui- ſeth, that ſcornes his lawes, his rites, :||:

his rites, and Loue, and Loue deſpi- ſeth, and loue deſpi-

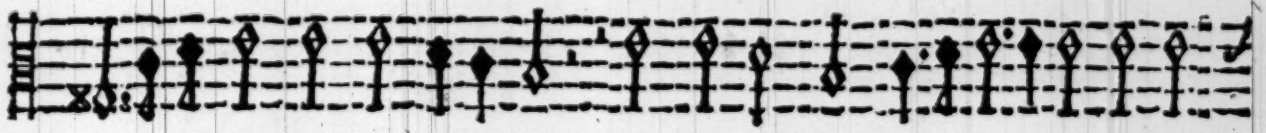


ſeth. Onely to him his torments loue deui-ſeth, that ſcornes his lawes, his rites,

:||: his rites, and loue, and loue deſpi- ſeth, and loue deſpi- ſeth.

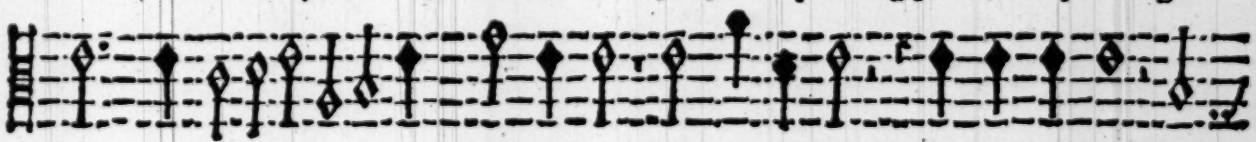
Free from loues bonds I li-ued long, I liued long, :|:

I liued long, Free from loues bonds I liued long, But now to loue, :|:

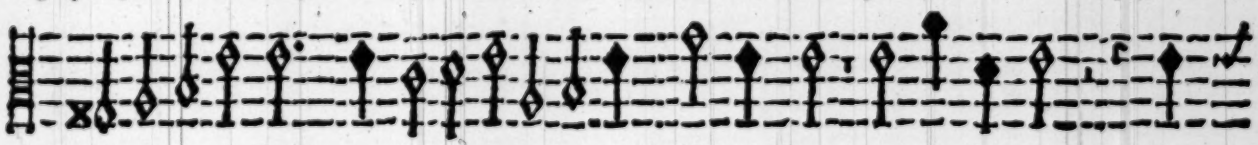


I change my ſong, my ſong, With diſcords ſweet, :|: with diſ-

cords ſweet in eaery ſtaine, And of my ioy and pleaſing paine, and pleaſing

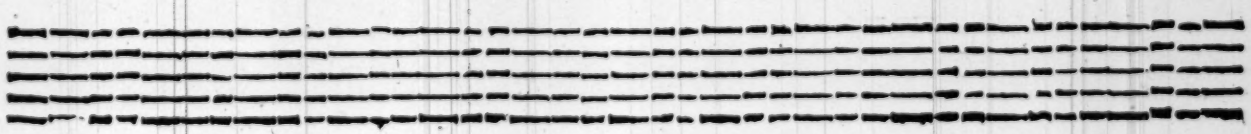


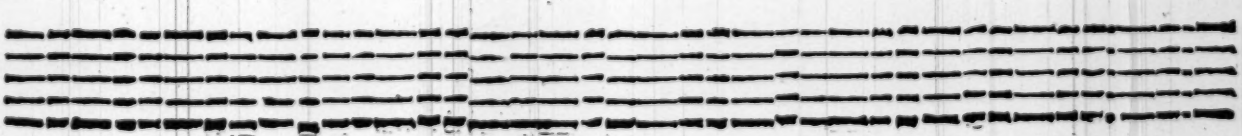
payne, But out alas, alas my wounded hart, Can neither reſt, can neither reſt, nor

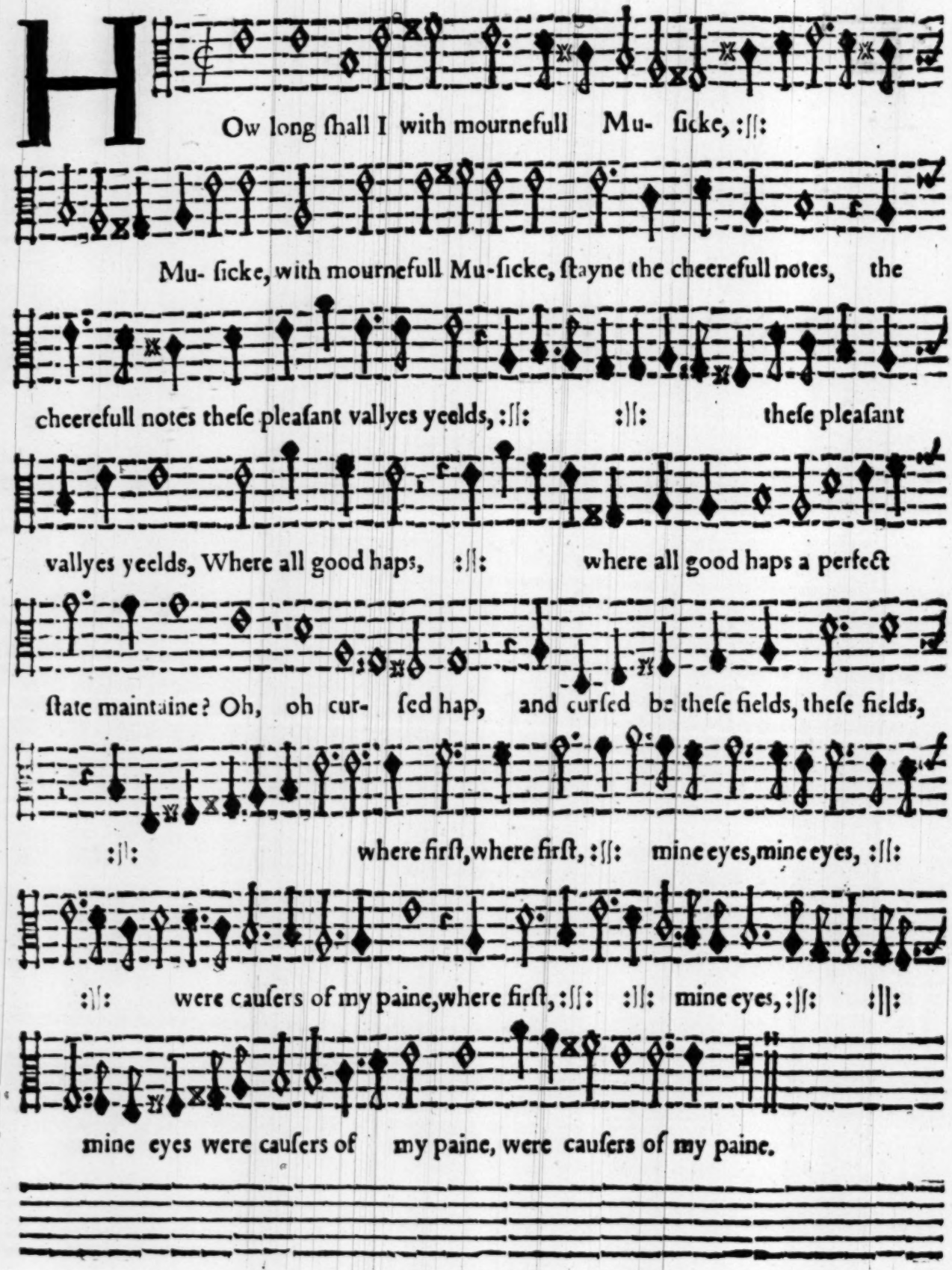


end my ſmart. But out alas, alas my wounded hart, Can neither reſt, can

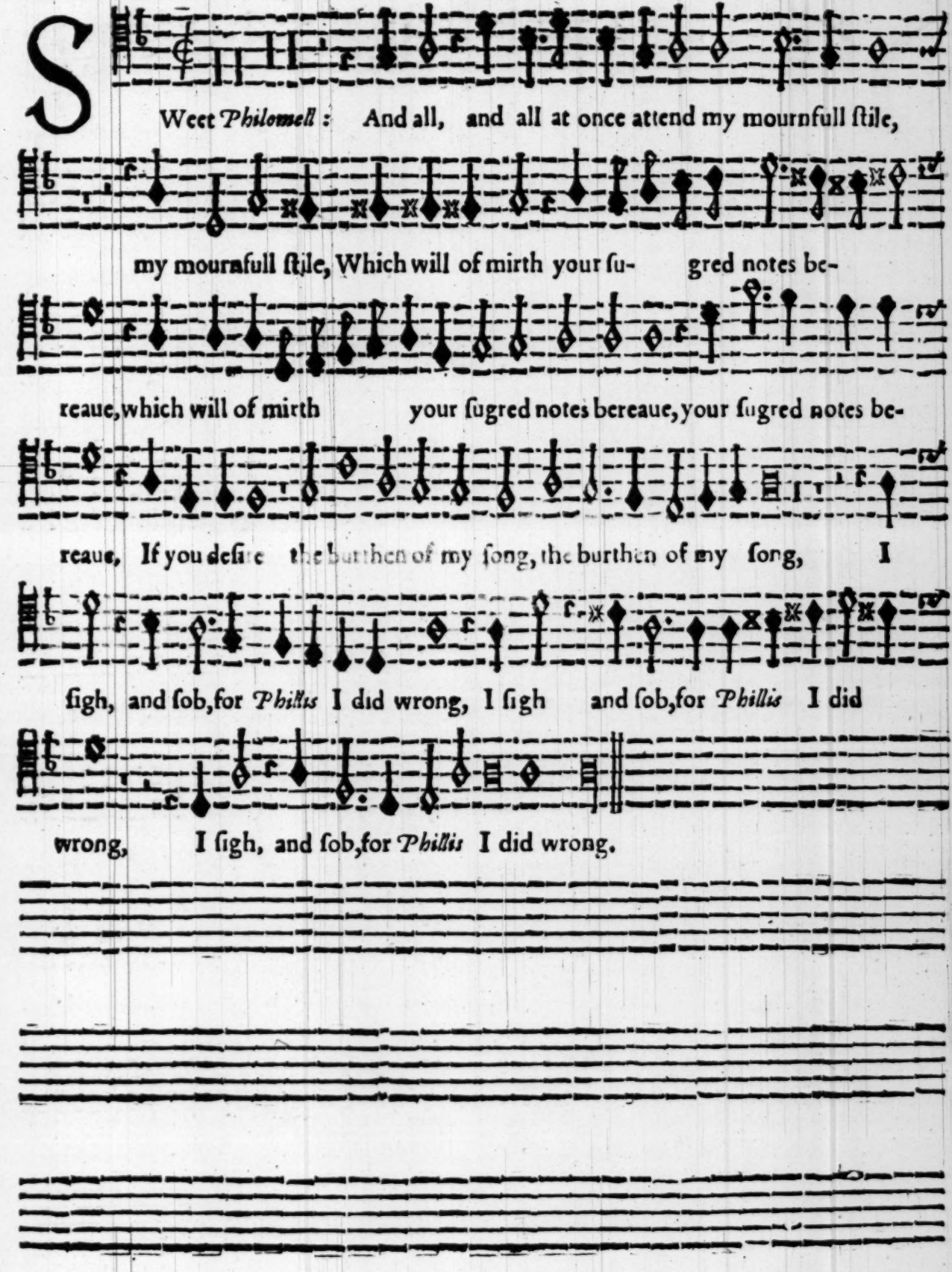
neither reſt, nor end my ſmart, my ſmart.

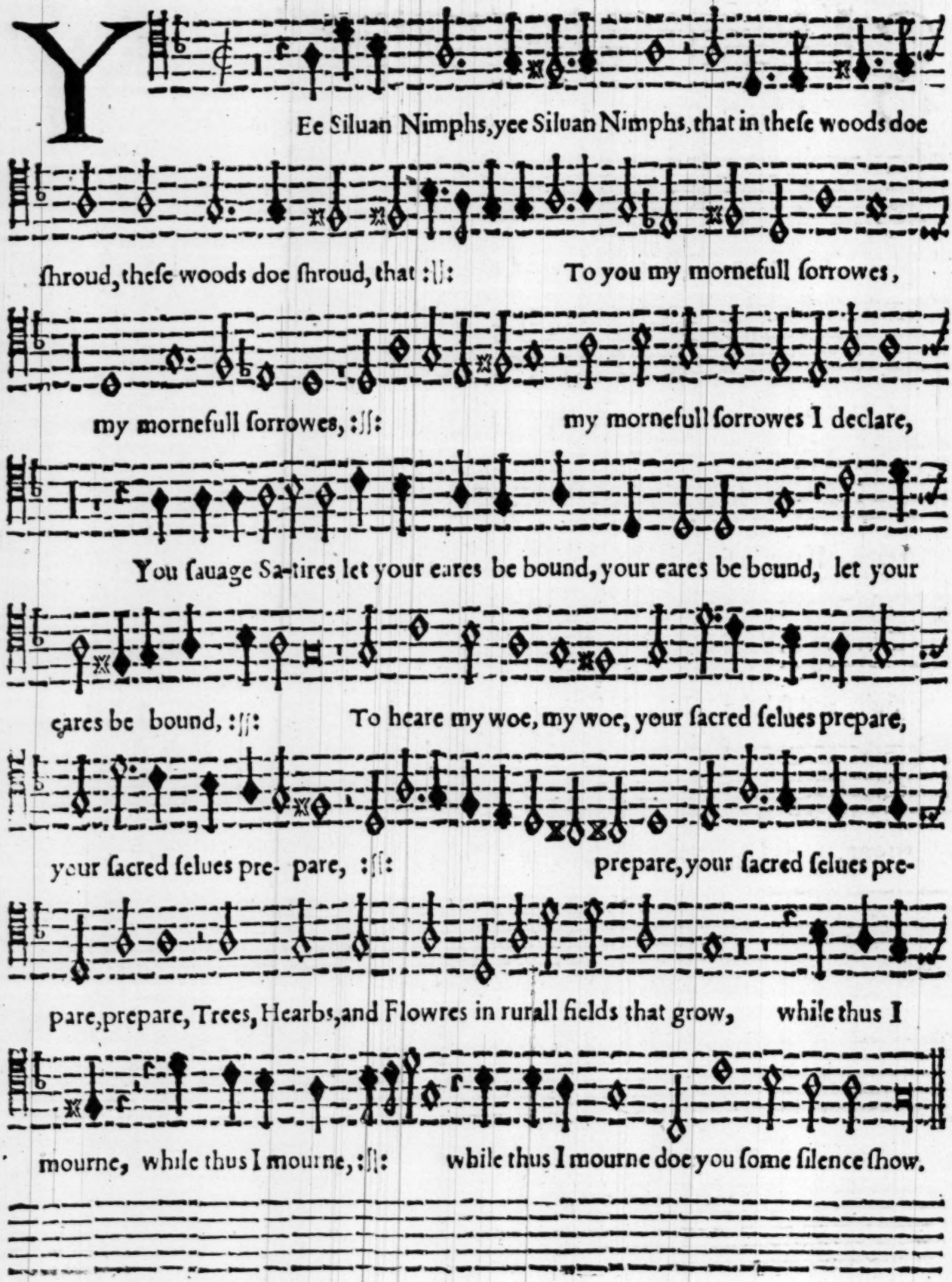




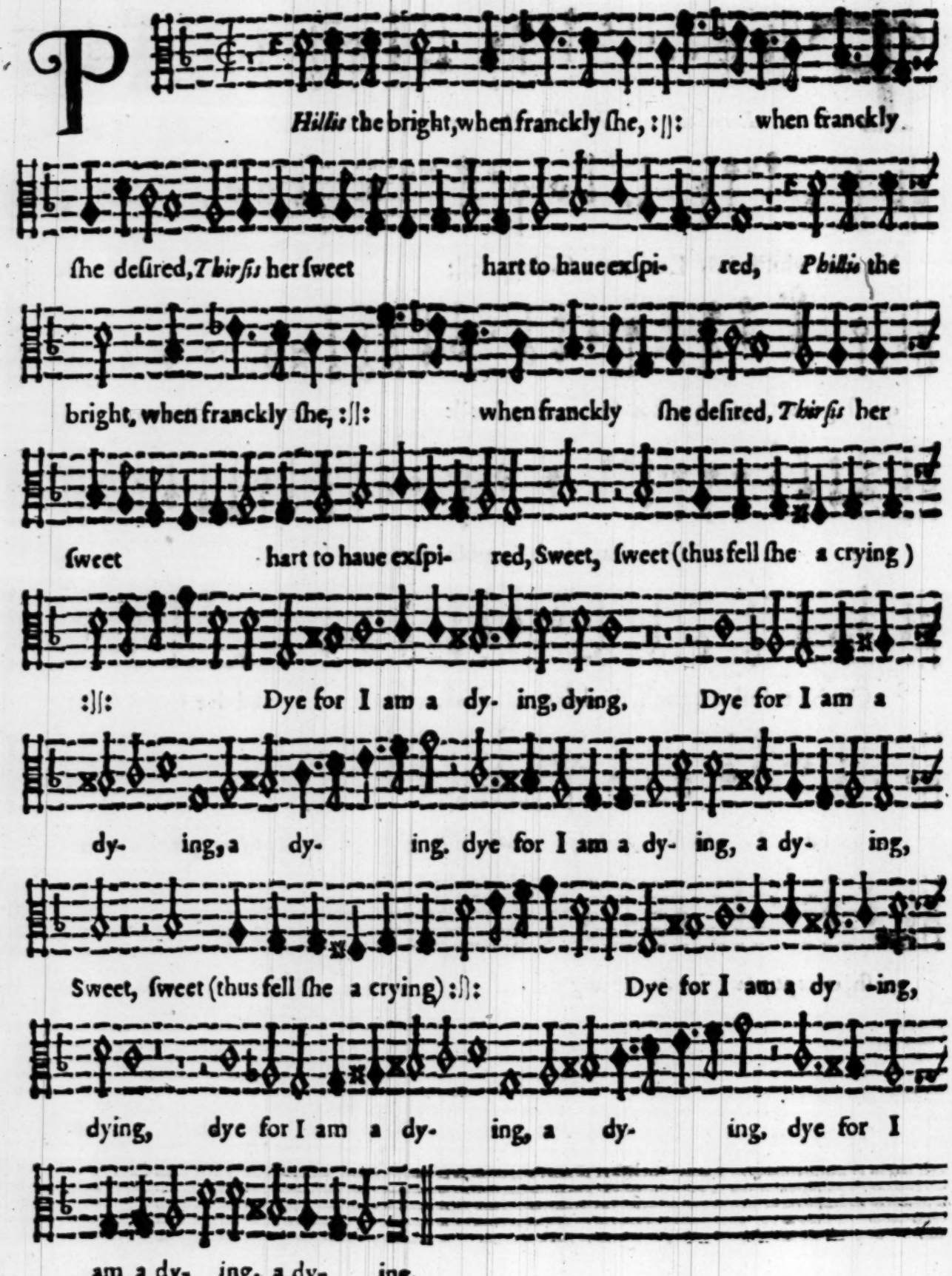


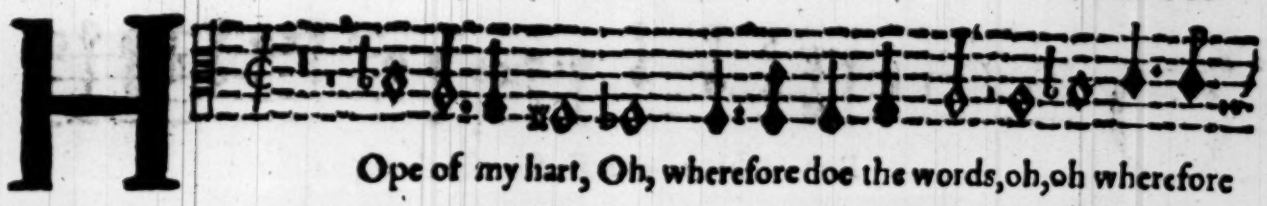
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. Parts.


Sweet Philomell: And all, and all at once attend my mournfull ſtile,
my mourafull ſtile, Which will of mirth your ſu- gred notes be-
reaue, which will of mirth your ſugred notes bereaue, your ſugred notes be-
reaue, If you deſire the burthen of my ſong, the burthen of my ſong, I
ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong, I ſigh and ſob, for Phillis I did
wrong, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong.

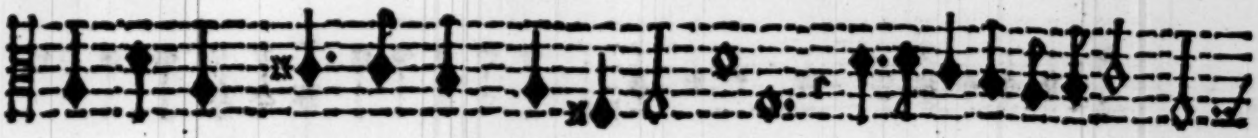

YEe Siluan Nimphs, yee Siluan Nimphs, that in theſe woods doe
ſhroud, theſe woods doe ſhroud, that :||: To you my mornefull ſorrowes,
my mornefull ſorrowes, :||: my mornefull ſorrowes I declare,
You ſauage Sa-tires let your eares be bound, your eares be bound, let your
eares be bound, :||: To heare my woe, my woe, your ſacred ſelues prepare,
your ſacred ſelues pre- pare, :||: prepare, your ſacred ſelues pre-
pare, prepare, Trees, Hearbs, and Flowres in rurall fields that grow, while thus I
mourne, while thus I mourne, :||: while thus I mourne doe you ſome ſilence ſhow.

Flora faire: Whil'ſt ſilly Lambs are feeding, Flora, Flora fayre
Nimph, whil'ſt ſilly Lambs are feeding, :||: Graunt my re-
queſt, graunt my requeſt in ſpee- ding, :||: For your ſweet
loue my ſilly hart doth languiſh, my :||: my
ſilly hart doth languiſh, And dye I ſhall, :||: and dye I ſhall,
and dye I ſhall, and dye I ſhall, :||: except you quench the an-
guiſh, except you quench the anguiſh.

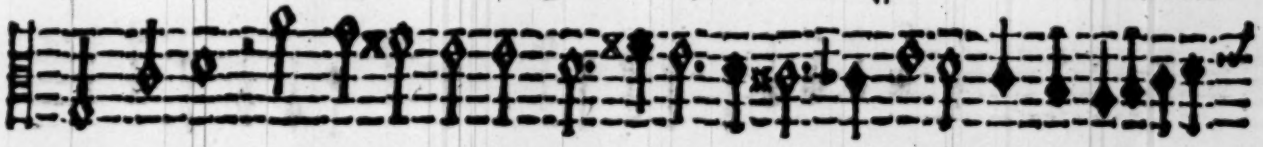

Phillis the bright, when franckly she, :||: when franckly
she desired, Thirsis her sweet hart to haue exspi- red, Phillis the
bright, when franckly she, :||: when franckly she desired, Thirsis her
sweet hart to haue exspi- red, Sweet, sweet (thus fell she a crying)
:||: Dye for I am a dy- ing, dying, Dye for I am a
dy- ing, a dy- ing. dye for I am a dy- ing, a dy- ing,
Sweet, sweet (thus fell she a crying) :||: Dye for I am a dy -ing,
dying, dye for I am a dy- ing, a dy- ing, dye for I
am a dy- ing, a dy- ing.



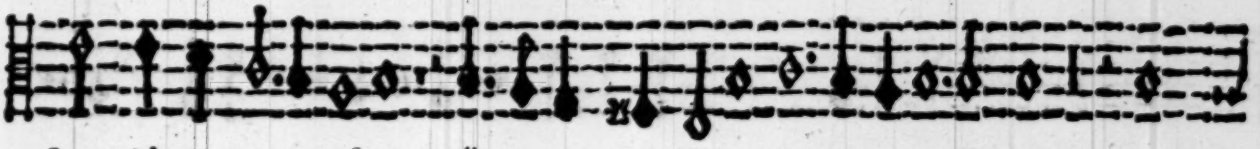
HOpe of my hart, Oh, wherefore doe the words, oh, oh wherefore



doe the words, which your ſweet tongue affords, affords, :||: ſweet

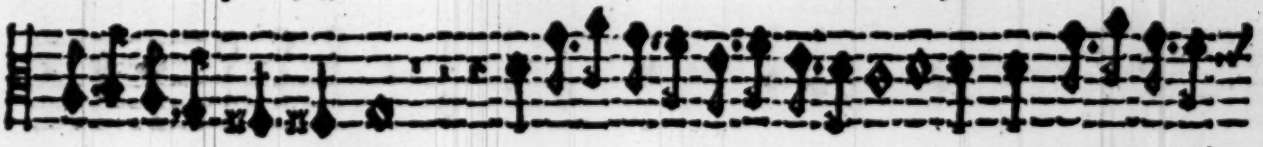


tongue affords, no hope impart, no hope impart, impart, But cruell without mea-



ſure, without mea- ſure, :||: To my eternall payne, To

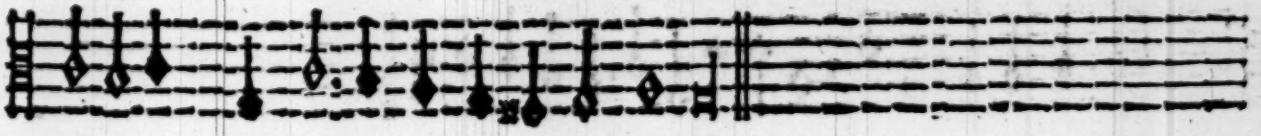
my eternall paine, :||: Still thun- der forth, ſtill thun-



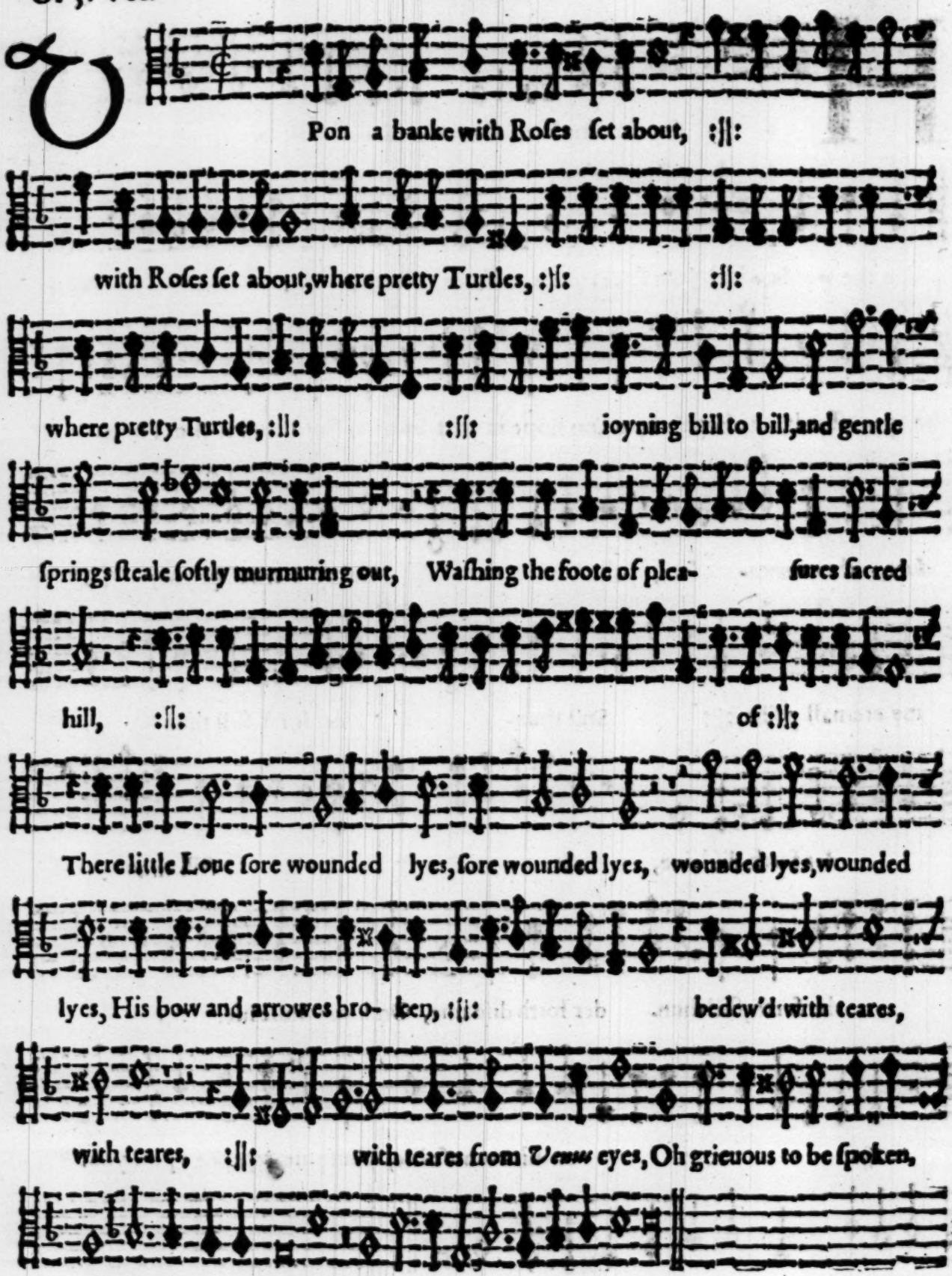
der forth diſdaine, :||: ſtill thun-

der forth, ſtill thun- der forth diſdaine, On him whoſe life, :||:

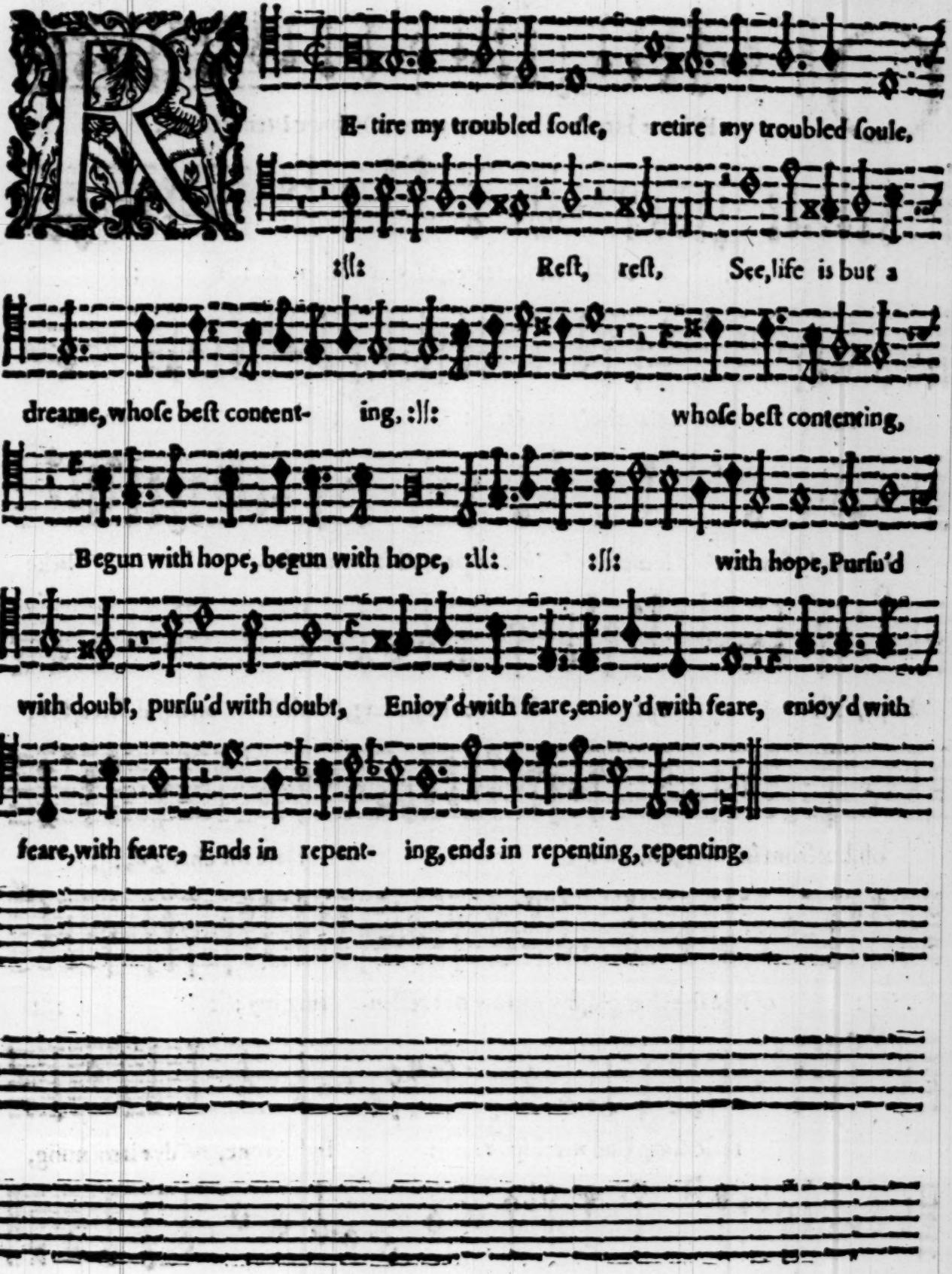
:||: :||: on him whoſe life, whoſe life depends vpon your

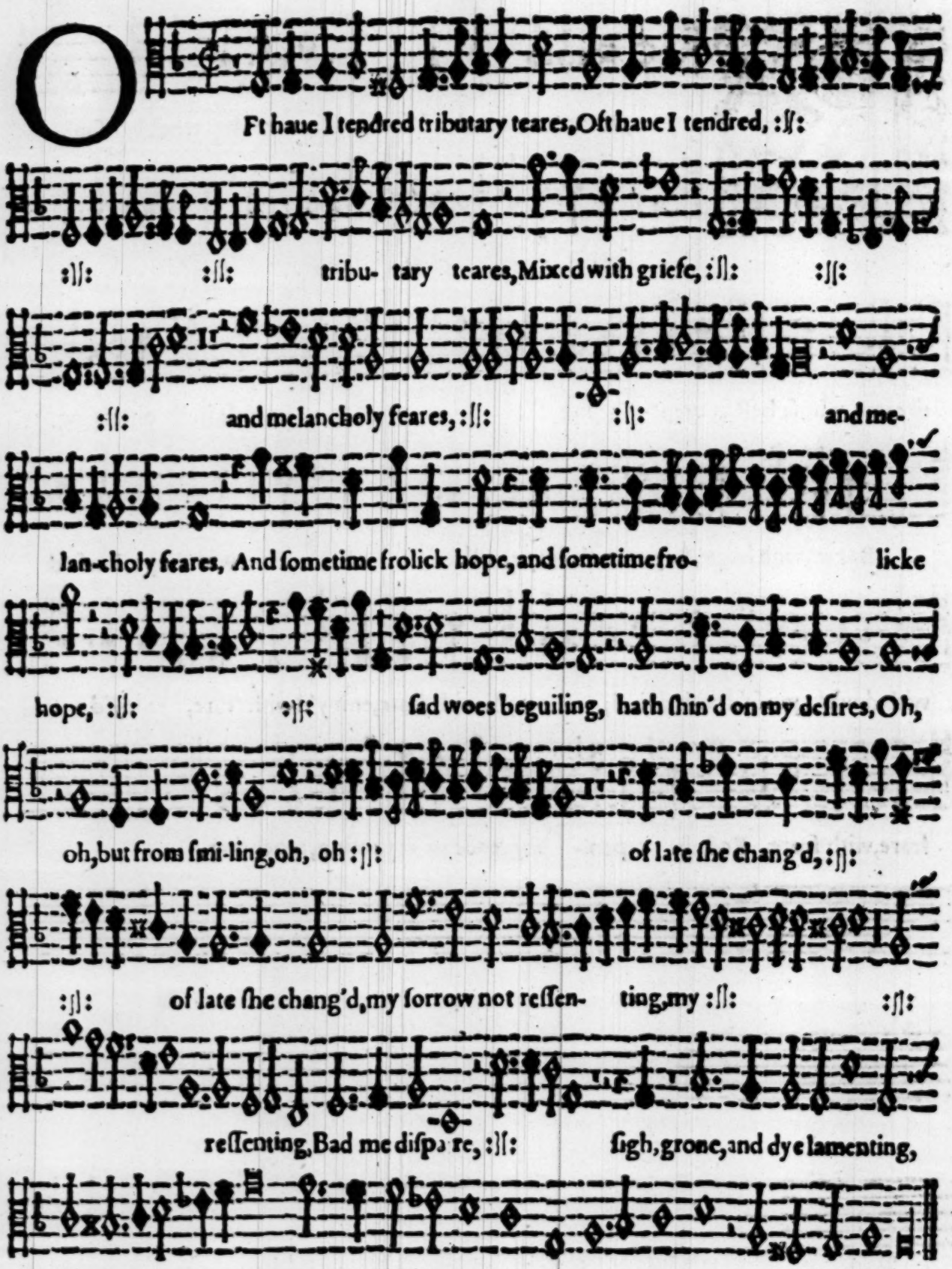


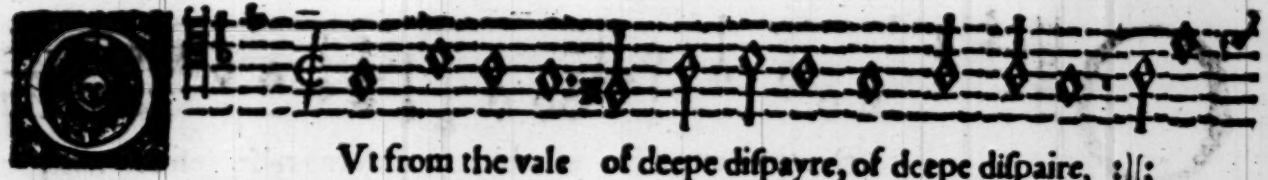
plea- ſure? whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure?



Heere endeth the Songs of 5. Parts.

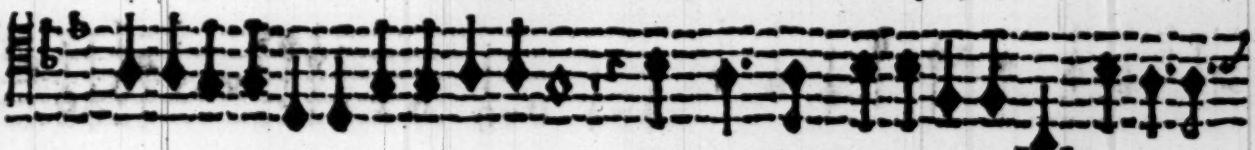

E- tire my troubled ſoule, retire my troubled ſoule,
Reſt, reſt, See, life is but a
dreame, whoſe beſt content- ing, whoſe beſt contenting,
Begun with hope, begun with hope, with hope, Purſu'd
with doubt, purſu'd with doubt, Enioy'd with feare, enioy'd with feare, enioy'd with
feare, with feare, Ends in repent- ing, ends in repenting, repenting.


Oft haue I tendred tributary teares, Oft haue I tendred,
tribu- tary teares, Mixed with griefe,
and melancholy feares,
and me-
lan-cholyfeares, And ſometime frolick hope, and ſometime fro- licke
hope,
ſad woes beguiling, hath ſhin'd on my deſires, Oh,
oh, but from ſmi-ling, oh, oh
of late ſhe chang'd,
of late ſhe chang'd, my ſorrow not reſſen- ting, my
reſſenting, Bad me diſpaire,
ſigh, grone, and dye lamenting,
and dye lamen- ting, grone, and dye lamenting. and dye lamenting. and dye lamenting.

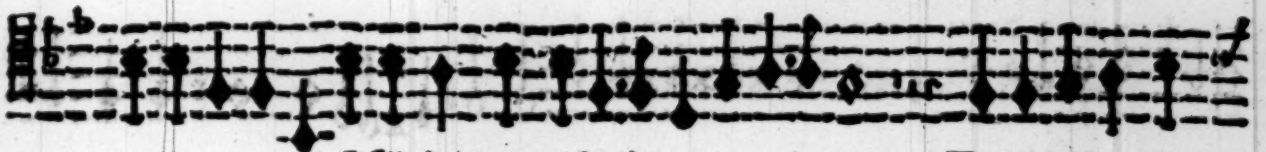


Vt from the vale of deepe diſpayre, of deepe diſpaire, :‖:

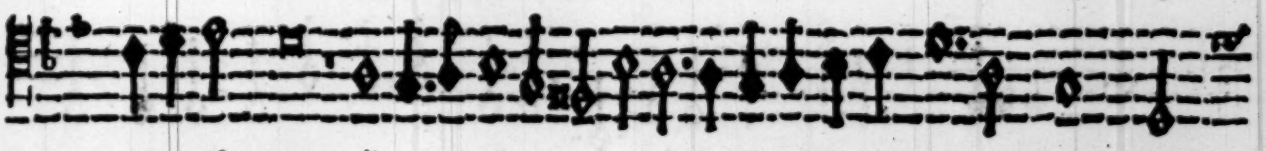
With mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, :‖:



:‖: with mournfull tunes I fill the ayre, :‖:



I fill the ayre, with :‖: To ſa- tisfie my



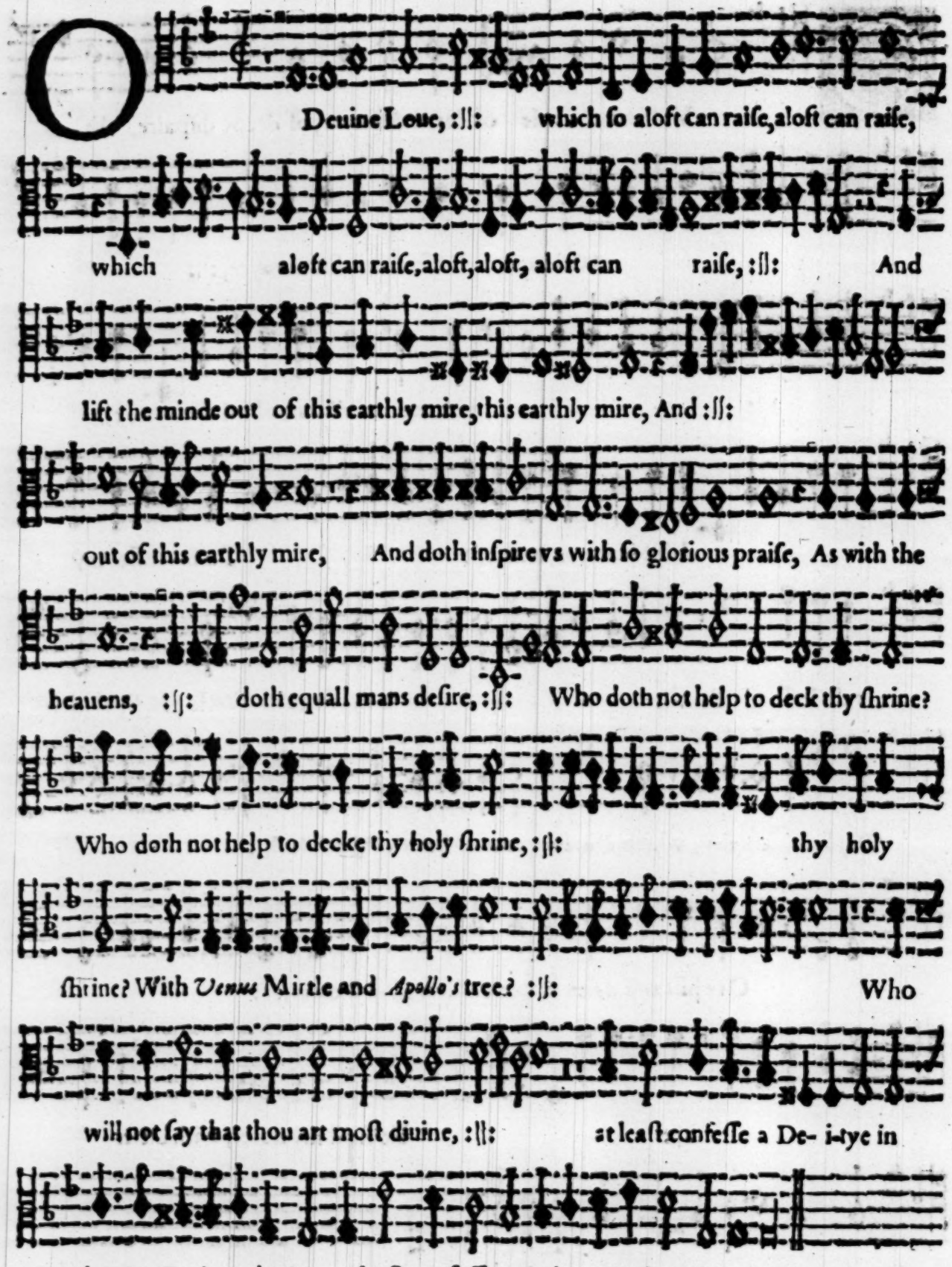
reſt-leſſe ghoſt, :‖: to ſa-tis- fie my reſtleſſe ghoſt, Which

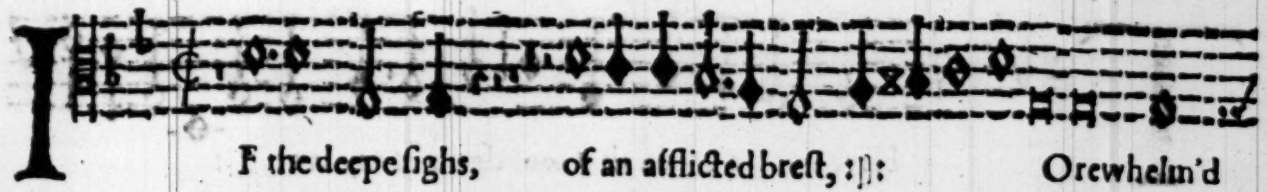
Daphnes cruelty, which *Daphnes* cruelty hath loſt, hath loſt, :‖:

Ore hils and dales in her dull eares, dull eares, :‖:

:‖: Ile ſend my notes, with bitter

teares, with bitter teares. with bitter bitter teares.


O Deuine Loue, :||: which ſo aloft can raiſe, aloft can raiſe,
which aloft can raiſe, aloft, aloft, aloft can raiſe, :||: And
lift the minde out of this earthly mire, this earthly mire, And :||:
out of this earthly mire, And doth inſpire vs with ſo glorious praiſe, As with the
heauens, :||: doth equall mans deſire, :||: Who doth not help to deck thy ſhrine?
Who doth not help to decke thy holy ſhrine, :||: thy holy
ſhrine? With Venus Mirtle and Apollo's tree? :||: Who
will not ſay that thou art moſt diuine, :||: at leaſt confeſſe a De- i-tye in
thee? a De-i- ty in thee? at leaſt confeſſe a Dei- tye in thee? in thee?



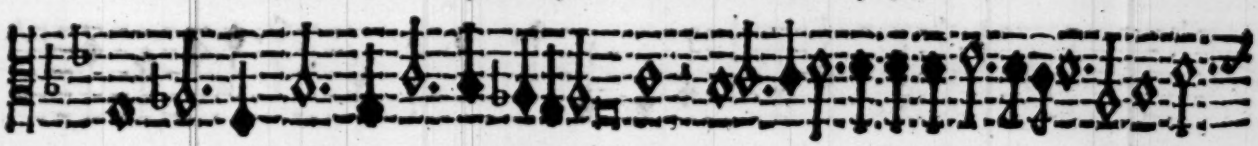
IF the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt, :‖: Orewhelm'd

with ſorrow, with ſorrow, :‖: Or the'rected eyes of a poore

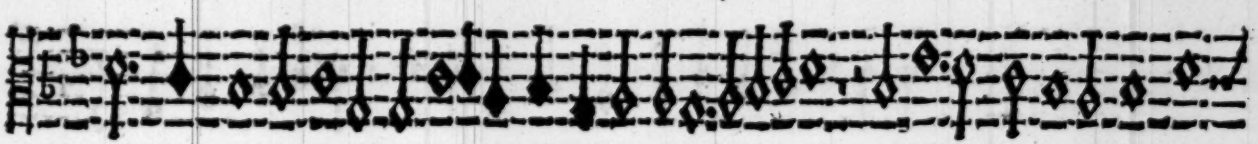
wretch, of a poore wretch, :‖: :‖: with miſeries oppreſt, For whoſe com-

plaints tears neuer could ſuffice, for :‖: for :‖:

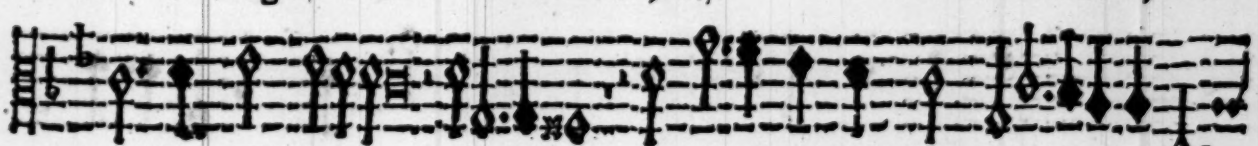
could ſuffice, Haue not the power your De-i-ties to moue, :‖:



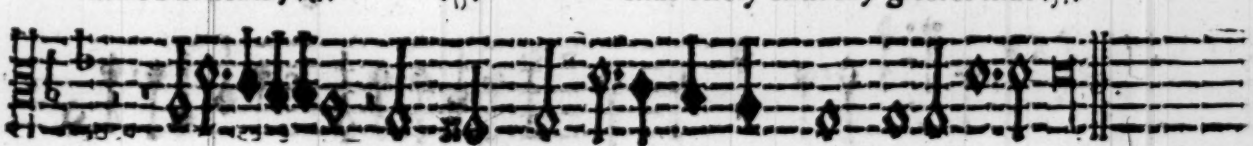
Who ſhall ere looke for ſuccour from aboue? :‖: From



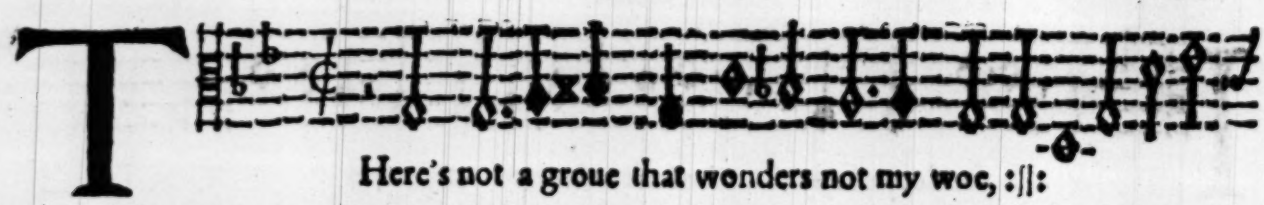
whom too long I taried, I ta-ried for reliefe, I :‖: I taried for re- liefe, Now

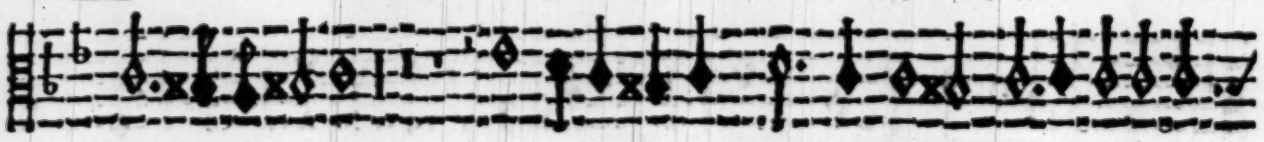


aske but death, :‖: :‖: that onely ends my griefe. that :‖:

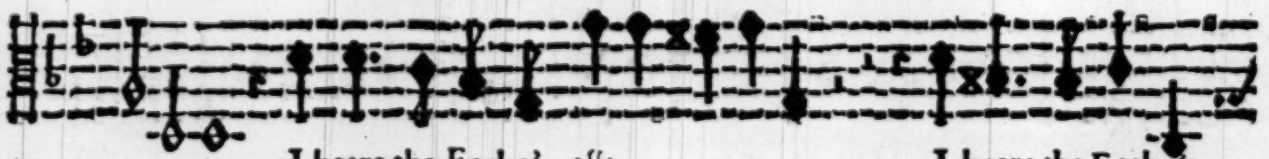


:‖: my griefe. that onely ends my griefe. :‖:

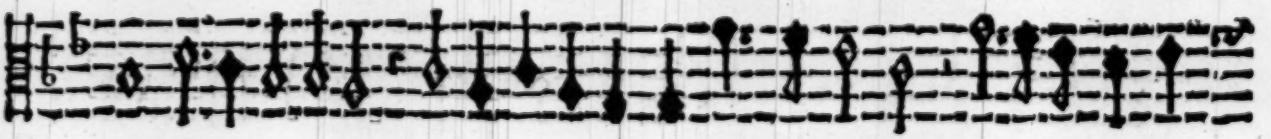

There's not a groue that wonders not my woe, :||:


Nor not a Riuer weepes not at my tale, :||:

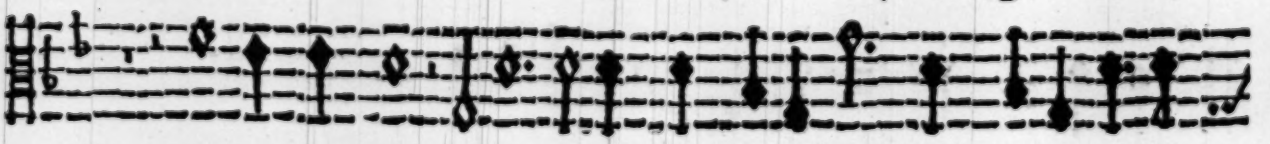
Nor not a Riuer weepes not at my tale, :||:

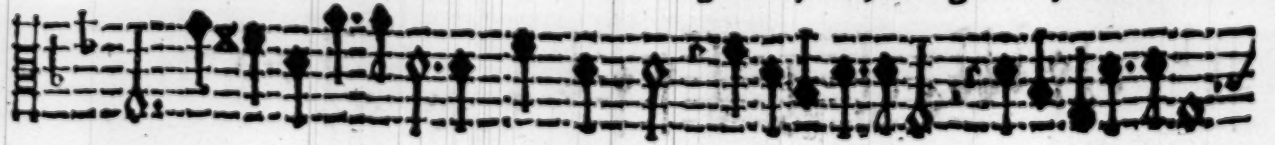

I heare the Eccho's, :||: I heare the Eccho's,

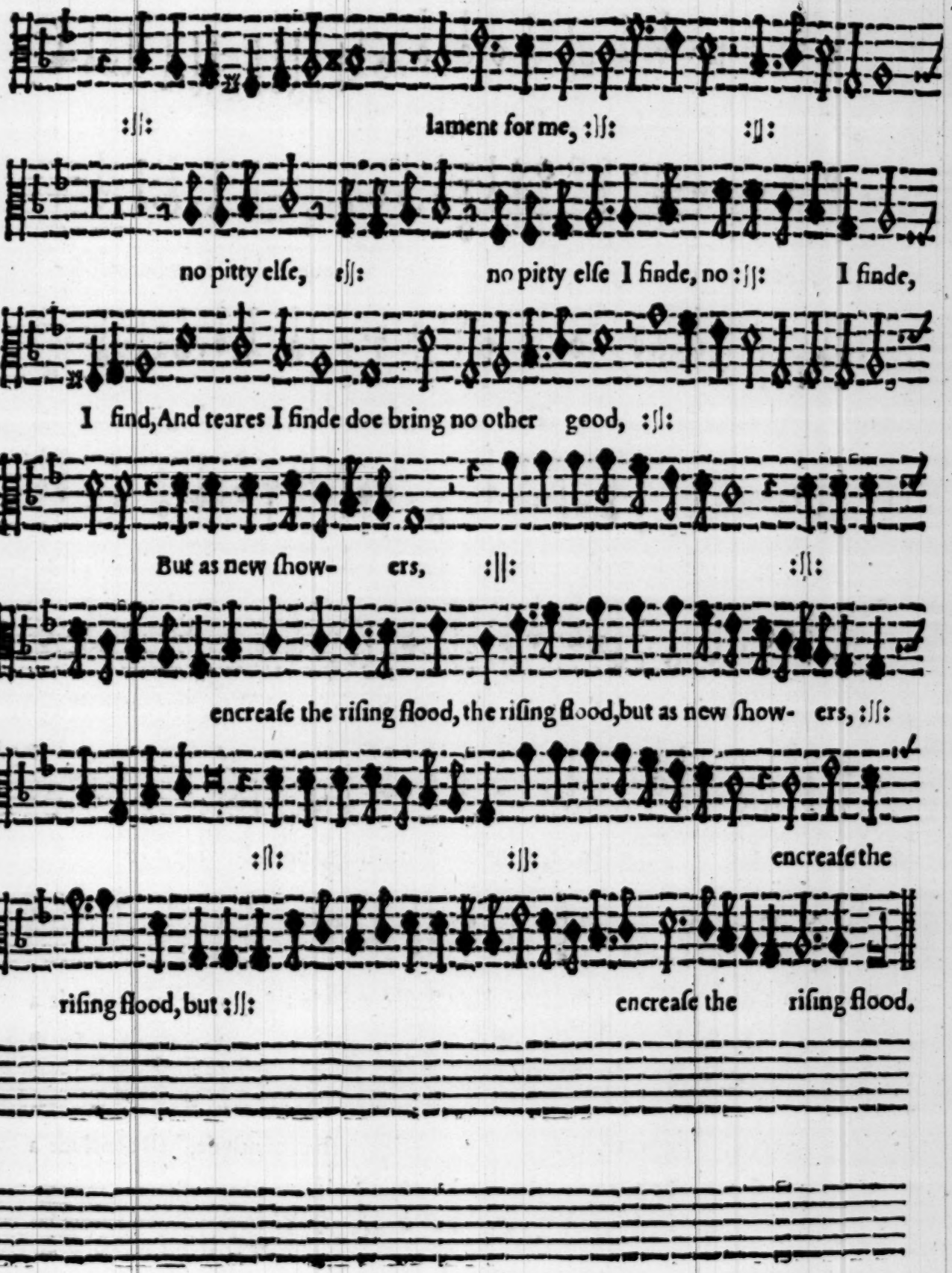
:||: :||: (wandring too and fro,) :||:

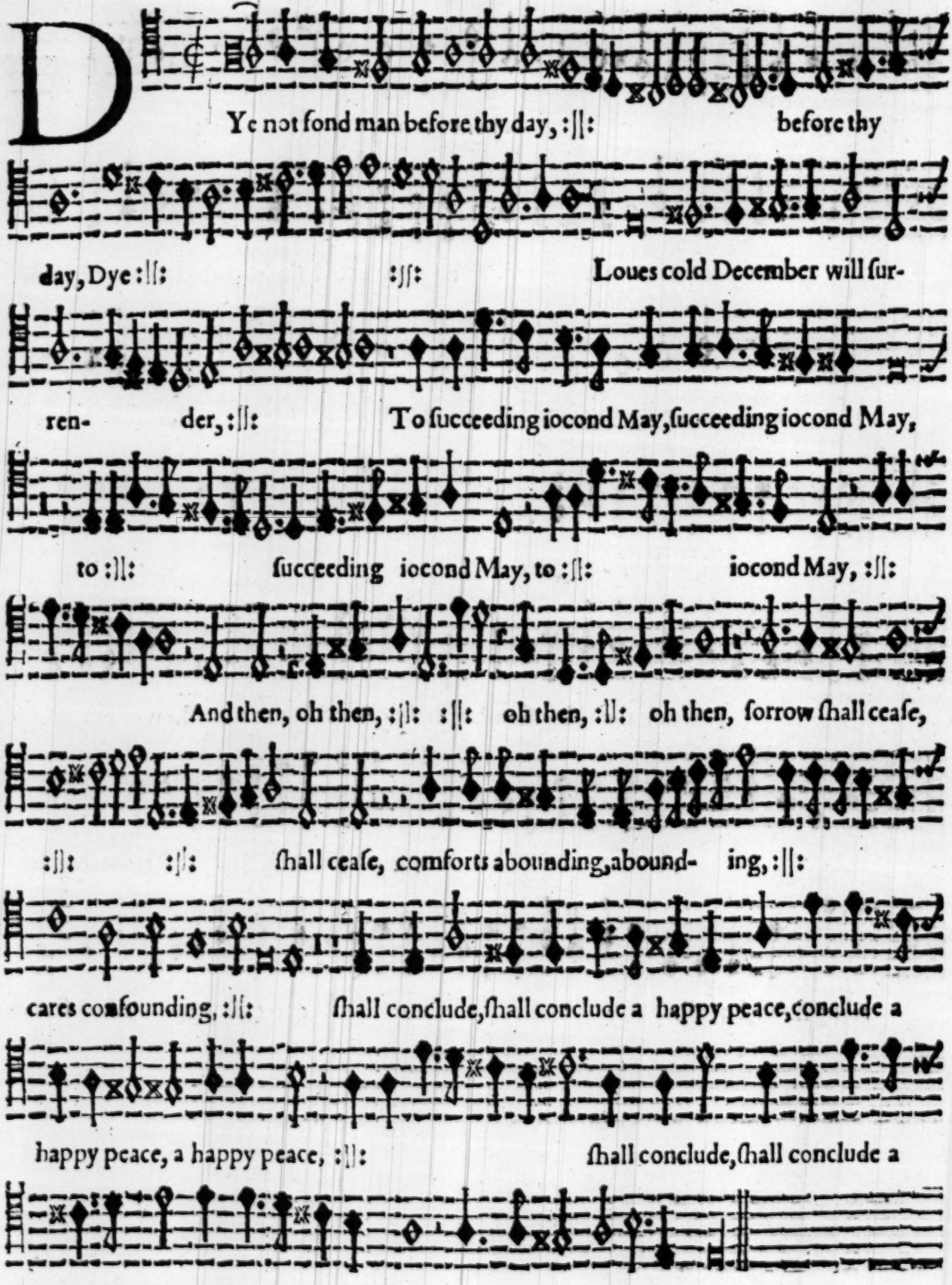

:||: :||: I heare the Eccho's, (wandring too and

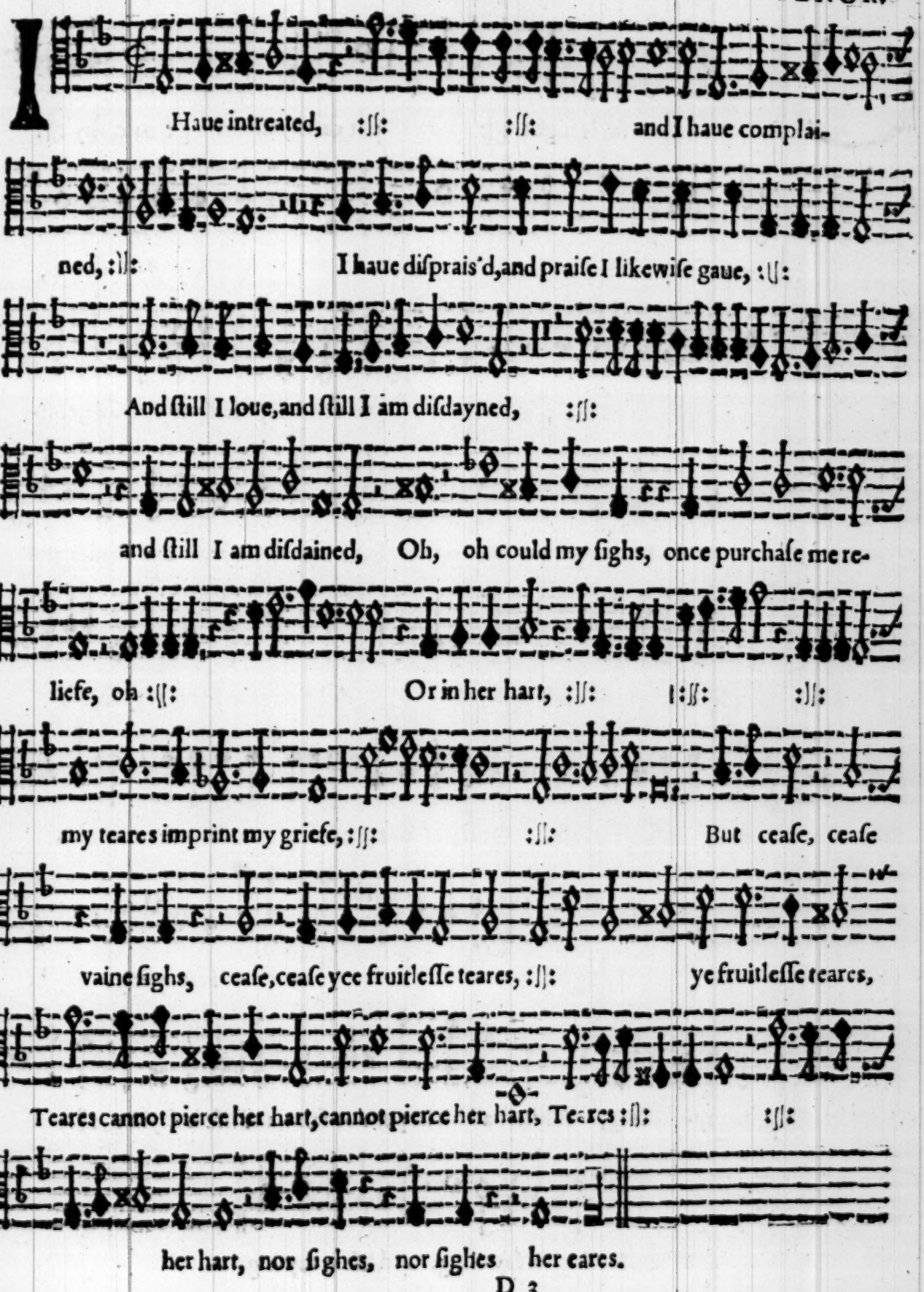
fro,) too and fro, :||: :||: too and fro) :||: (wandring too and fro,

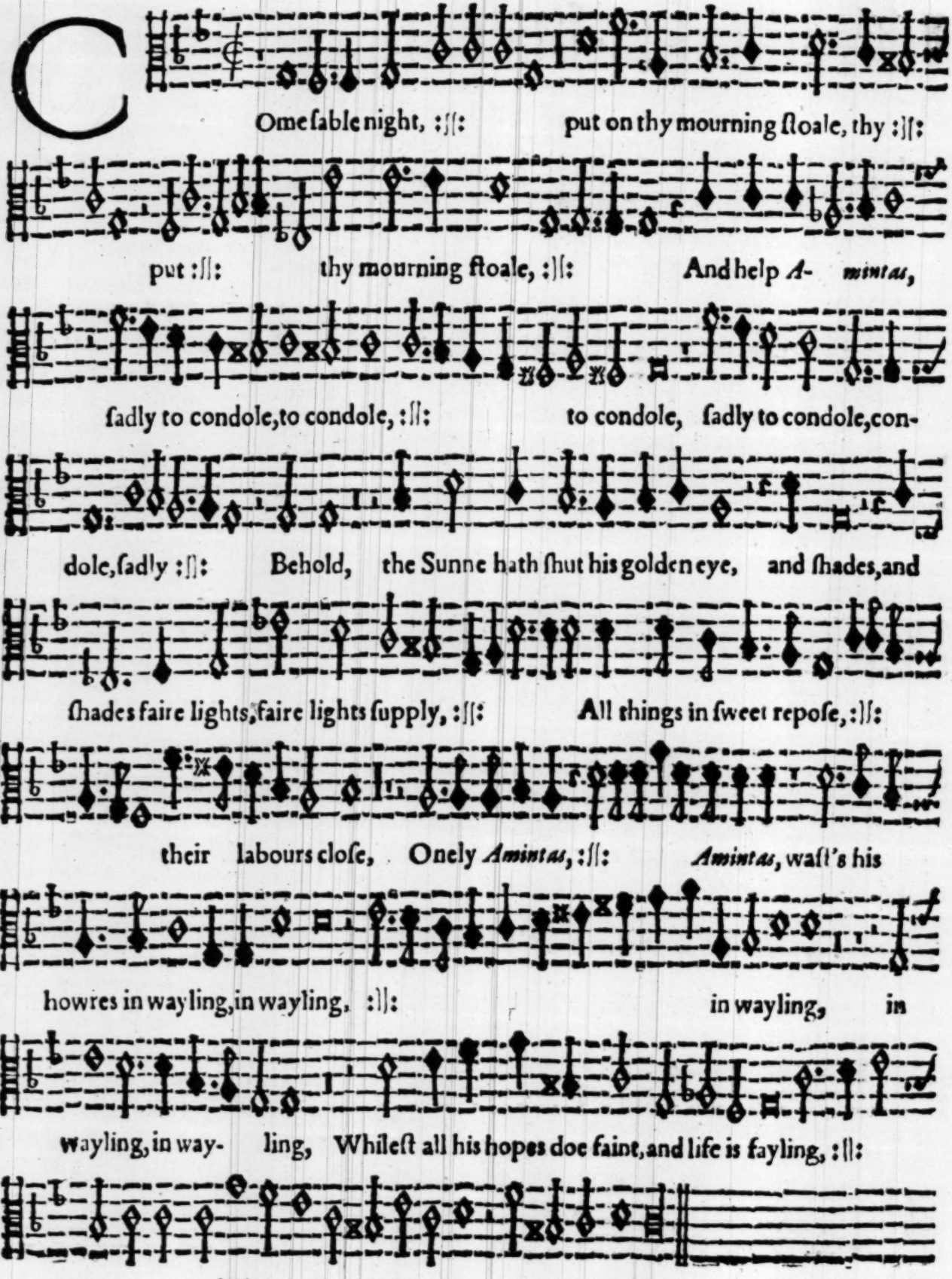

Resound my griefe, :||: through euery hill, through euery hill and

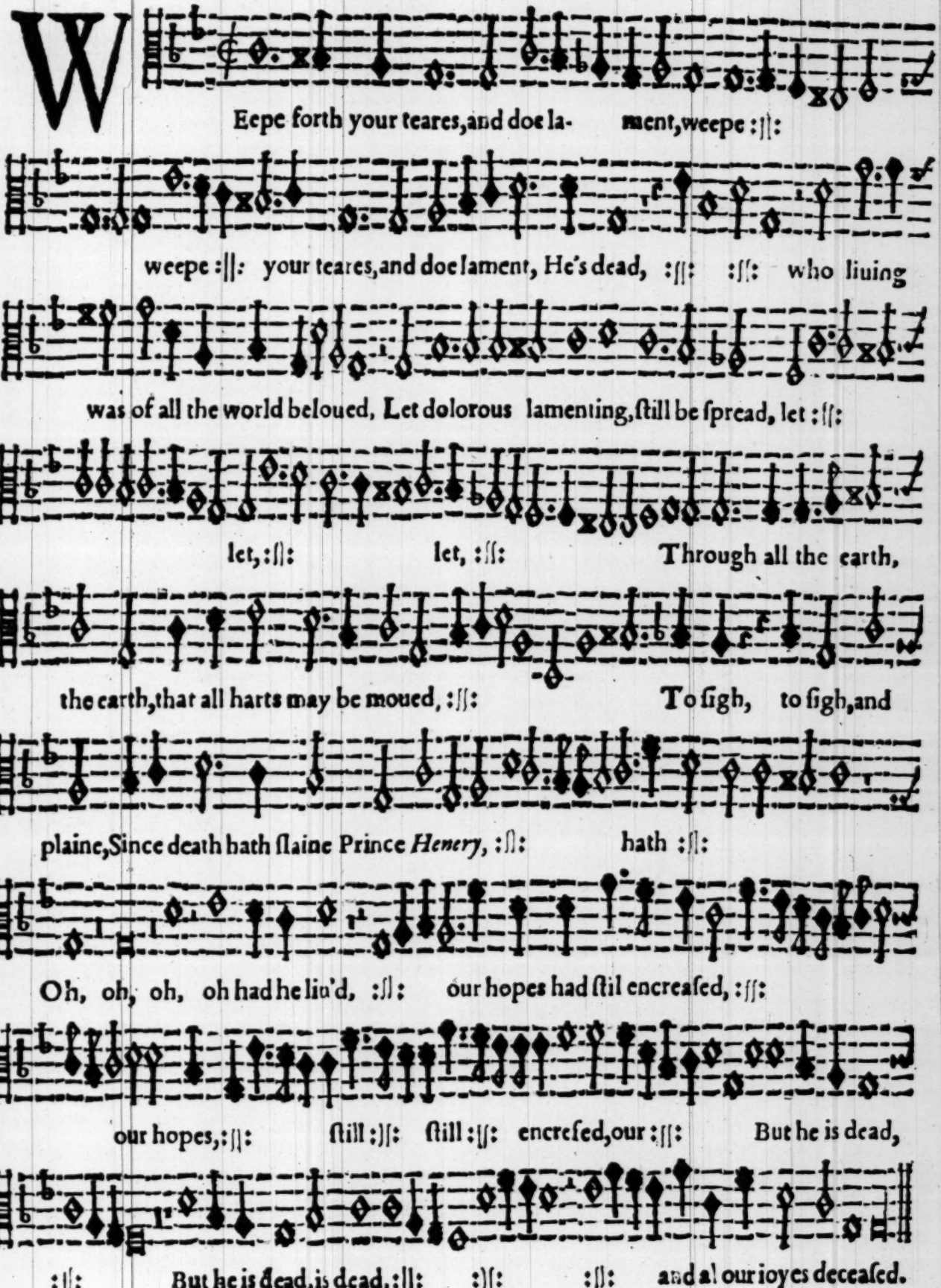

dale, :||: resound my griefe, :||: :||:


:||: lament for me, :||: :||:
no pitty elſe, :||: no pitty elſe I finde, no :||: I finde,
I find, And teares I finde doe bring no other good, :||:
But as new ſhow- ers, :||: :||:
encreaſe the riſing flood, the riſing flood, but as new ſhow- ers, :||:
:||: :||: encreaſe the
riſing flood, but :||: encreaſe the riſing flood.

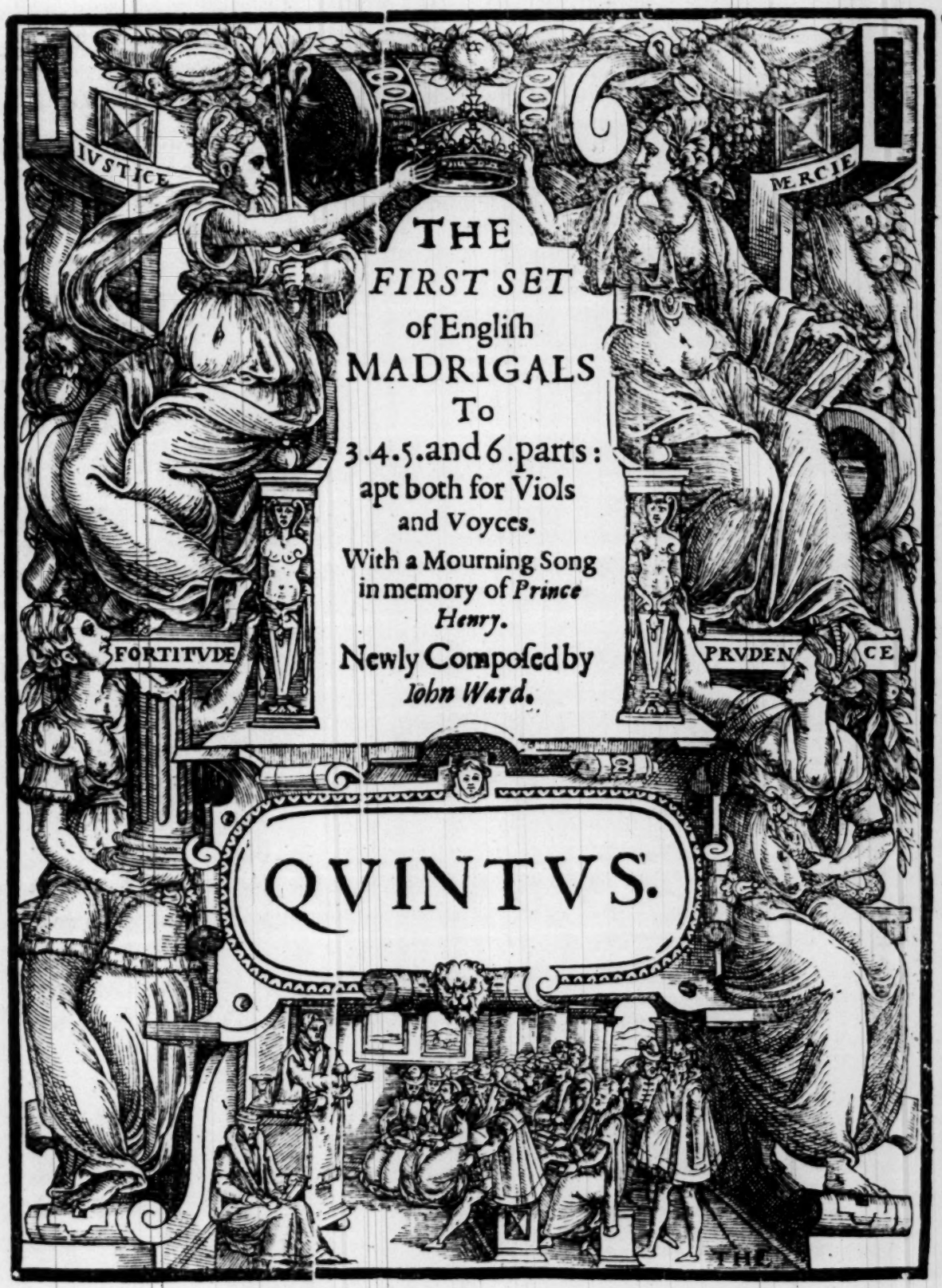

Ye not fond man before thy day, :||: before thy
day, Dye :||: :||: Loues cold December will ſur-
ren- der, :||: To ſucceeding iocond May, ſucceeding iocond May,
to :||: ſucceeding iocond May, to :||: iocond May, :||:
And then, oh then, :||: :||: oh then, :||: oh then, ſorrow ſhall ceaſe,
:||: :||: ſhall ceaſe, comforts abounding, abound- ing, :||:
cares confounding, :||: ſhall conclude, ſhall conclude a happy peace, conclude a
happy peace, a happy peace, :||: ſhall conclude, ſhall conclude a
happy peace, a happy, happy peace. ſhall conclude a happy peace.


I Haue intreated, :||: :||: and I haue complai-
ned, :||: I haue diſprais'd, and praiſe I likewiſe gaue, :||:
And ſtill I loue, and ſtill I am diſdayned, :||:
and ſtill I am diſdained, Oh, oh could my ſighs, once purchaſe me re-
liefe, oh :||: Or in her hart, :||: |:||: :||:
my teares imprint my griefe, :||: :||: But ceaſe, ceaſe
vaine ſighs, ceaſe, ceaſe yee fruitleſſe teares, :||: ye fruitleſſe teares,
Teares cannot pierce her hart, cannot pierce her hart, Teares :||: :||:
her hart, nor ſighes, nor ſighes her eares.


Come ſable night, :||: put on thy mourning ſtoale, thy :||:
put :||: thy mourning ſtoale, :||: And help A- mintas,
ſadly to condole, to condole, :||: to condole, ſadly to condole, con-
dole, ſadly :||: Behold, the Sunne hath ſhut his golden eye, and ſhades, and
ſhades faire lights, faire lights ſupply, :||: All things in ſweet repoſe, :||:
their labours cloſe, Onely Amintas, :||: Amintas, waſt's his
howres in wayling, in wayling, :||: in wayling, in
wayling, in way- ling, Whileſt all his hopes doe faint, and life is fayling, :||:
and life is fayling, is fay- ling, and life is fayling.


Weepe forth your teares, and doe la- ment, weepe :||:
weepe :||: your teares, and doe lament, He's dead, :||: :||: who liuing
was of all the world beloued, Let dolorous lamenting, ſtill be ſpread, let :||:
let, :||: let, :||: Through all the earth,
the earth, that all harts may be moued, :||: To ſigh, to ſigh, and
plaine, Since death hath ſlaine Prince *Henery*, :||: hath :||:
Oh, oh, oh, oh had he liu'd, :||: our hopes had ſtil encreaſed, :||:
our hopes, :||: ſtill :||: ſtill :||: encreſed, our :||: But he is dead,
:||: But he is dead, is dead, :||: :||: :||: and al our ioyes deceaſed.

FINIS.



Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM.

TO THE HONORABLE

Gentleman, and my very good Maiſter, Sir *Henry Fanſhawe*, KNIGHT.

WOrthy Sir: among many Patrons of Art, and Muſicall endeuours, I am emboldened to rancke your Name; who, as I know you not inferiour to the beſt, as well for a louer of MVSICKE, *as a competent Iudge of that Noble faculties; ſo I preſent you here, with ſuch numbers beſt fitting your innated Harmony, and (I hope) not vnworthy your Patronage. And though I know the excellent varietie of theſe Compoſitions, hath fed time with fulneſſe, and bred many Cenſors, more curious, then (perhaps) Iudiciall; and ſince no Science carries ſo ſufficient authority in it ſelfe, but muſt needs ſubmit to that Monſter* OPINION, *halfe truth, halfe falſhood; yet theſe of mine being thus fronted with your Countenance, digeſted by your Eare, and allowed in your Knowledge; ſhould they proue diſtaſtfull with the queaſie-pallated, or ſurfeited delight, yet with the ſound (vnſubiect to ſuch diſeaſe of Humor, and appetite) I preſume they will pleaſingly relliſh, and (with your equall ſelfe) mainteine me againſt the corrupted number of Time-ſicke humoriſts. Theſe (honoured* SYR) *are the* primitiæ *of my Muſe, planted in your pleaſure, and cheriſht by the gentle calme of your Fauour; what I may produce hereafter is wholy Yours (as who hath more right to the Fruit then he that owneth the Stock?) If then you accept (in ſtead of reall worth) this my humble Tribute of Affection, I ſhall ſtudy to vſe that grace, with my time, to the beſt aduantage, and till I may better deſerue you, in my vtmoſt abilities euer reſt*

Your Worſhips in all ſeruiceable
endeuour and deuotion

IOHN WARD.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Parts.

MY true loue hath my heart. 1 Part. I
His hart his wound receiued from my ſight. 2 Part. II
O ſay deere life, when ſhall theſe twin-borne berryes. III
In health and eaſe am I. IIII
Goe wayling accents, goe. V
Fly not ſo faſt, my onely ioy and Iewell. VI

Songs of 4. Parts.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread. VII
O my thoughts ſurceaſe. VIII
Sweet pittie wake, and tell my cruell. IX
Loue is a dainty milde and ſweet. X
Free from loues bonds I liued long. XI
How long ſhall I with mournefull Muſicke? XII

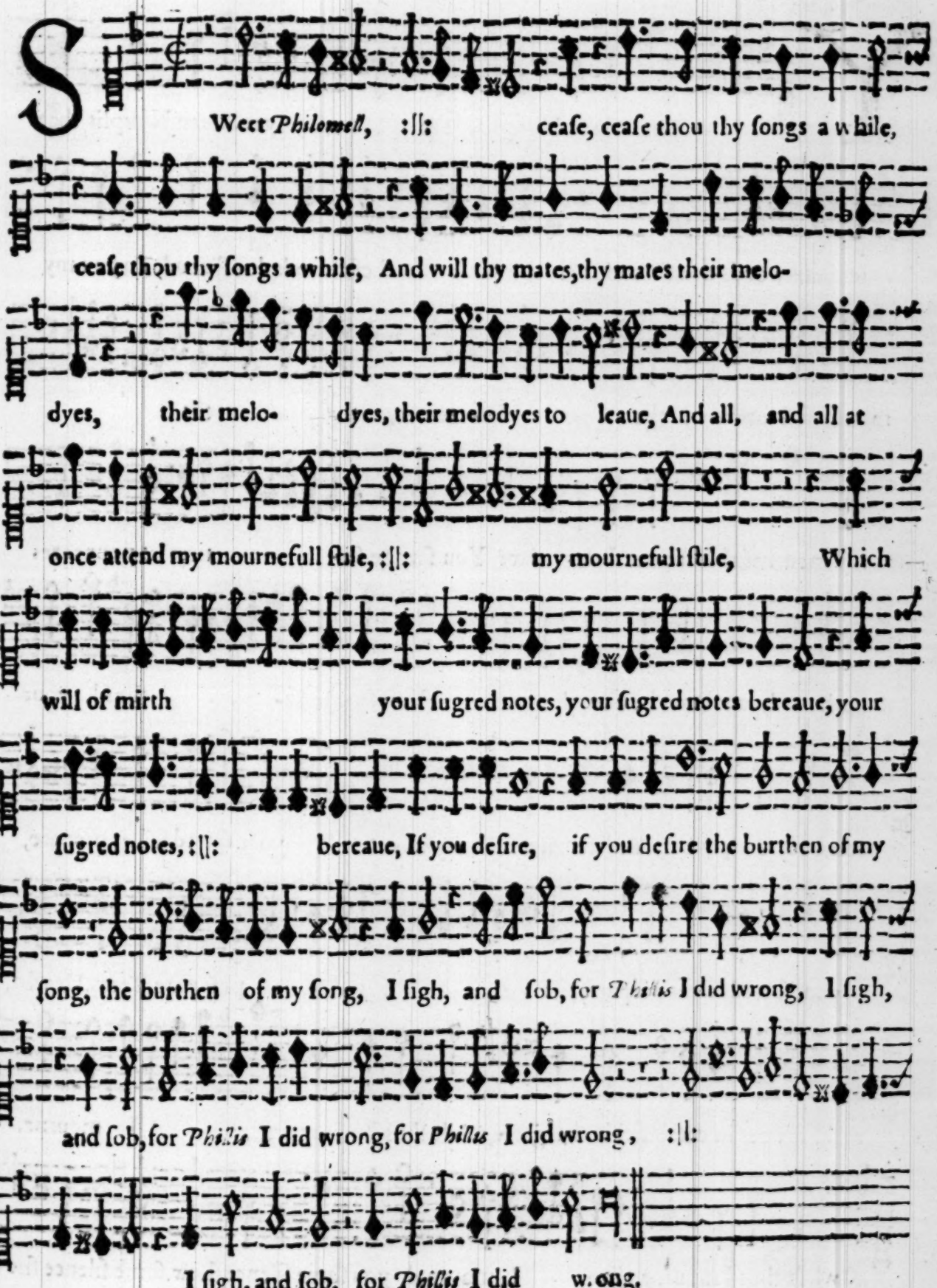
Songs of 5. Parts.

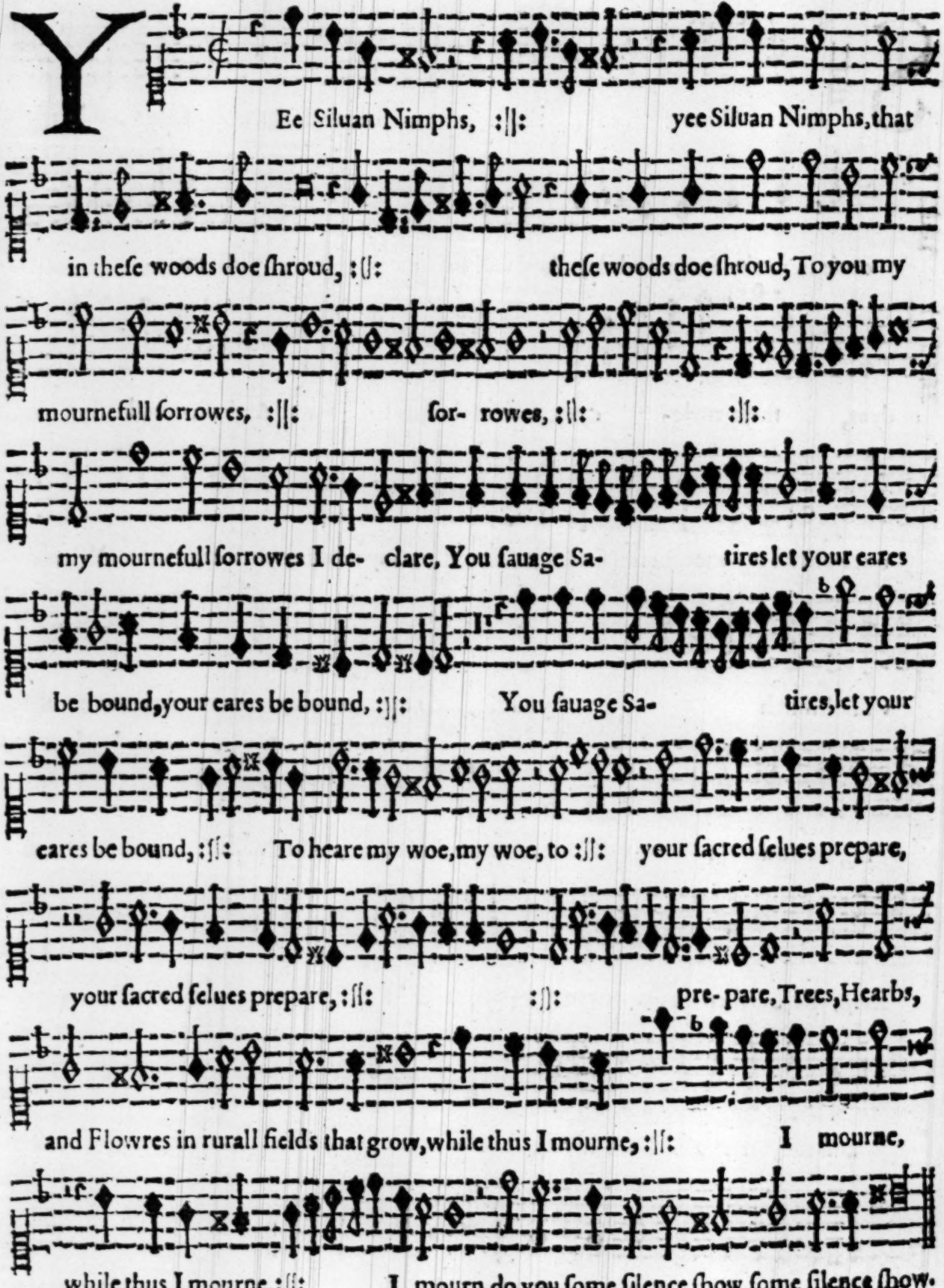
Sweet *Philomell*, ceaſe thou thy ſong a while. 1 Part. XIII
Ye Siluan Nimphs, that in theſe woods doe ſhroud. 2 Part. XIIII
Flora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſilly Lambs are feeding. XV
Phillis the bright, when franckly ſhe deſired. XVI
Hope of my hart, oh, wherefore doe the words. XVII
Vpon a banke with Roſes ſet about. XVIII

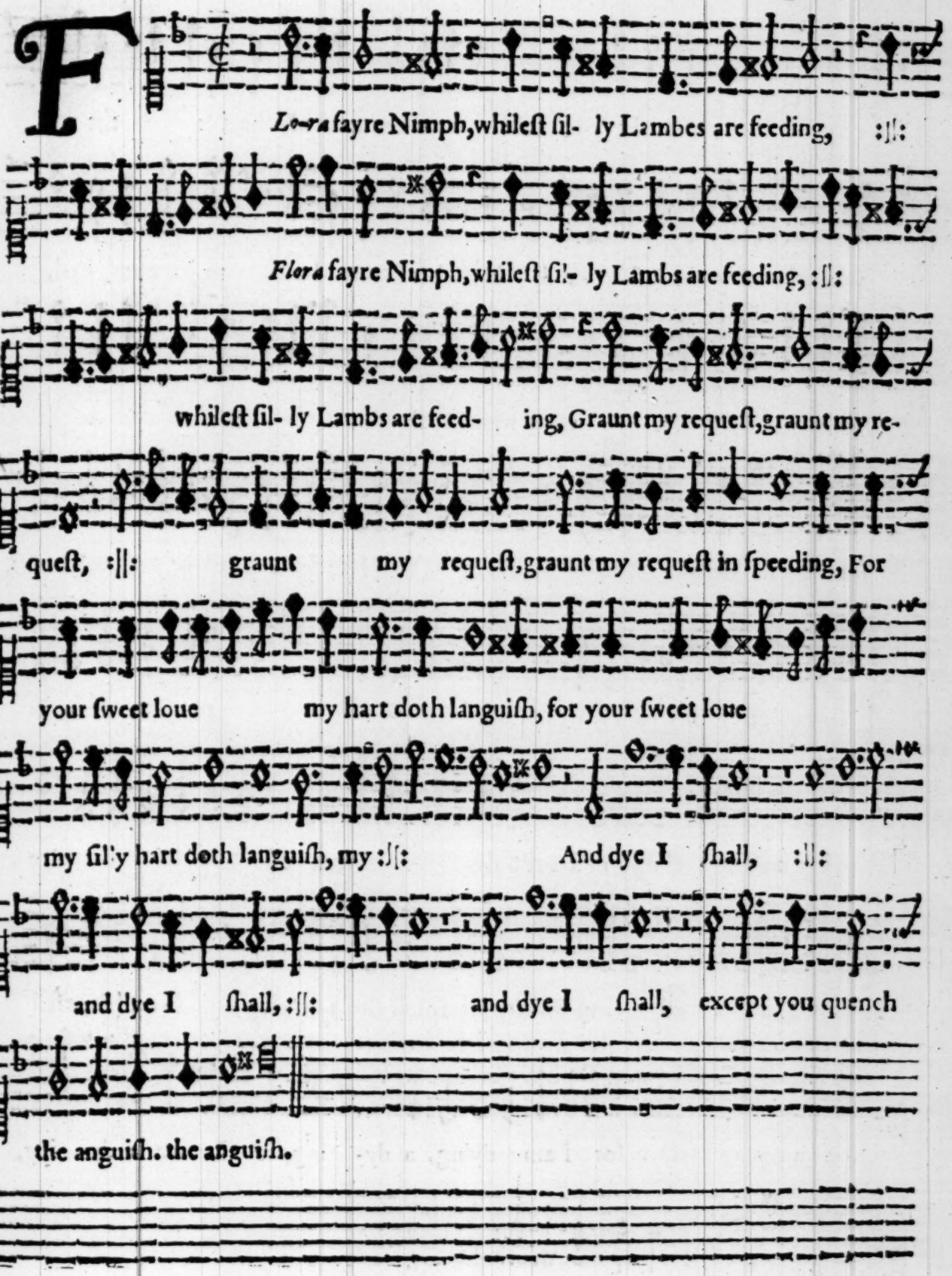
Songs of 6. Parts.

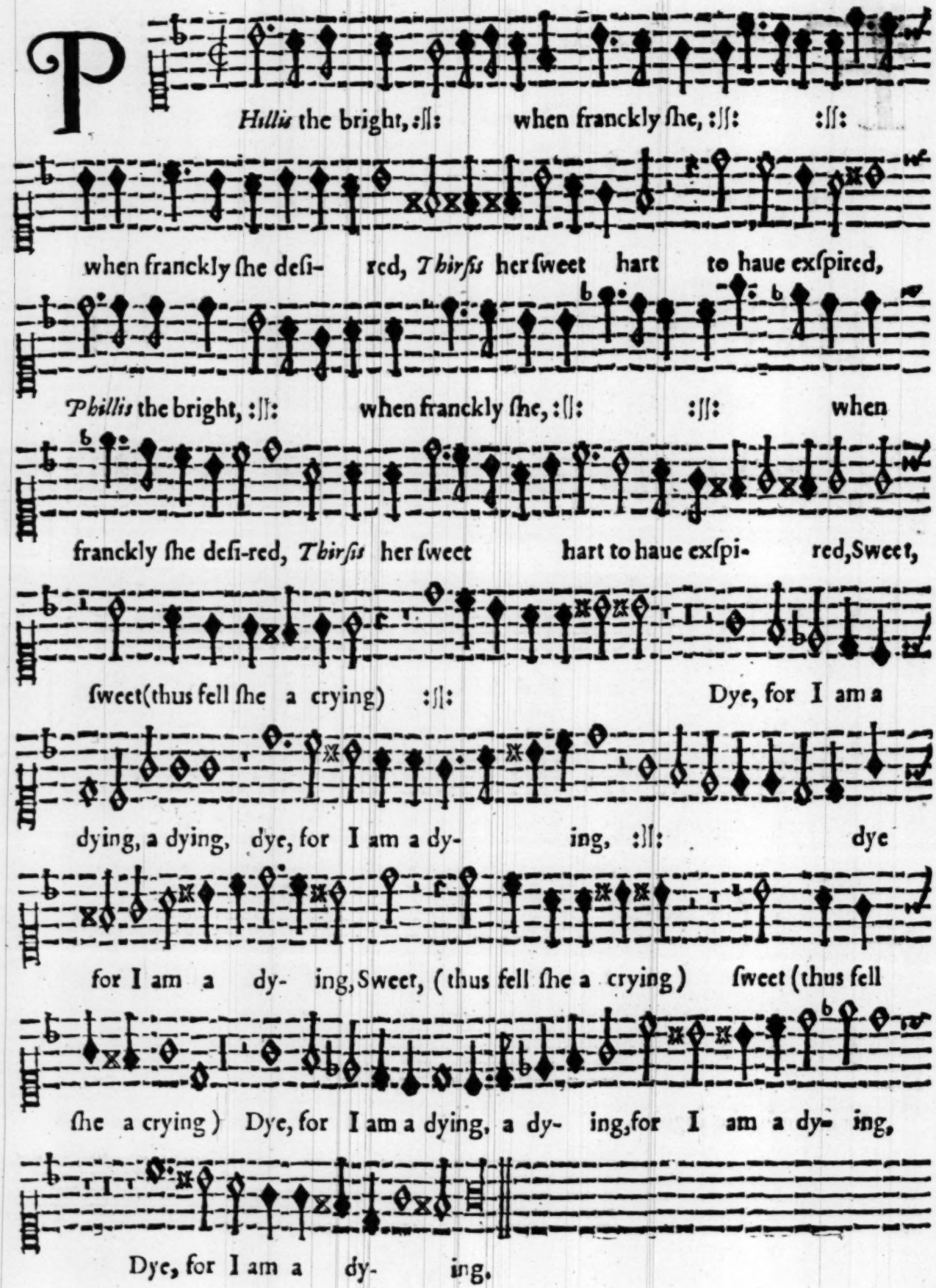
Retire my troubled ſoule. XIX
Oft haue I tendred tributary teares. XX
Out from the vale of deepe diſpayre. XXI
O Diuine loue, which ſo aloft can raiſe. XXII
If the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt. 1 Part. XXIII
There's not a groue that wonders not my woe. 2 Part. XXIIII
Dye not (fond man) before thy day. XXV
I haue entreated, and I haue complained. XXVI
Come ſable night, put on thy mourning ſtoale. XXVII
Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament. XXVIII

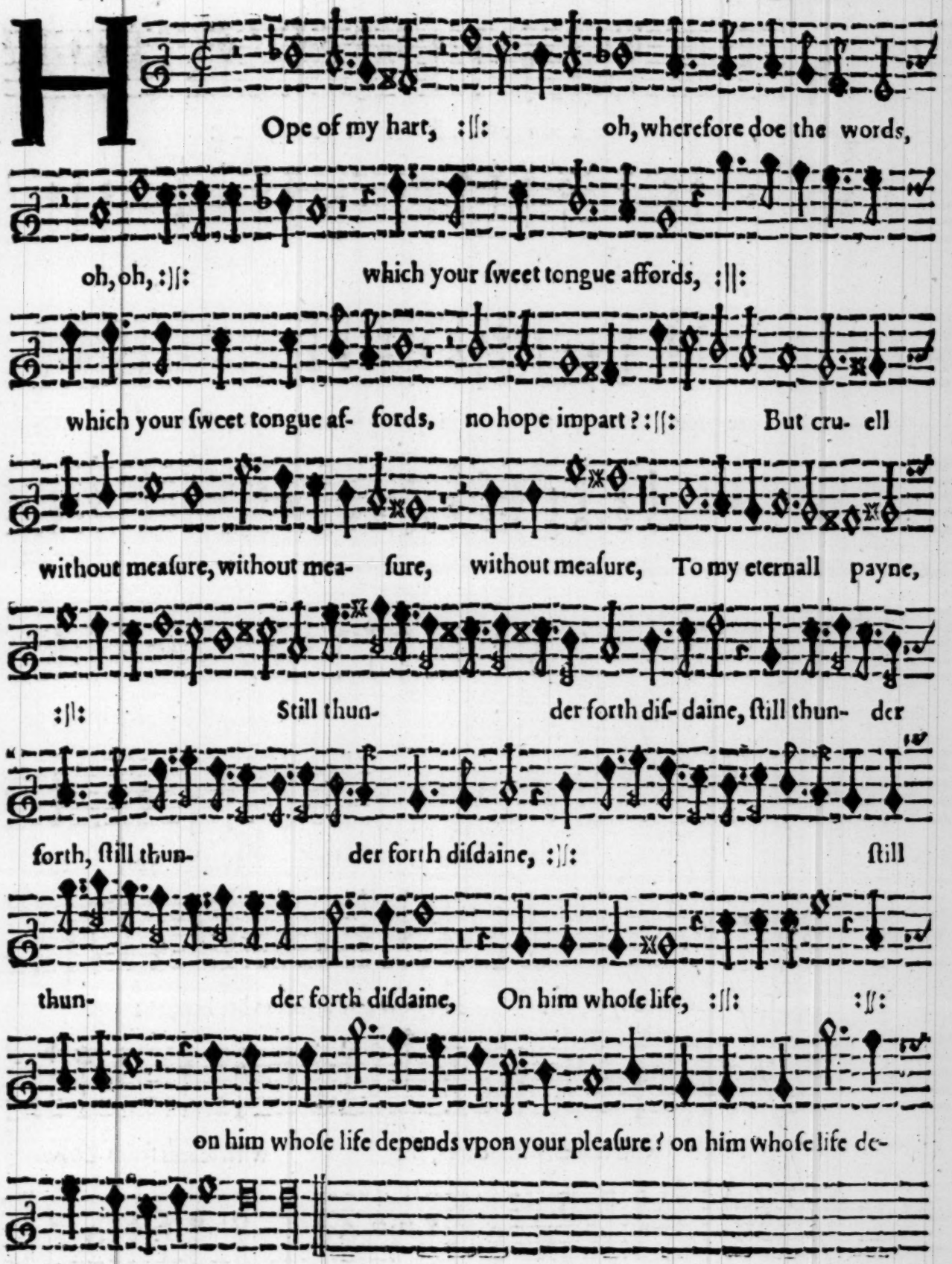
FINIS.


Sweet Philomell, :||: ceaſe, ceaſe thou thy ſongs a while,
ceaſe thou thy ſongs a while, And will thy mates, thy mates their melo-
dyes, their melo- dyes, their melodyes to leaue, And all, and all at
once attend my mournefull ſtile, :||: my mournefull ſtile, Which
will of mirth your ſugred notes, your ſugred notes bereaue, your
ſugred notes, :||: bereaue, If you deſire, if you deſire the burthen of my
ſong, the burthen of my ſong, I ſigh, and ſob, for Thillis I did wrong, I ſigh,
and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong, for Phillus I did wrong, :||:
I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong.


Yee Siluan Nimphs, :||: yee Siluan Nimphs, that
in theſe woods doe ſhroud, :||: theſe woods doe ſhroud, To you my
mournefull ſorrowes, :||: for- rowes, :||: :||:
my mournefull ſorrowes I de- clare, You ſauage Sa- tires let your eares
be bound, your eares be bound, :||: You ſauage Sa- tires, let your
eares be bound, :||: To heare my woe, my woe, to :||: your ſacred ſelues prepare,
your ſacred ſelues prepare, :||: :||: pre- pare, Trees, Hearbs,
and Flowres in rurall fields that grow, while thus I mourne, :||: I mourne,
while thus I mourne, :||: I mourn, do you ſome ſilence ſhow. ſome ſilence ſhow.


Lora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſil- ly Lambes are feeding, :||:
Flora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſil- ly Lambs are feeding, :||:
whileſt ſil- ly Lambs are feed- ing, Graunt my requeſt, graunt my re-
queſt, :||: graunt my requeſt, graunt my requeſt in ſpeeding, For
your ſweet loue my hart doth languiſh, for your ſweet loue
my ſil'y hart doth languiſh, my :||: And dye I ſhall, :||:
and dye I ſhall, :||: and dye I ſhall, except you quench
the anguiſh. the anguiſh.

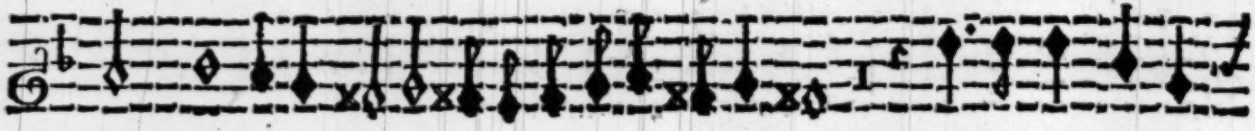

Phillis the bright, :||: when franckly ſhe, :||: :||:
when franckly ſhe deſi- red, Thirſis her ſweet hart to haue exſpired,
Phillis the bright, :||: when franckly ſhe, :||: :||: when
franckly ſhe deſi-red, Thirſis her ſweet hart to haue exſpi- red, Sweet,
ſweet (thus fell ſhe a crying) :||: Dye, for I am a
dying, a dying, dye, for I am a dy- ing, :||: dye
for I am a dy- ing, Sweet, (thus fell ſhe a crying) ſweet (thus fell
ſhe a crying) Dye, for I am a dying, a dy- ing, for I am a dy- ing,
Dye, for I am a dy- ing.


Hope of my hart, :||: oh, wherefore doe the words,
oh, oh, :||: which your ſweet tongue affords, :||:
which your ſweet tongue af- fords, no hope impart? :||: But cru- ell
without meaſure, without mea- ſure, without meaſure, To my eternall payne,
:||: Still thun- der forth diſ- daine, ſtill thun- der
forth, ſtill thun- der forth diſdaine, :||: ſtill
thun- der forth diſdaine, On him whoſe life, :||: :||:
on him whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure? on him whoſe life de-
pends vpon your pleaſure?

Vpon a banke with Roſes ſet about, :||:

Vpon a banke with Roſes ſet about, where pretty Turtles, :||:

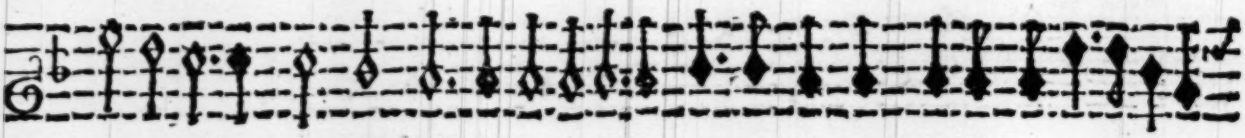
where pretty Turtles, :||: ioyning bill to bill, And gen- tle



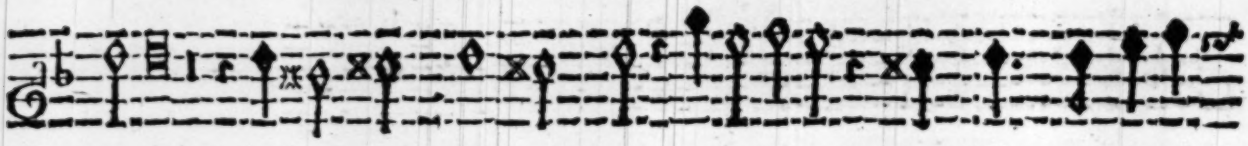
ſprings ſteale ſoft- ly mur- muring out, Waſhing the foote of

plea- ſures ſacred hill, of plea- ſures ſacred hill, waſhing :||:

There little Loue ſore wounded lyes, :||:



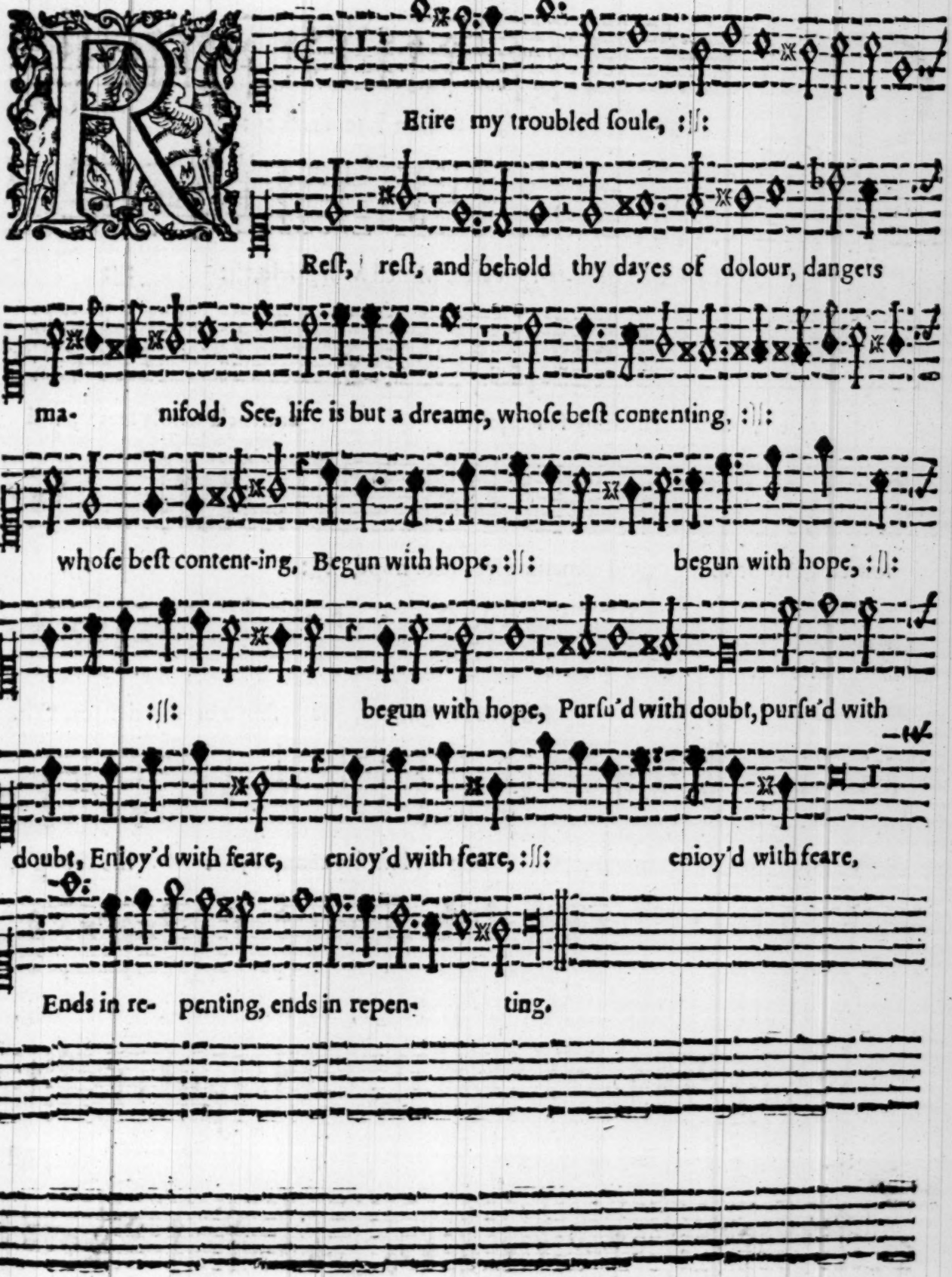
ſore wounded lyes, :||: His bow and arrowes broken, :||:

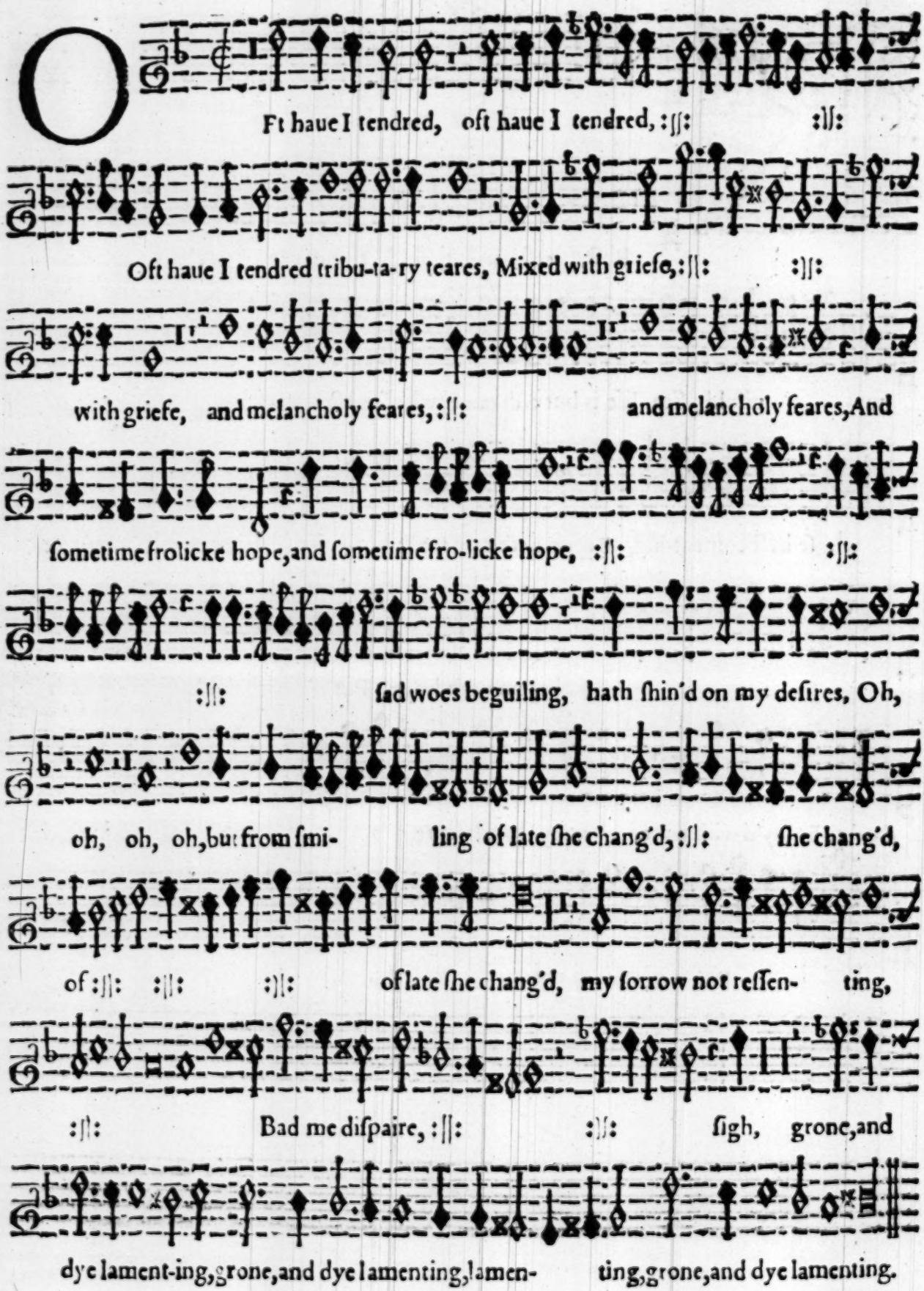


bedew'd with teares, with teares, :||: with teares from *Venus*

eyes, Oh grieuous to be ſpoken, :||: Oh grieuous to be ſpoken.

Heere endeth the Songs of 5. Parts.


Etire my troubled ſoule, :||:
Reſt, reſt, and behold thy dayes of dolour, dangers
ma- nifold, See, life is but a dreame, whoſe beſt contenting, :||:
whoſe beſt content-ing, Begun with hope, :||: begun with hope, :||:
:||: begun with hope, Purſu'd with doubt, purſu'd with
doubt, Enioy'd with feare, enioy'd with feare, :||: enioy'd with feare,
Ends in re- penting, ends in repen- ting.


Oft haue I tendred, oft haue I tendred,
Oft haue I tendred tribu-ta-ry teares, Mixed with griefe,
with griefe, and melancholy feares,
and melancholy feares, And
ſometime frolicke hope, and ſometime fro-licke hope,
ſad woes beguiling, hath ſhin'd on my deſires, Oh,
oh, oh, oh, but from ſmi-
ling of late ſhe chang'd,
ſhe chang'd,
of
of late ſhe chang'd, my ſorrow not reſſen-
ting,
Bad me diſpaire,
ſigh, grone, and
dye lament-ing, grone, and dye lamenting, lamen-
ting, grone, and dye lamenting.

Vt from the vale of deepe diſpayre, from the vale of deepe,

diſ- paire, With mournfull tunes I fill the ayre, :||:

with mournfull tunes I fill the ayre, :||: To ſatisfie my

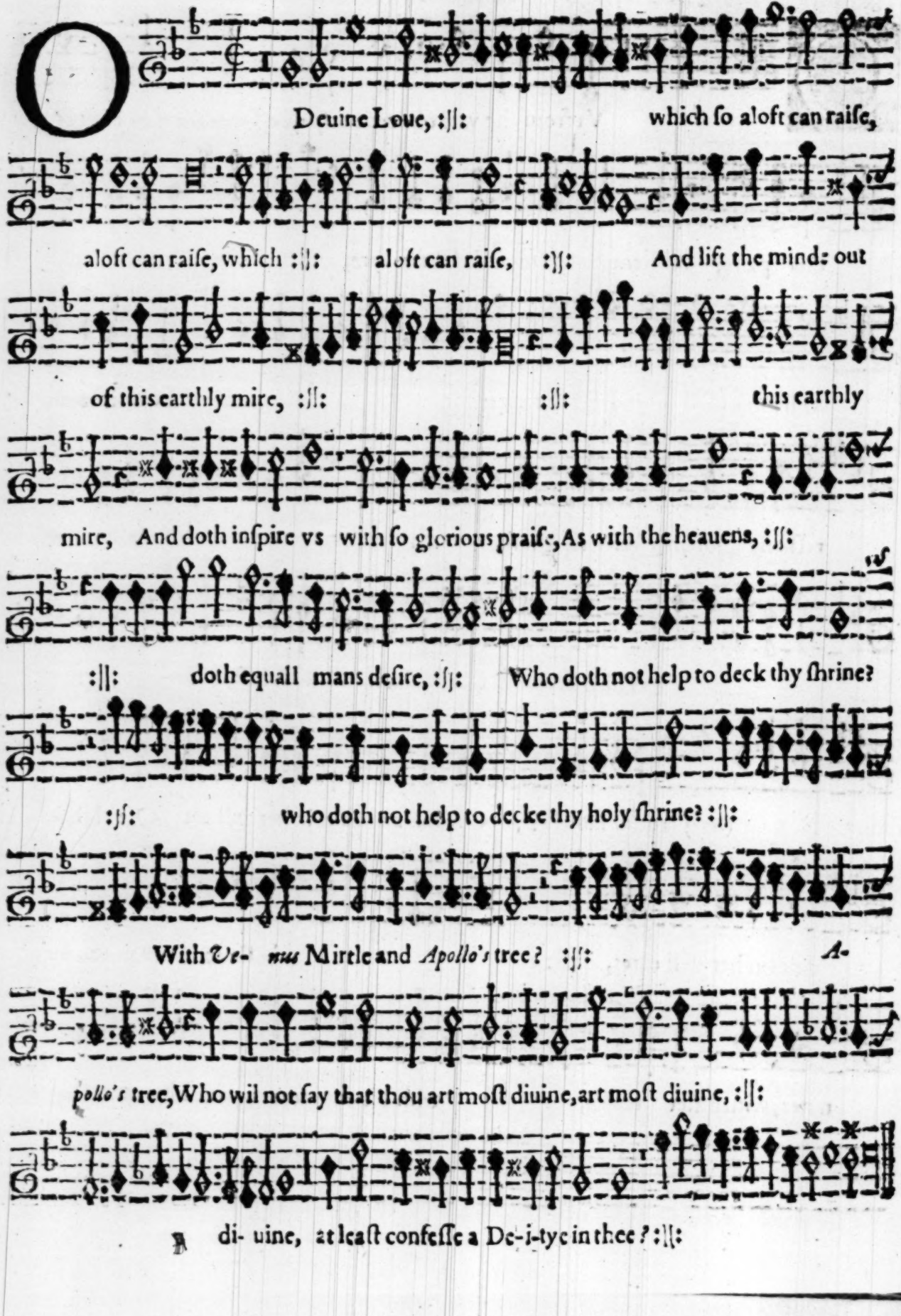
reſtleſſe ghoſt, my reſtleſſe ghoſt, :||: :||:

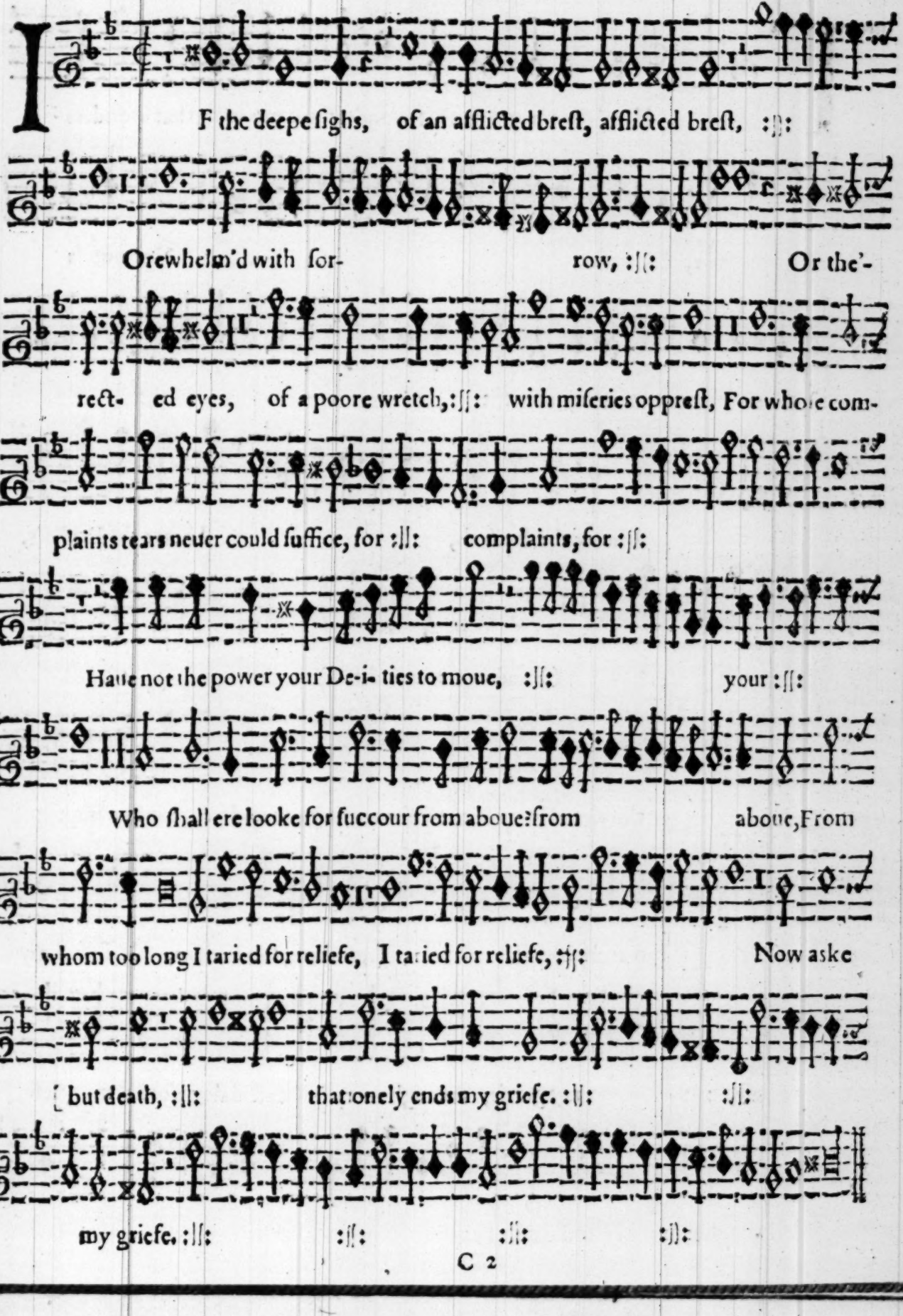
Which *Daphnes* cruelty hath loſt, hath loſt, :||:

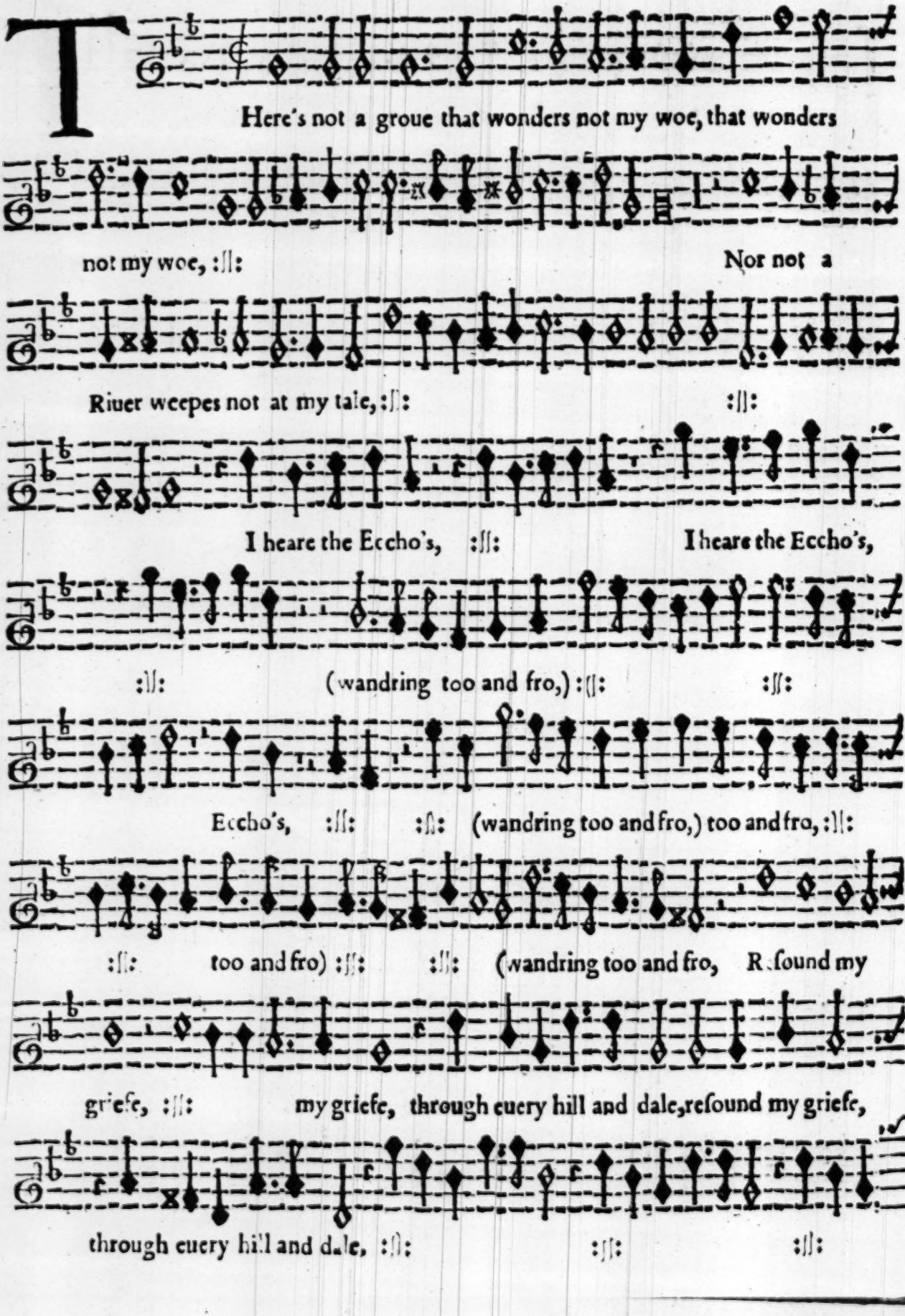
(her) cruelty hath loſt, Ore hils and dales in her dull eares, Ore hils and

dales in her dull eares, :||: Ile ſend my notes, my

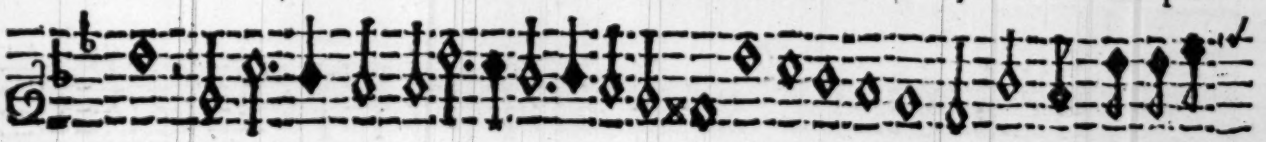
notes, with bitter teares, :||: with bitter teares. with bitter teares,


O Deuine Loue, :||: which ſo aloft can raiſe,
aloft can raiſe, which :||: aloft can raiſe, :||: And lift the mind: out
of this earthly mire, :||: :||: this earthly
mire, And doth inſpire vs with ſo glorious praiſe, As with the heauens, :||:
:||: doth equall mans deſire, :||: Who doth not help to deck thy ſhrine?
:||: who doth not help to decke thy holy ſhrine? :||:
With Ve- nus Mirtle and Apollo's tree? :||: A-
pollo's tree, Who wil not ſay that thou art moſt diuine, art moſt diuine, :||:
di- uine, at leaſt confeſſe a De-i-tye in thee? :||:

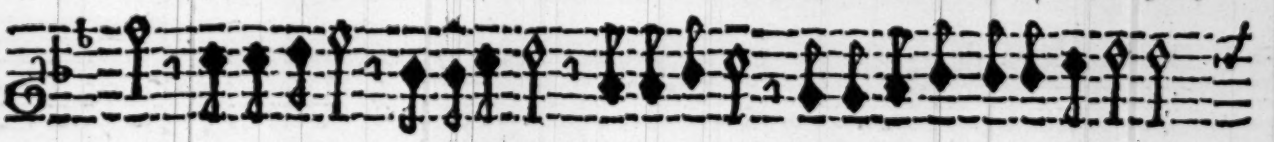

IF the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt, afflicted breſt, :||:
Orewhelm'd with ſor- row, :||: Or the'-
rect- ed eyes, of a poore wretch,:||: with miſeries oppreſt, For whoſe com-
plaints tears neuer could ſuffice, for :||: complaints, for :||:
Haue not the power your De-i- ties to moue, :||: your :||:
Who ſhall ere looke for ſuccour from aboue? from aboue, From
whom too long I taried for reliefe, I taried for reliefe, :||: Now aske
[but death, :||: that onely ends my griefe. :||: :||:
my griefe. :||: :||: :||: :||:


There's not a groue that wonders not my woe, that wonders
not my woe, :||: Nor not a
Riuer weepes not at my tale, :||: :||:
I heare the Eccho's, :||: I heare the Eccho's,
:||: (wandring too and fro,) :||: :||:
Eccho's, :||: :||: (wandring too and fro,) too and fro, :||:
:||: too and fro) :||: :||: (wandring too and fro, R.found my
griefe, :||: my griefe, through euery hill and dale, resound my griefe,
through euery hill and dale, :||: :||: :||:

:||: The Birds and beaſts yet in their ſimple

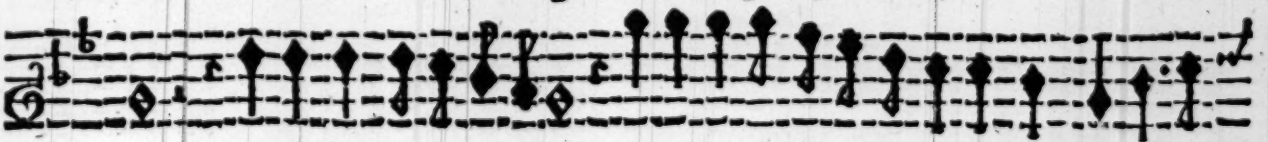


kinde, lament for me, :||: :||: no pitty elſe I finde, I finde, no pitty

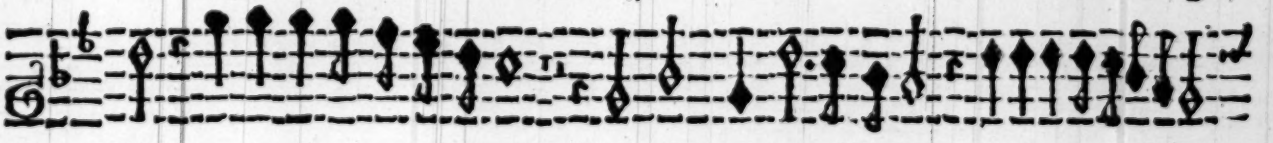


elſe, :||: no pitty elſe, :||: :||: :||: I

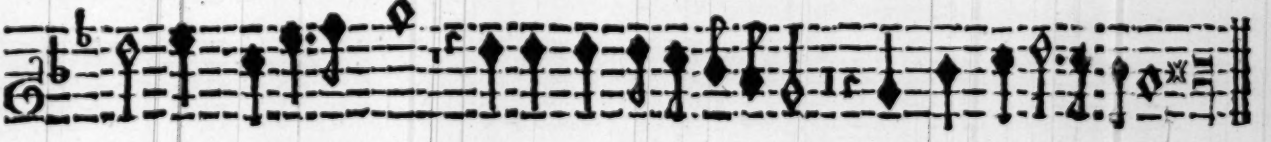
finde, And teares I finde doe bring no other good, And :||:



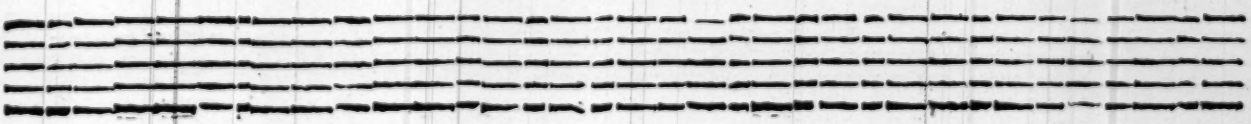
But as new ſhow- ers, :||: encreaſe the riſing

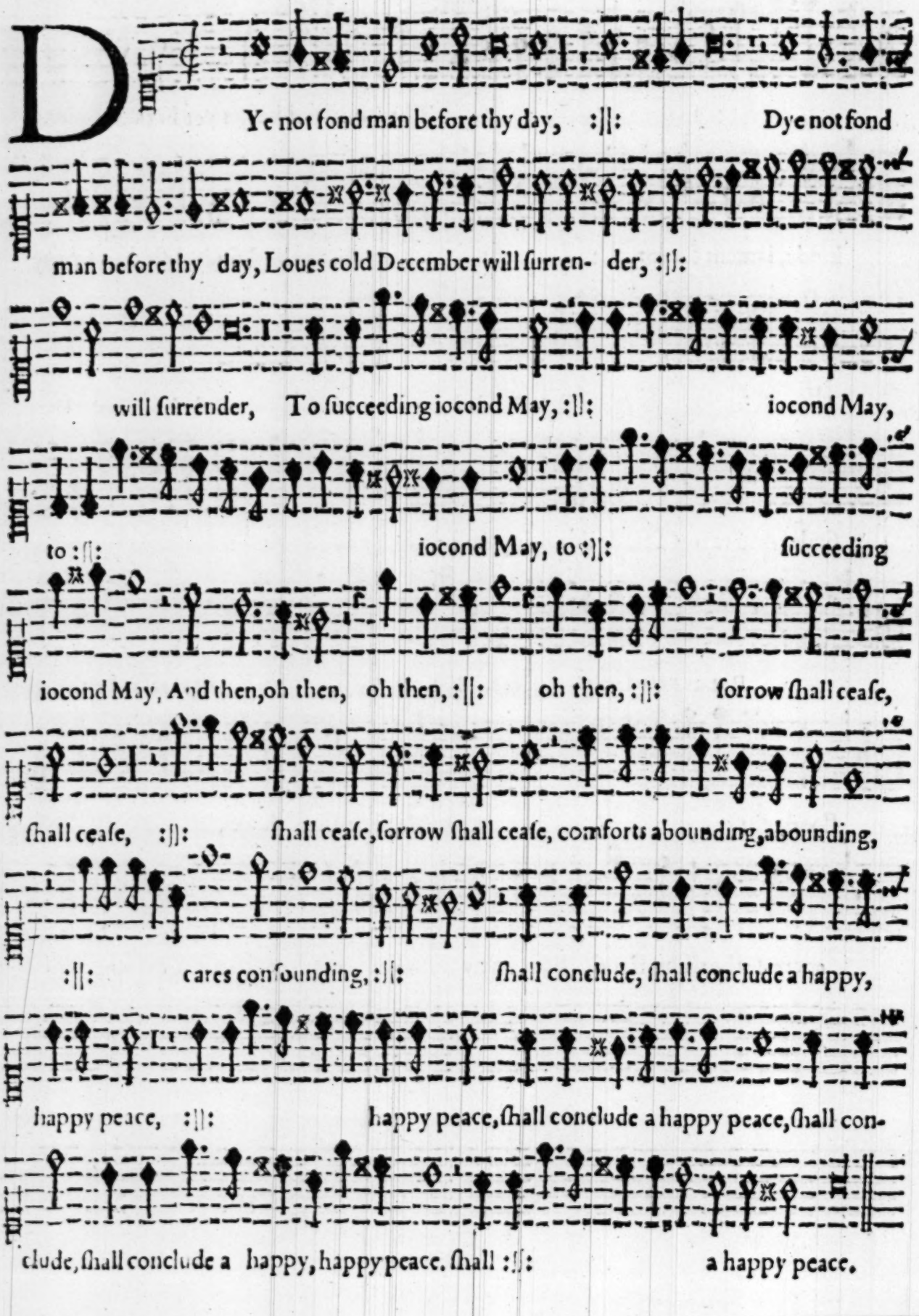


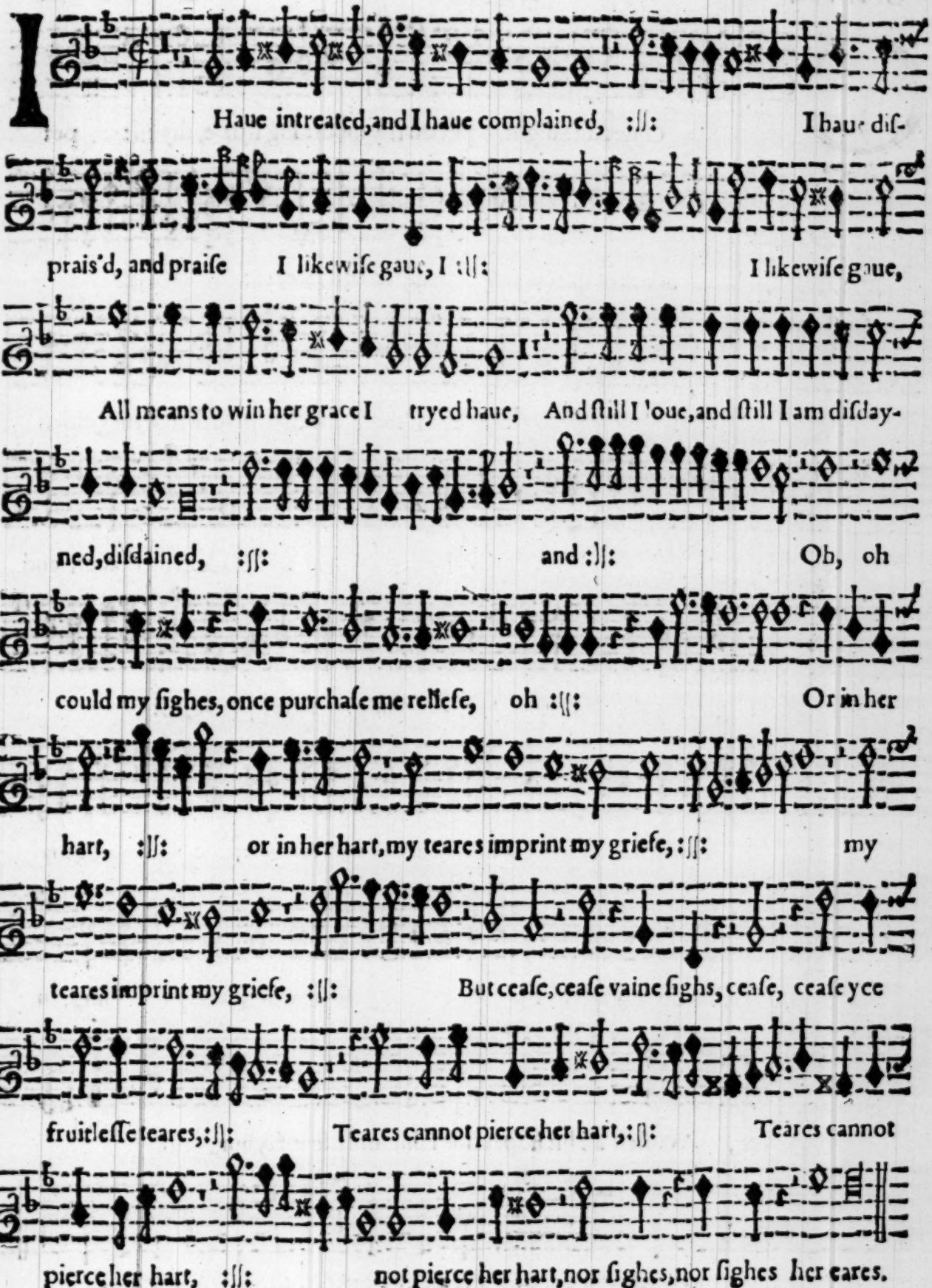
flood, :||: encreaſe the riſing flood, :||:

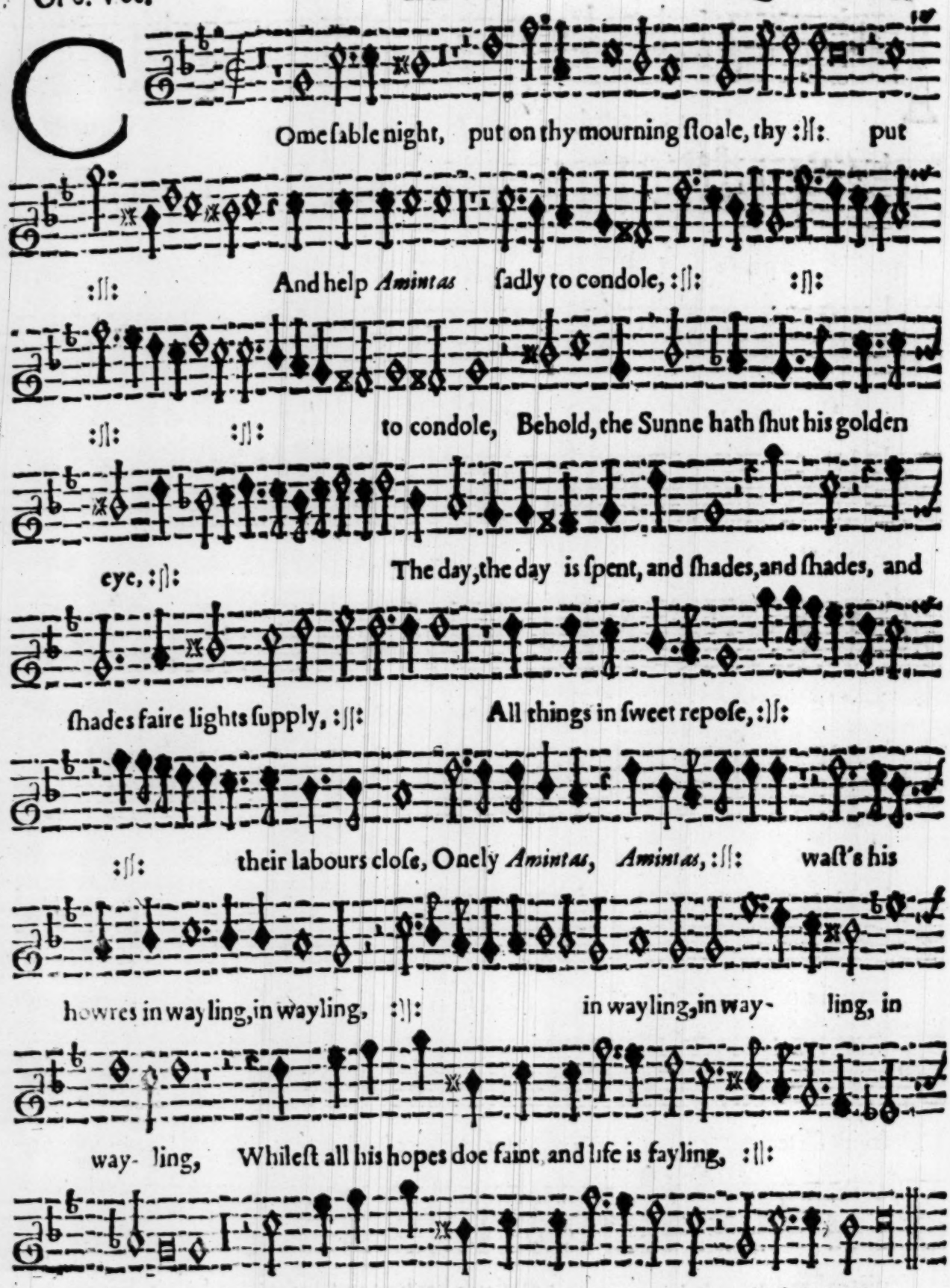


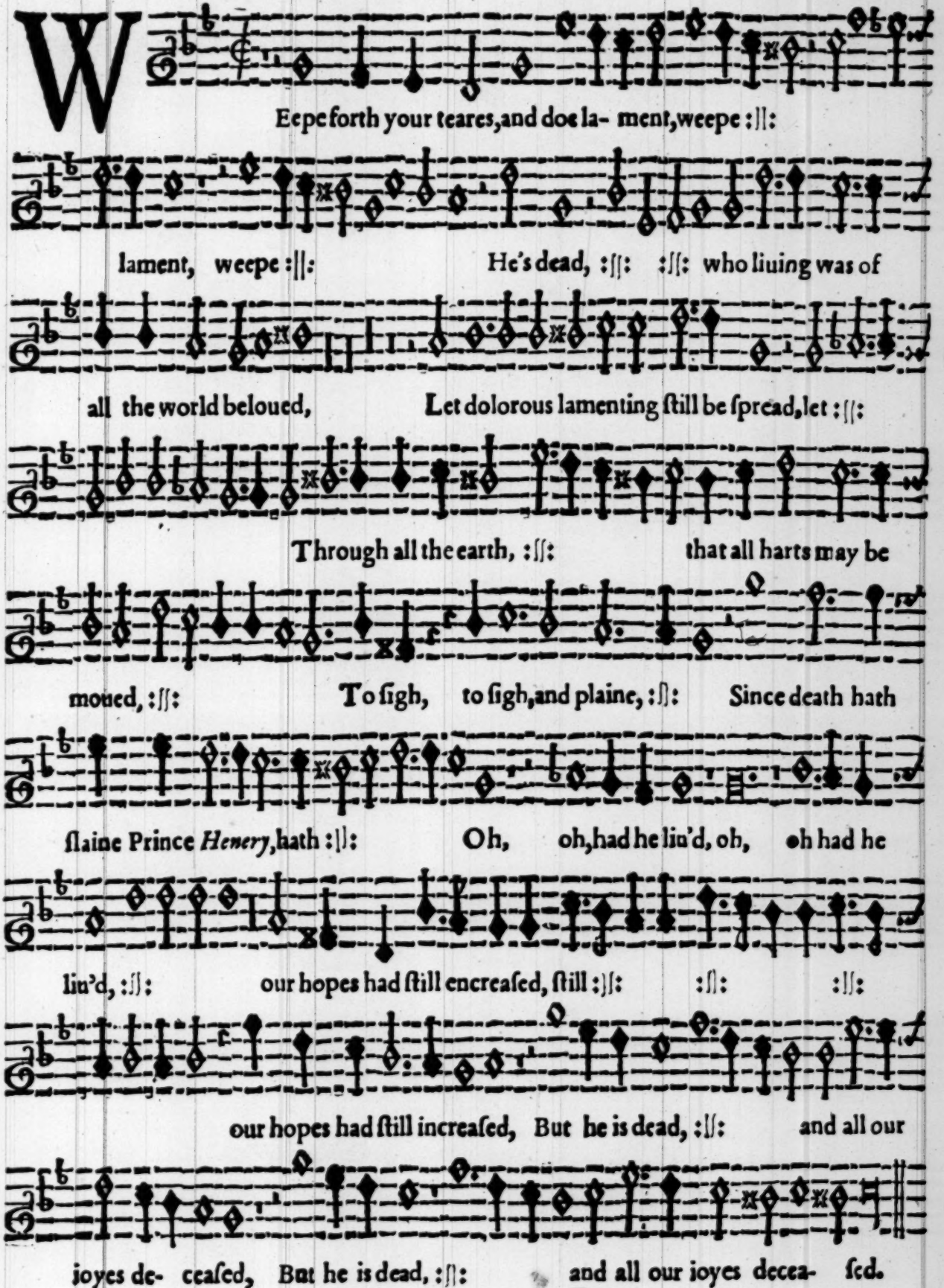
encreaſe the riſing flood, but as new ſhow- ers, encreaſe the riſing flood.



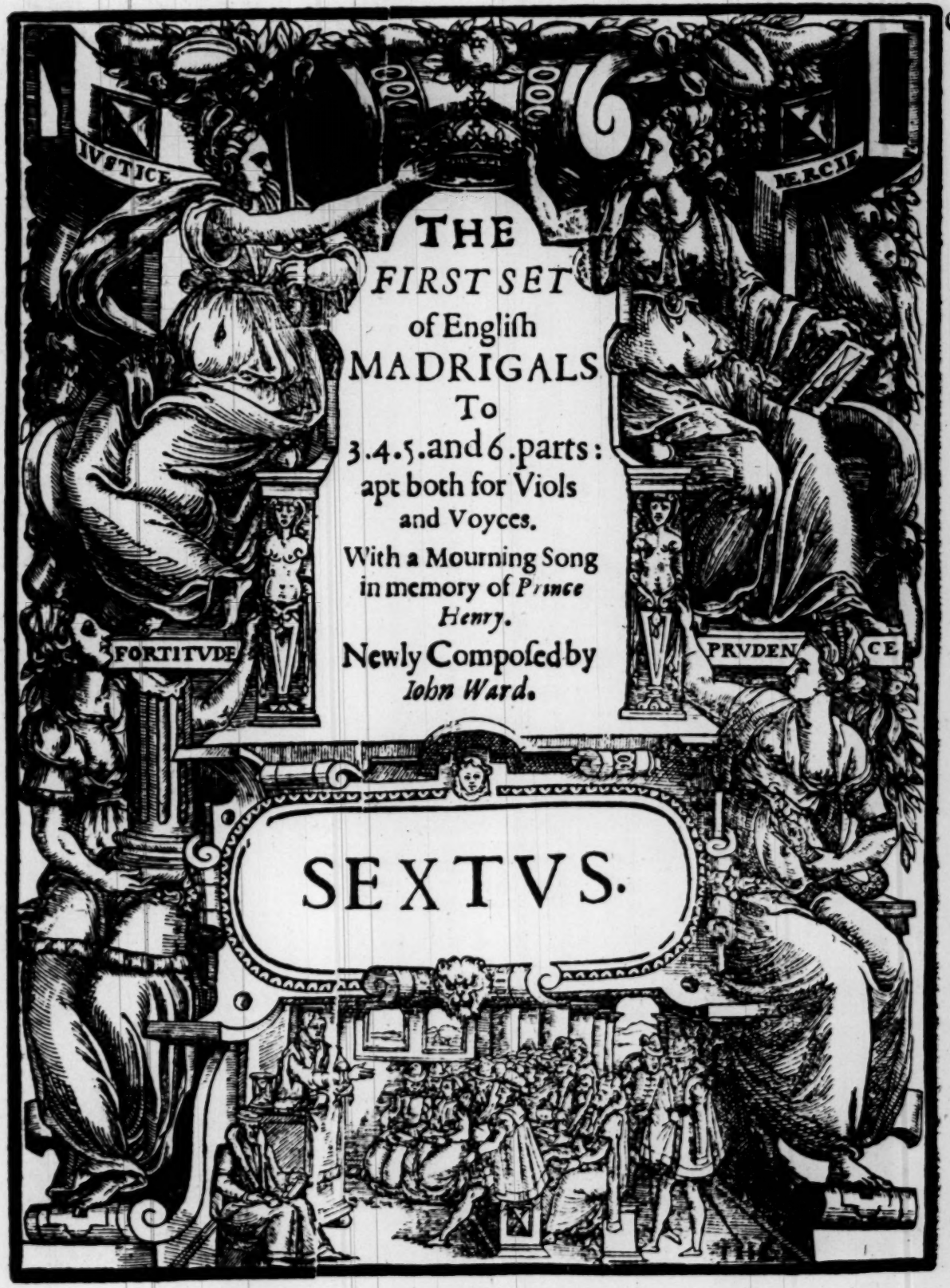

Ye not fond man before thy day, :||: Dye not fond
man before thy day, Loues cold December will ſurren- der, :||:
will ſurrender, To ſucceeding iocond May, :||: iocond May,
to :||: iocond May, to :||: ſucceeding
iocond May, And then, oh then, oh then, :||: oh then, :||: ſorrow ſhall ceaſe,
ſhall ceaſe, :||: ſhall ceaſe, ſorrow ſhall ceaſe, comforts abounding, abounding,
:||: cares confounding, :||: ſhall conclude, ſhall conclude a happy,
happy peace, :||: happy peace, ſhall conclude a happy peace, ſhall con-
clude, ſhall conclude a happy, happy peace. ſhall :||: a happy peace.


I Haue intreated, and I haue complained, :||: I haue dis-
prais'd, and praise I likewise gaue, I :||: I likewise gaue,
All means to win her grace I tryed haue, And still I 'oue, and still I am disday-
ned, disdained, :||: and :||: Oh, oh
could my sighes, once purchase me release, oh :||: Or in her
hart, :||: or in her hart, my teares imprint my griefe, :||: my
teares imprint my griefe, :||: But cease, cease vaine sighs, cease, cease yee
fruitlesse teares, :||: Teares cannot pierce her hart, :||: Teares cannot
pierce her hart, :||: not pierce her hart, nor sighes, nor sighes her eares.


Come ſable night, put on thy mourning ſtoale, thy :||: put
:||: And help Amintas ſadly to condole, :||: :||:
:||: :||: to condole, Behold, the Sunne hath ſhut his golden
eye, :||: The day, the day is ſpent, and ſhades, and ſhades, and
ſhades faire lights ſupply, :||: All things in ſweet repoſe, :||:
:||: their labours cloſe, Onely Amintas, Amintas, :||: waſt's his
howres in wayling, in wayling, :||: in wayling, in way- ling, in
way- ling, Whileſt all his hopes doe faint and life is fayling, :||:
Whileſt all his hopes doe faynt, and life is fayling, and life is fayling.


Weepe forth your teares, and doe la- ment, weepe :||:
lament, weepe :||: He's dead, :||: :||: who liuing was of
all the world beloued, Let dolorous lamenting ſtill be ſpread, let :||:
Through all the earth, :||: that all harts may be
moued, :||: To ſigh, to ſigh, and plaine, :||: Since death hath
ſlaine Prince *Henery*, hath :||: Oh, oh, had he liu'd, oh, oh had he
liu'd, :||: our hopes had ſtill encreaſed, ſtill :||: :||: :||:
our hopes had ſtill increaſed, But he is dead, :||: and all our
ioyes de- ceaſed, But he is dead, :||: and all our ioyes decea- ſed.

FINIS.



THE *FIRST SET* of English MADRIGALS To 3.4.5. and 6. parts: apt both for Viols and Voyces.

With a Mourning Song in memory of *Prince Henry.*

Newly Composed by *Iohn Ward.*

SEXTVS.

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM. 1613.

TO THE HONORABLE

Gentleman, and my very good Maiſter, Sir *Henry Fanſhawe*, KNIGHT.

Worthy Sir: among many Patrons of Art, and Muſicall endeuours, I am emboldened to rancke your Name; who, as I know you not inferiour to the beſt, as well for a louer of MVSICKE, *as a competent Iudge of that Noble faculties; ſo I preſent you here, with ſuch numbers beſt fitting your innated Harmony, and (I hope) not vnworthy your Patronage. And though I know the excellent varietie of theſe Compoſitions, hath fed time with fulneſſe, and bred many Cenſors, more curious, then (perhaps) Iudiciall; and ſince no Science carries ſo ſufficient authority in it ſelfe, but muſt needs ſubmit to that Monſter* OPINION, *halfe truth, halfe falſhood; yet theſe of mine being thus fronted with your Countenance, digeſted by your Eare, and allowed in your Knowledge; ſhould they proue diſtaſtfull with the queaſie-pallated, or ſurfeited delight, yet with the ſound (vnſubiect to ſuch diſeaſe of Humor, and appetite) I preſume they will pleaſingly relliſh, and (with your equall ſelfe) mainteine me againſt the corrupted number of Time-ſicke humoriſts. Theſe (honoured* SYR) *are the* primitiæ *of my Muſe, planted in your pleaſure, and cheriſht by the gentle calme of your Fauour; what I may produce hereafter is wholy Yours (as who hath more right to the Fruit then he that owneth the Stock?) If then you accept (in ſtead of reall worth) this my humble Tribute of Affection, I ſhall ſtudy to vſe that grace, with my time, to the beſt aduantage, and till I may better deſerue you, in my vtmoſt abilities euer reſt*

Your Worſhips in all ſeruiceable
endeuour and deuotion

IOHN WARD.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Parts.

MY true loue hath my heart. 1 Part. I
His hart his wound receiued from my ſight. 2 Part. II
O ſay deere life, when ſhall theſe twin-borne berryes. III
In health and eaſe am I. IIII
Goe wayling accents, goe. V
Fly not ſo faſt, my onely ioy and Iewell. VI

Songs of 4. Parts.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread. VII
O my thoughts ſurceaſe. VIII
Sweet pittie wake, and tell my cruell. IX
Loue is a dainty mild and ſweet. X
Free from loues bonds I liued long. XI
How long ſhall I with mournefull Muſicke? XII

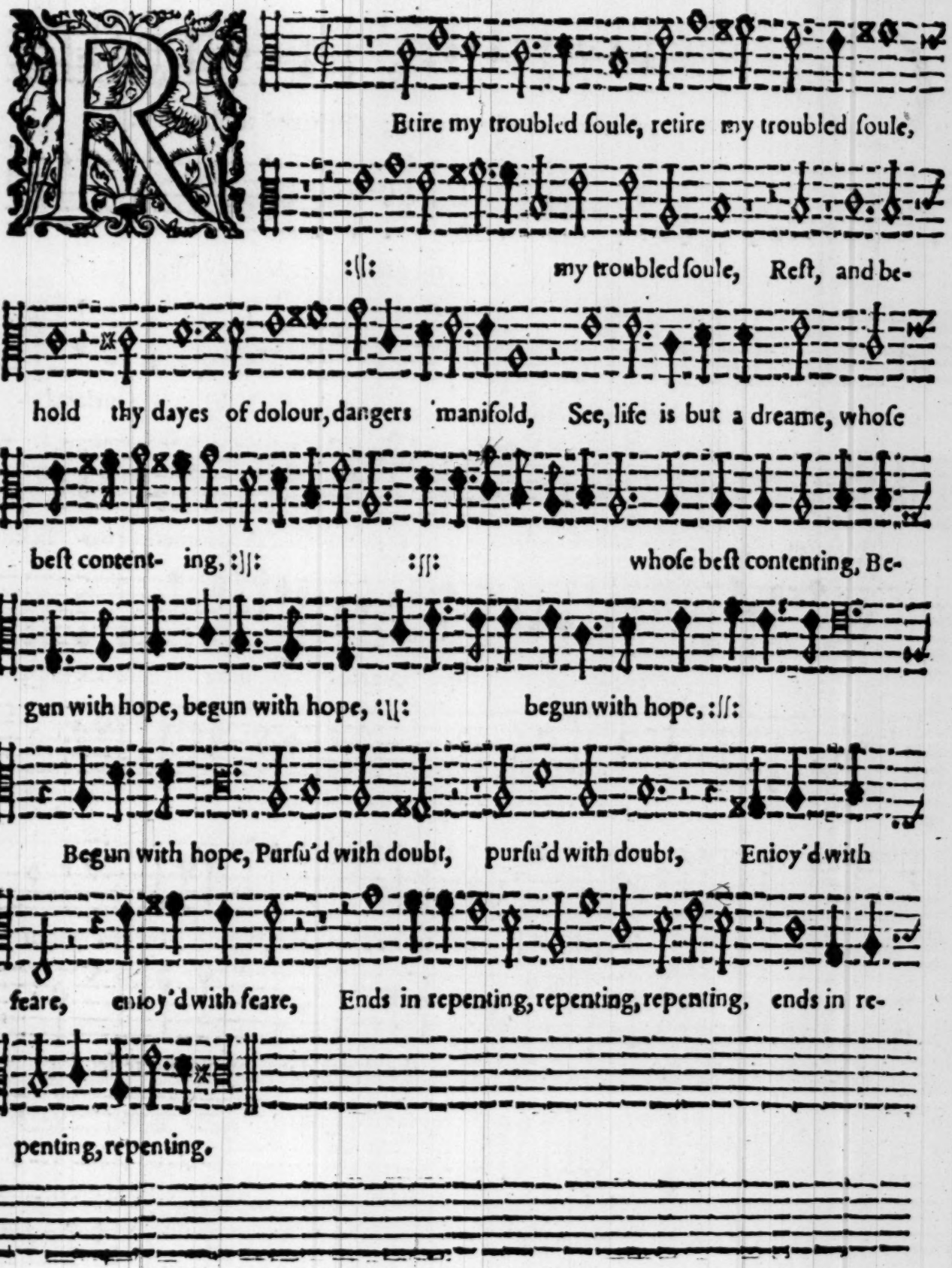
Songs of 5. Parts.

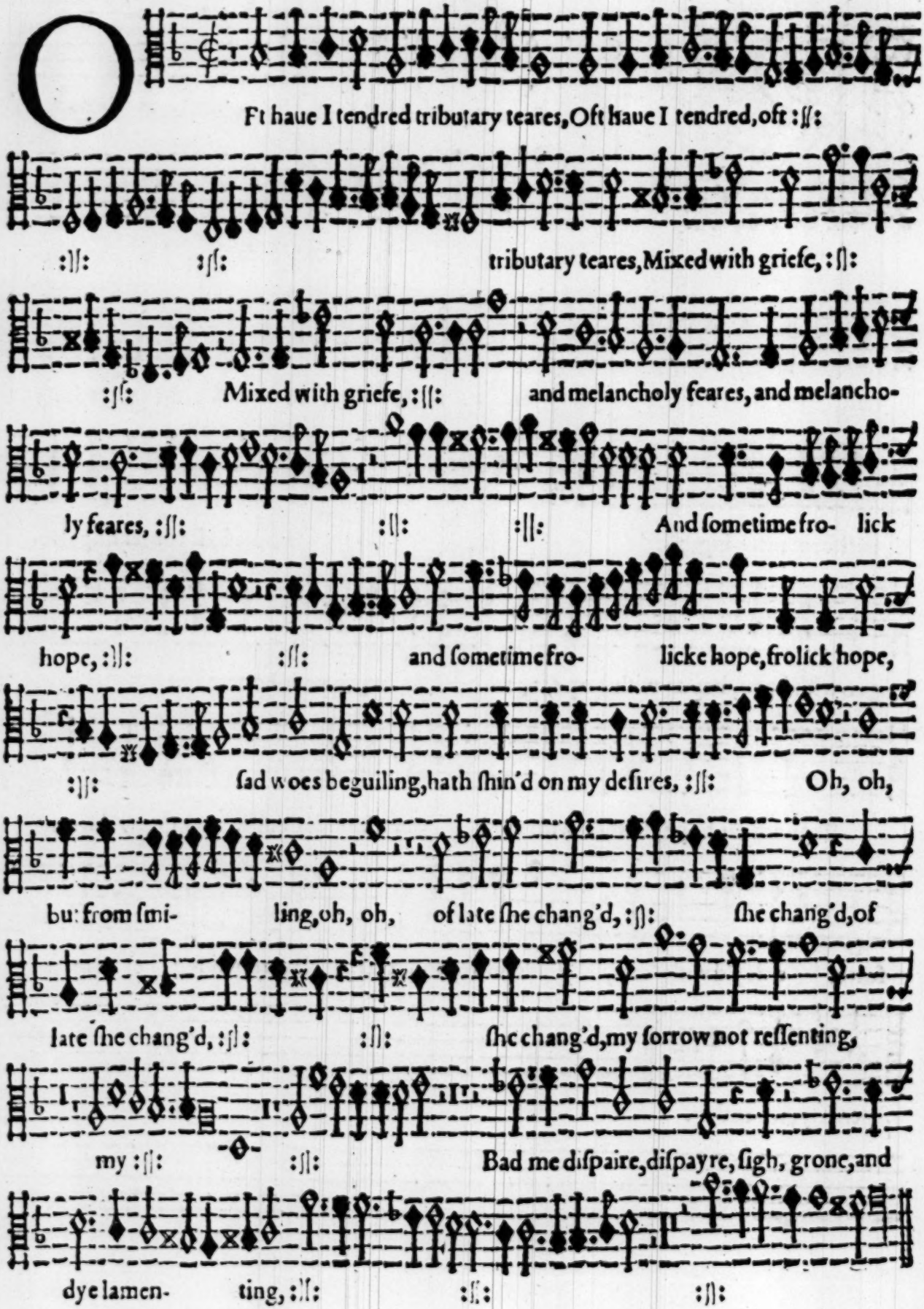
Sweet *Philomell*, ceaſe thou thy ſong a while. 1 Part. XIII
Ye Siluan Nimphs, that in theſe woods doe ſhroud. 2 Part. XIIII
Flora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſilly Lambs are feeding. XV
Phillis the bright, when franckly ſhe deſired. XVI
Hope of my hart, oh, wherefore doe the words. XVII
Vpon a banke with Roſes ſet about. XVIII

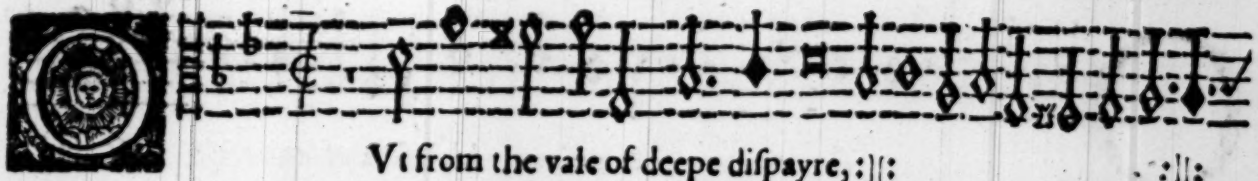
Songs of 6. Parts.

Retire my troubled ſoule. XIX
Oft haue I tendred tributary teares. XX
Out from the vale of deepe diſpayre. XXI
O Diuine loue, which ſo aloft can raiſe. XXII
If the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt. 1 Part. XXIII
There's not a groue that wonders not my woe. 2 Part. XXIIII
Dye not (fond man) before thy day. XXV
I haue entreated, and I haue complained. XXVI
Come ſable night, put on thy mourning ſtoale. XXVII
Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament. XXVIII

FINIS.


Etire my troubled ſoule, retire my troubled ſoule,
my troubled ſoule, Reſt, and be-
hold thy dayes of dolour, dangers manifold, See, life is but a dreame, whoſe
beſt content- ing,
whoſe beſt contenting, Be-
gun with hope, begun with hope,
begun with hope,
Begun with hope, Purſu'd with doubt, purſu'd with doubt, Enioy'd with
feare, enioy'd with feare, Ends in repenting, repenting, repenting, ends in re-
penting, repenting.


Oft haue I tendred tributary teares, Oft haue I tendred, oft :||:
tributary teares, Mixed with griefe, :||:
Mixed with griefe, :||: and melancholy feares, and melancho-
ly feares, :||: And ſometime fro- lick
hope, :||: and ſometime fro- licke hope, frolick hope,
ſad woes beguiling, hath ſhin'd on my deſires, :||: Oh, oh,
bu: from ſmi- ling, oh, oh, of late ſhe chang'd, :||: ſhe chang'd, of
late ſhe chang'd, :||: ſhe chang'd, my ſorrow not reſſenting,
my :||: Bad me diſpaire, diſpayre, ſigh, grone, and
dye lamen- ting, :||:



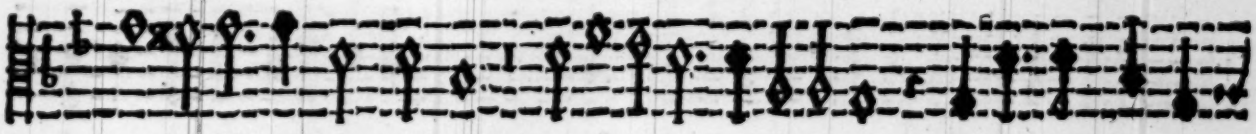
Vt from the vale of deepe diſpayre, :‖: :‖:

With mournfull tunes I fill the ayre, :‖:

I fill the ayre, :‖: :‖: I

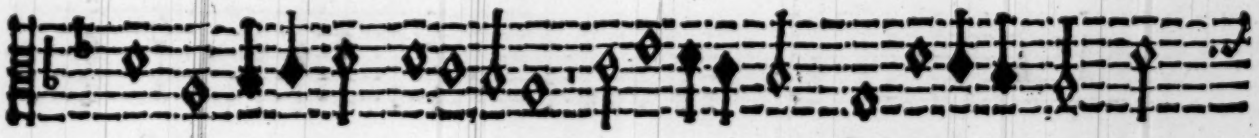
fill the ayre, :‖: To ſatis-fie my reſtleſſe ghoſt, my

reſtleſſe ghoſt, :‖: :‖: Which *Daphnes*

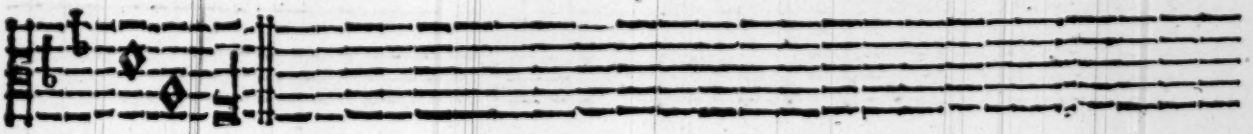


cru- el-ty hath loſt, hath loſt, :‖: Ore hils and dales in

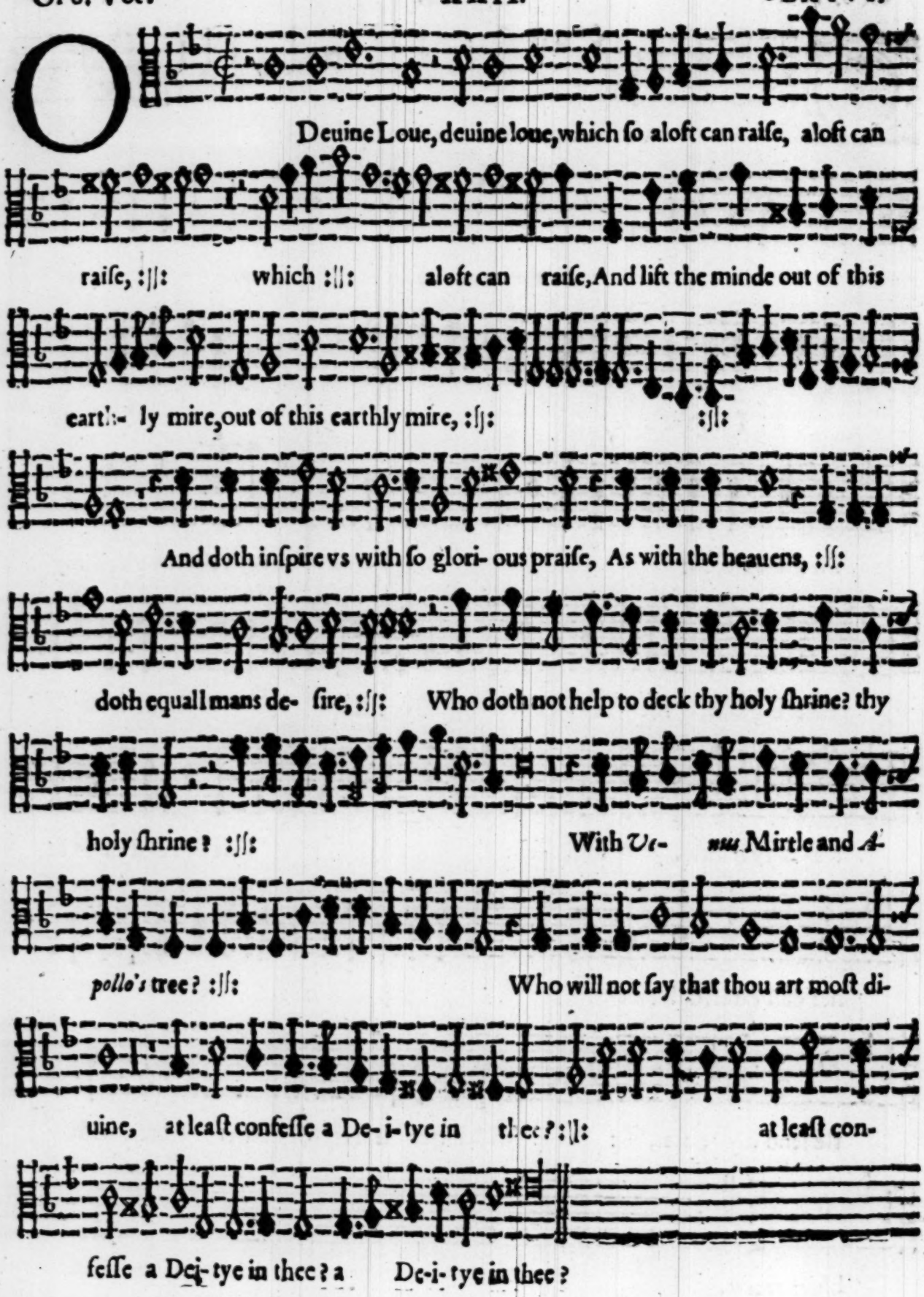
her dull eares, dull eares, :‖: :‖:

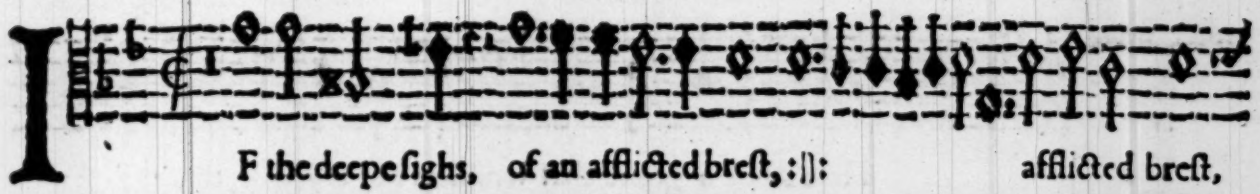


Ile ſend my notes, :‖: with bitter teares, with bitter teares. with



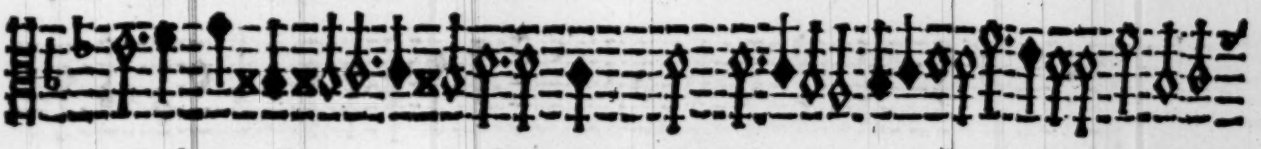
bitter teares.


O Deuine Loue, deuine loue, which ſo aloft can raiſe, aloft can
raiſe, :||: which :||: aloft can raiſe, And lift the minde out of this
earth- ly mire, out of this earthly mire, :||: :||:
And doth inſpire vs with ſo glori- ous praiſe, As with the heauens, :||:
doth equall mans de- ſire, :||: Who doth not help to deck thy holy ſhrine? thy
holy ſhrine? :||: With Ve- nus Mirtle and A-
pollo's tree? :||: Who will not ſay that thou art moſt di-
uine, at leaſt confeſſe a De- i- tye in thee? :||: at leaſt con-
feſſe a Dei- tye in thee? a De-i- tye in thee?



IF the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt, :||: afflicted breſt,

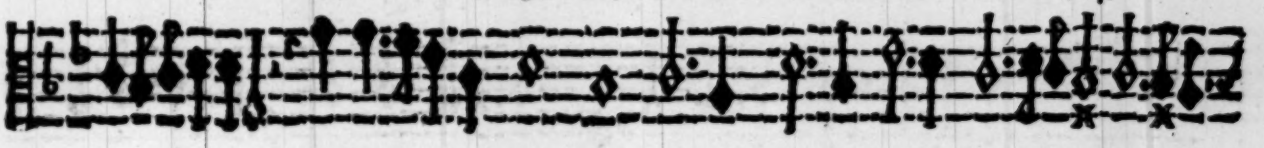
Orewhelm'd with ſorrow, :||: with ſorrow, :||: Or the'-



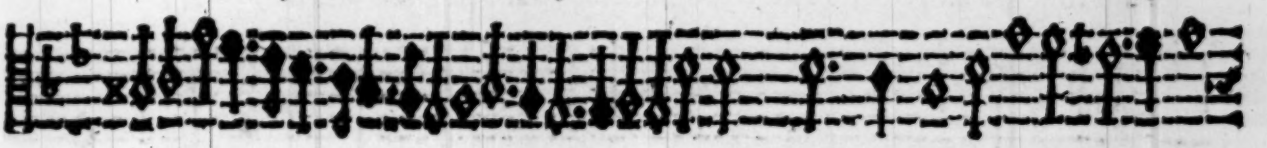
rected eyes, :||: of a poore wretch, :||: :||: :||: with miſe-

ries oppreſt, For whoſe complaints tears neuer could ſuffice, for :||:

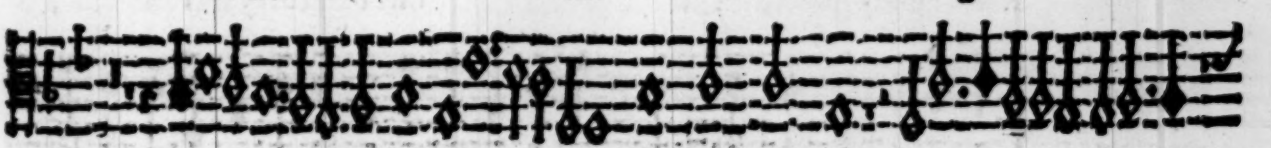
neuer could ſuffice, Haue not the power your Deities to moue, to moue, :||:



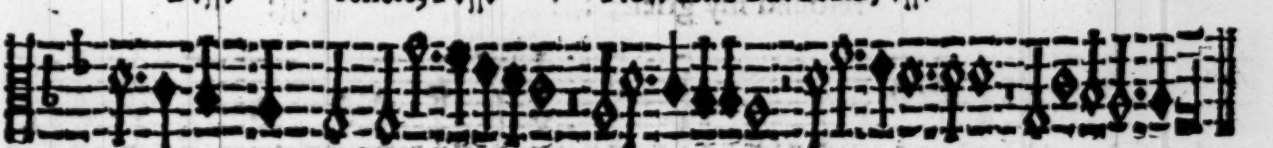
your Dieties to moue, who ſhal ere looke for ſuccor from aboue?:||:



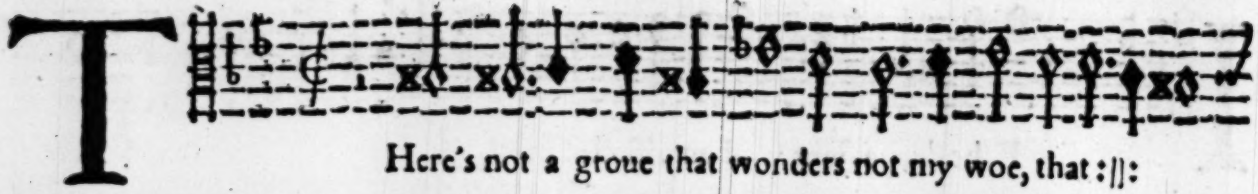
who :||: for :||: From whom too long I taried for reliefe,



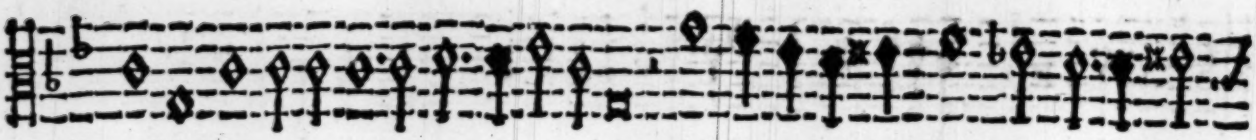
I :||: reliefe, I :||: Now aske but death, :||: that



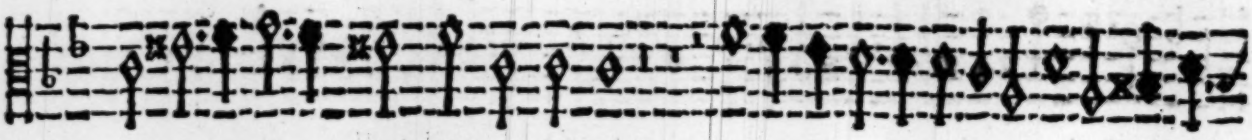
onely ends my griefe. :||: :||: :||: :||:



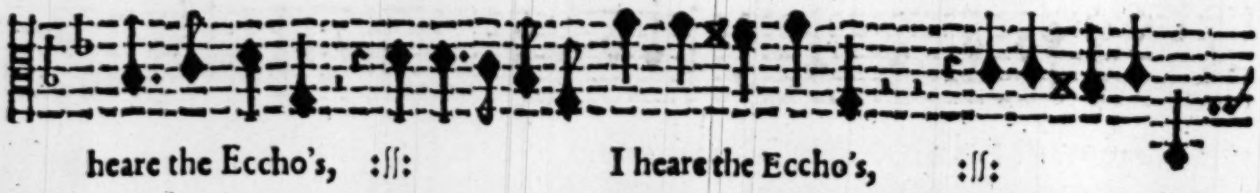
THere's not a groue that wonders not my woe, that :||:



:||: Nor not a Riuer weepes not at my tale,

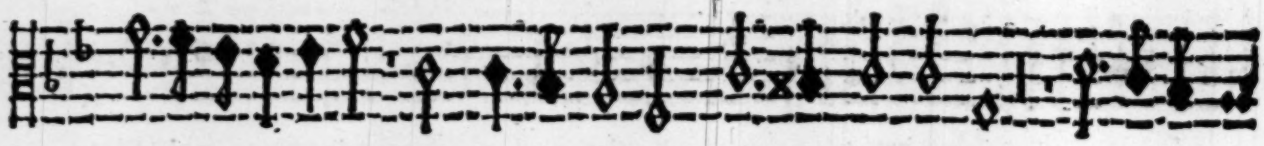


Nor not a Riuer weepes not at my tale, :||: I



heare the Eccho's, :||: I heare the Eccho's, :||:

I heare the Eccho's, (wandring too and fro,) :||:

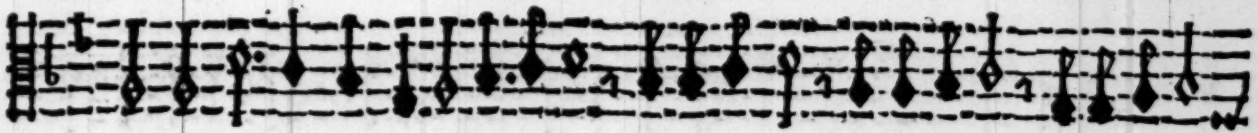


(wandring too and fro,) I heare the Eccho's, (wandring too and fro) :||:

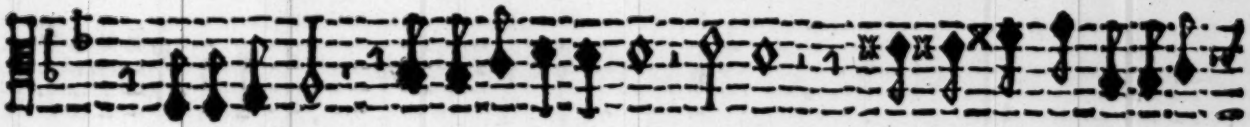
Resound my griefe, :||: through euery hill and dale,

:||: resound my griefe, :||: :||:

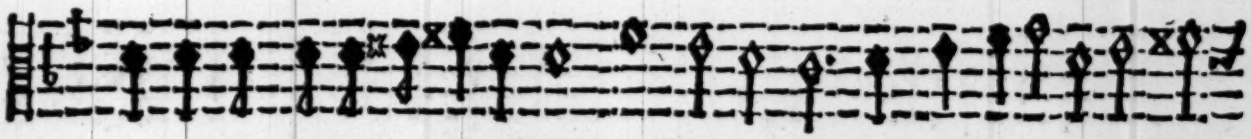
:||: The Birds and beasts yet in their simple kinde, lament for



me, lament for me, :||: no pitty elſe, no pitty elſe, :||:

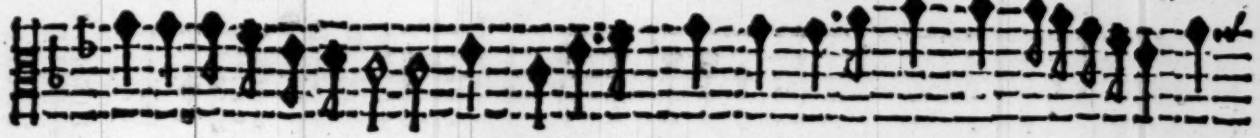


no pitty elſe, :||: I finde, I finde, no pit- ty elſe, :||:



I finde, no pit- ty elſe I finde, And teares I finde doe bring no other good,

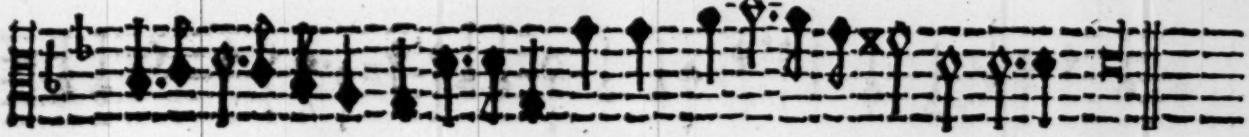
:||: But as new ſhow- ers, :||:



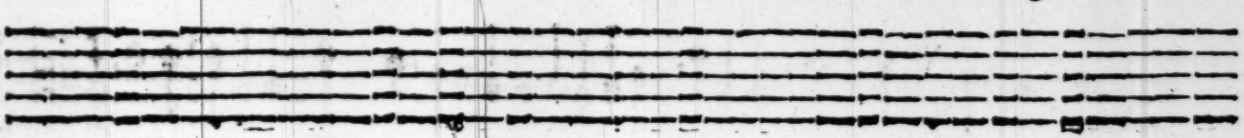
encreaſe the riſing flood, the riſing flood, new ſhow- ers, but

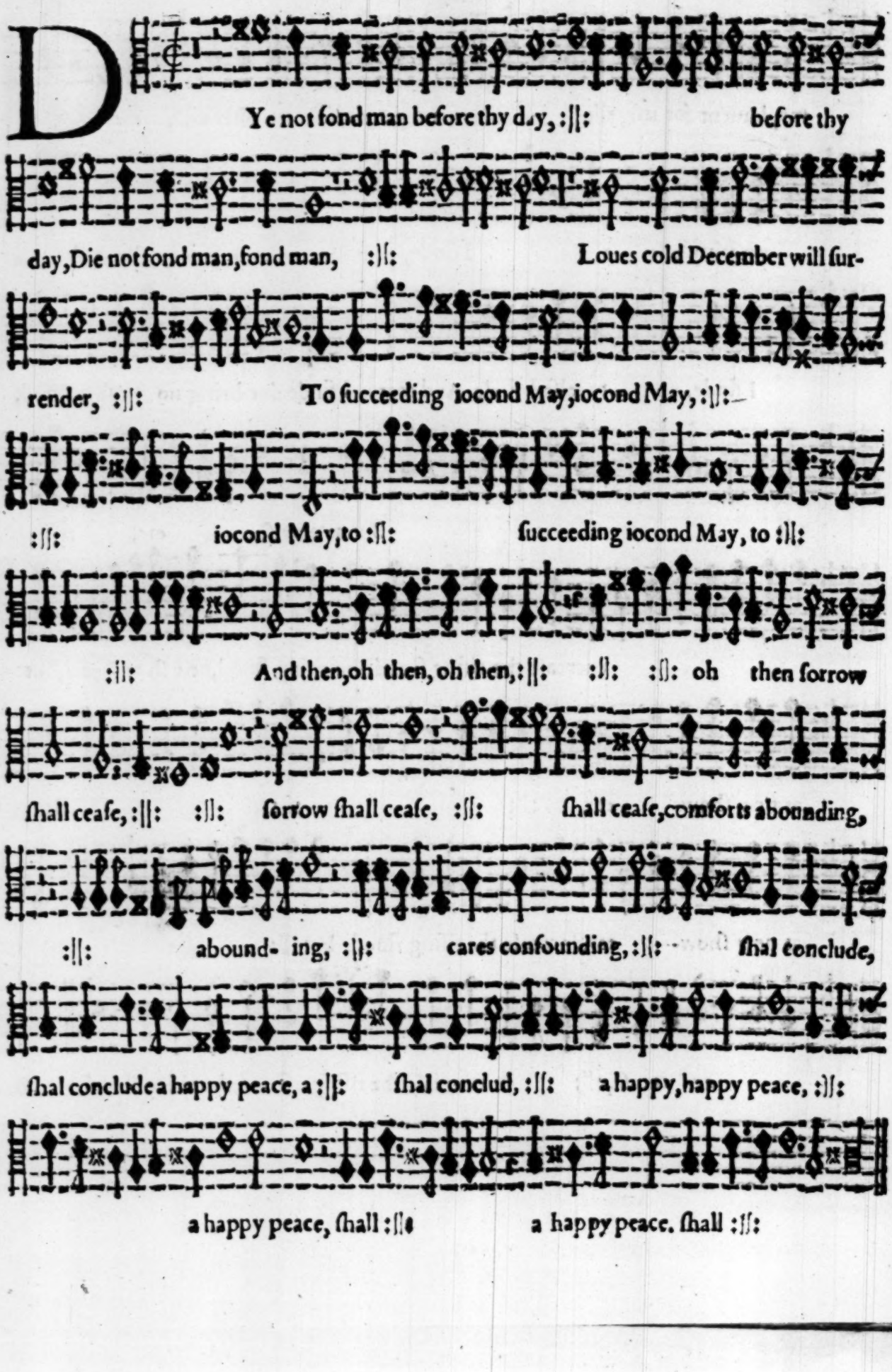
as new ſhow- ers, :||: :||: But

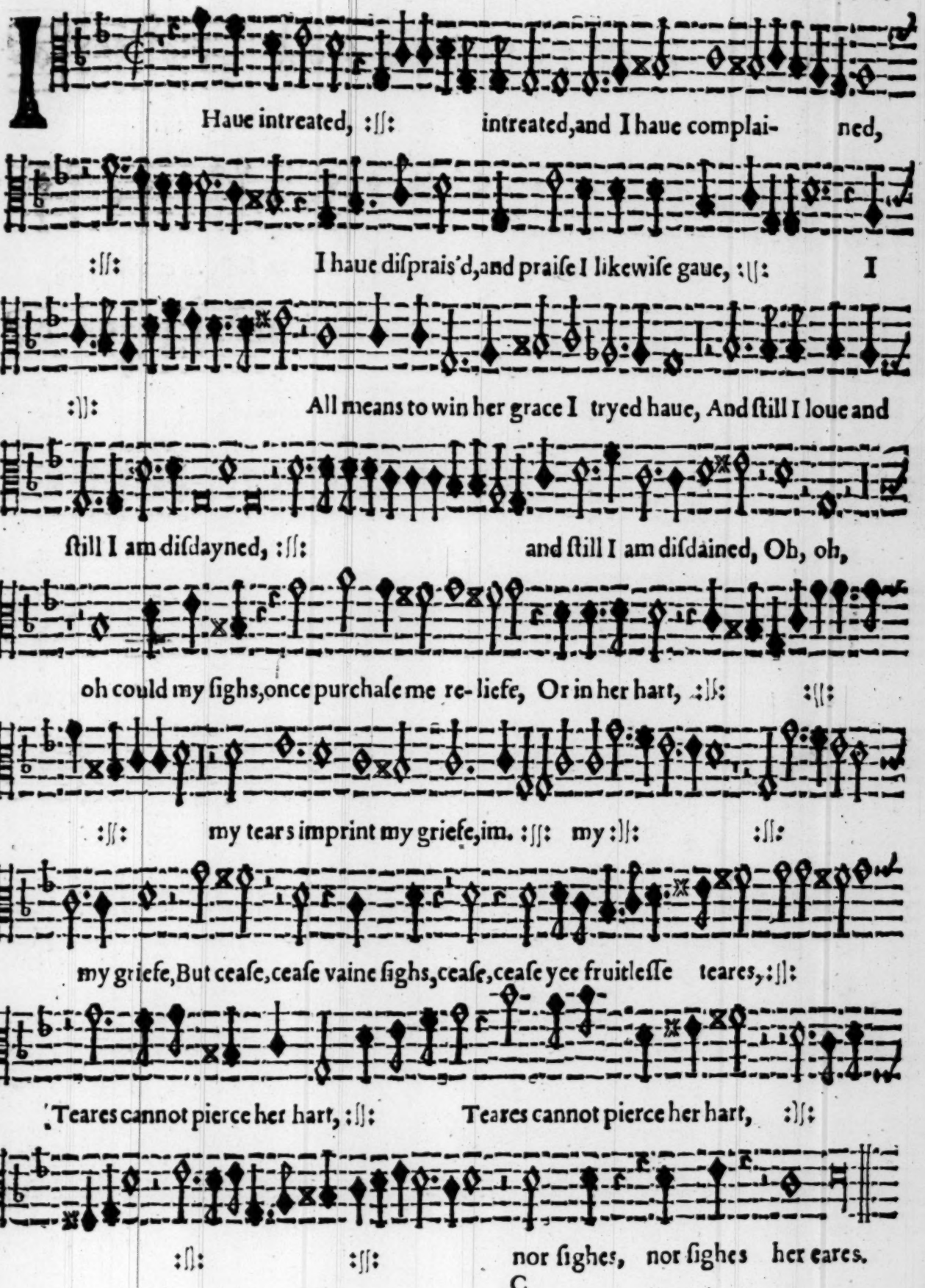
as new ſhow- ers, encreaſe the riſing flood, but :||:

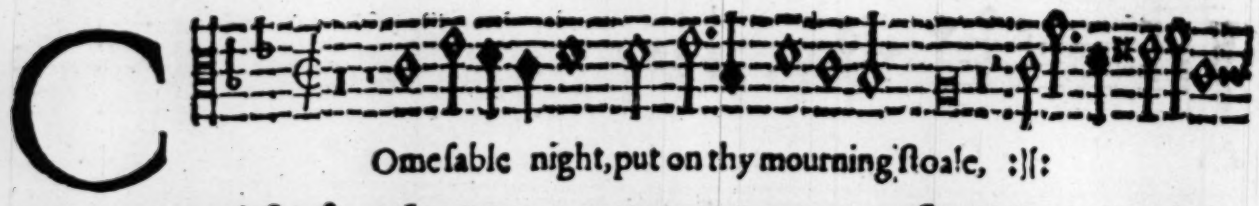


en- creaſe, :||: encreaſe the riſing flood, the riſing flood.

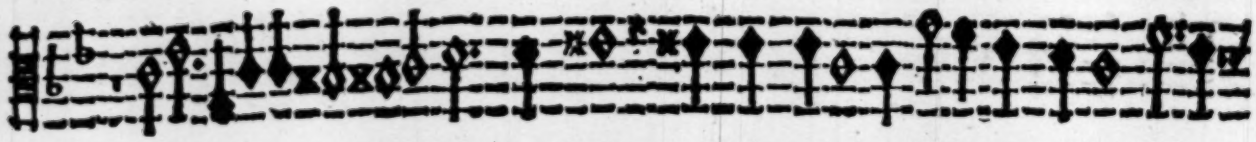



Ye not fond man before thy day, :||: before thy
day, Die not fond man, fond man, :||: Loues cold December will ſur-
render, :||: To ſucceeding iocond May, iocond May, :||:
:||: iocond May, to :||: ſucceeding iocond May, to :||:
:||: And then, oh then, oh then, :||: :||: :||: oh then ſorrow
ſhall ceaſe, :||: :||: ſorrow ſhall ceaſe, :||: ſhall ceaſe, comforts abounding,
:||: abound- ing, :||: cares confounding, :||: ſhal conclude,
ſhal conclude a happy peace, a :||: ſhal conclud, :||: a happy, happy peace, :||:
a happy peace, ſhall :||: a happy peace. ſhall :||:

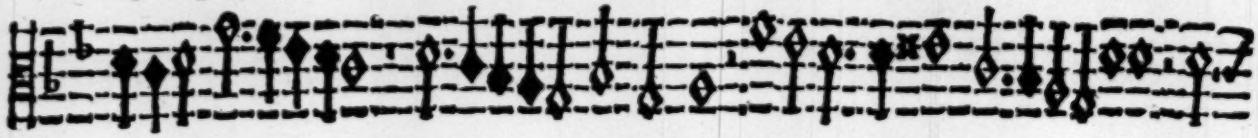

I Haue intreated, :||: intreated,and I haue complai- ned,
:||: I haue diſprais'd,and praiſe I likewiſe gaue, :||: I
:||: All means to win her grace I tryed haue, And ſtill I loue and
ſtill I am diſdayned, :||: and ſtill I am diſdained, Oh, oh,
oh could my ſighs,once purchaſe me re-liefe, Or in her hart, :||: :||:
:||: my tears imprint my griefe,im. :||: my :||: :||:
my griefe,But ceaſe,ceaſe vaine ſighs,ceaſe,ceaſe yee fruitleſſe teares,:||:
Teares cannot pierce her hart, :||: Teares cannot pierce her hart, :||:
:||: :||: nor ſighes, nor ſighes her eares.



Come ſable night, put on thy mourning ſtoale, :||:

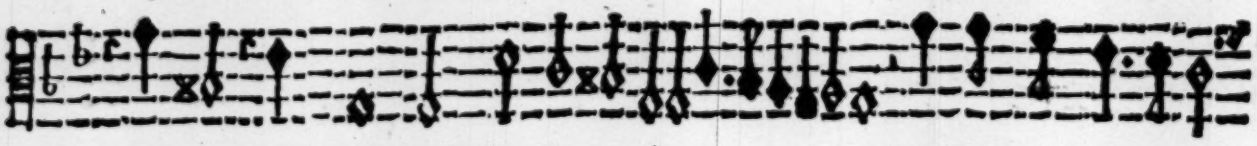


put :||: thy mourning ſtoale, And help *Amintas* ſadly to condole, :||:



:||: :||: to condole, ſadly to condole, :||: Be-

hold, the Sunne hath ſhut his golden eye, :||: The day, the day is ſpent,

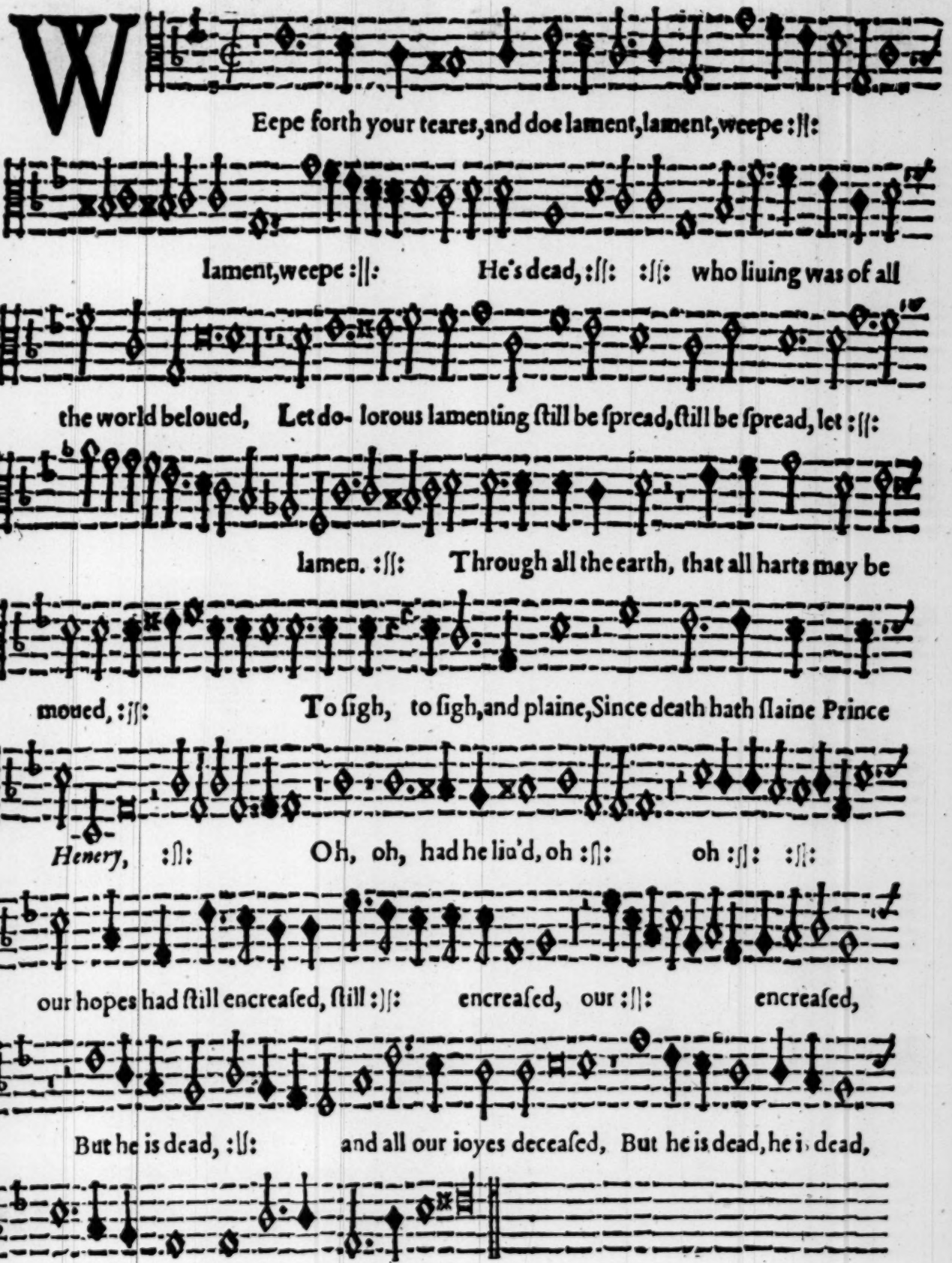


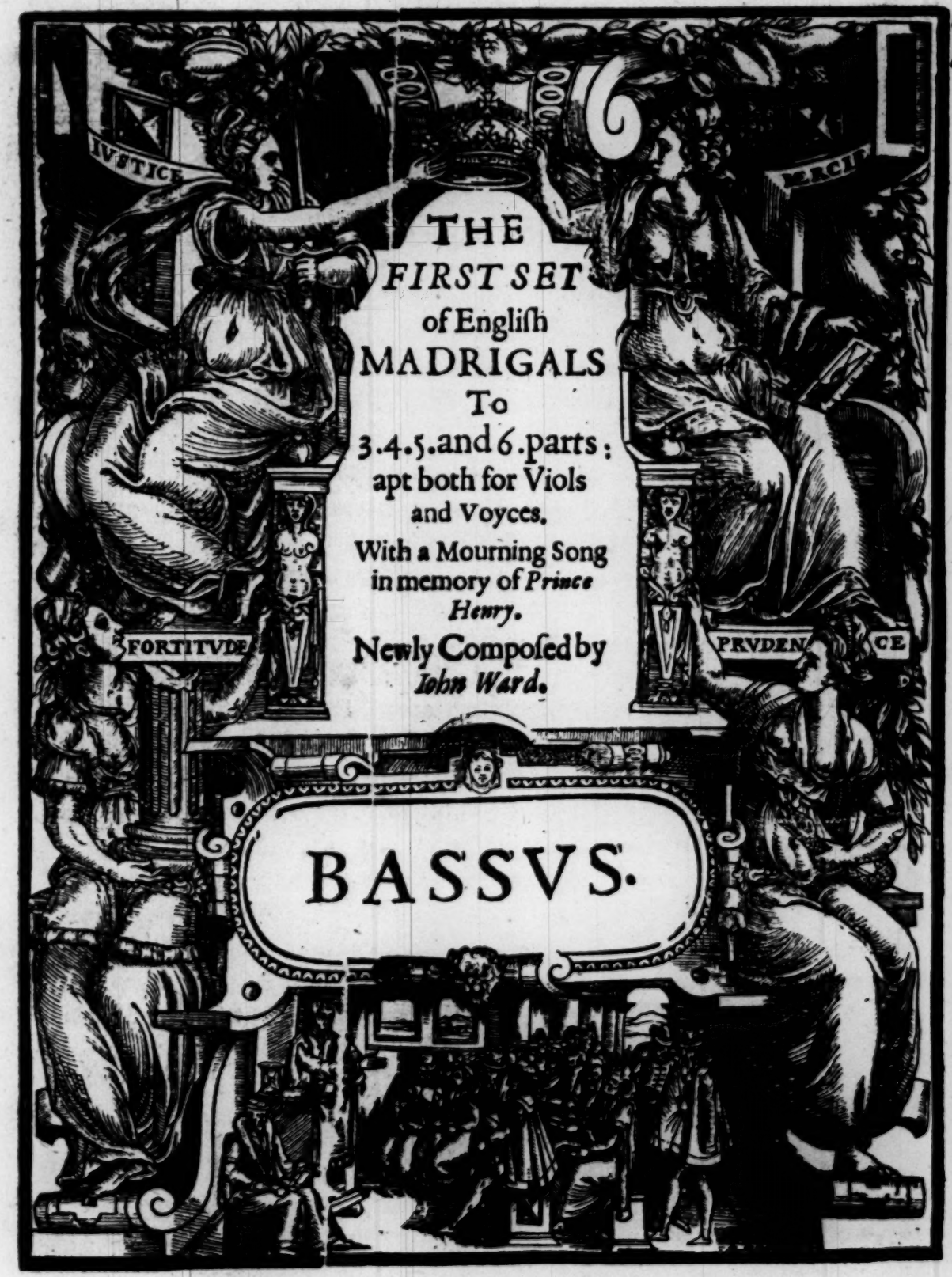
and ſhades, & ſhades faire lights ſupply, :||: All things in ſweet repoſe,

:||: their labors cloſe, all :||: :||: their labors cloſe,

Onely *Amintas, Amintas,* :||: waſt's hi[illegible]oures in wayling, :||:

:||: in wayling, :||: Whilſt all his hopes do faint, and life is fayling, :||:


Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament, lament, weepe :||:
lament, weepe :||: He's dead, :||: :||: who liuing was of all
the world beloued, Let do- lorous lamenting ſtill be ſpread, ſtill be ſpread, let :||:
lamen. :||: Through all the earth, that all harts may be
moued, :||: To ſigh, to ſigh, and plaine, Since death hath ſlaine Prince
Henery, :||: Oh, oh, had he liu'd, oh :||: oh :||: :||:
our hopes had ſtill encreaſed, ſtill :||: encreaſed, our :||: encreaſed,
But he is dead, :||: and all our ioyes deceaſed, But he is dead, he is dead,
But he is dead, and all our ioyes deceaſed.



THE *FIRST SET* of Englisſh MADRIGALS To 3.4.5.and 6.parts: apt both for Viols and Voyces.

With a Mourning Song in memory of *Prince Henry.*

Newly Compoſed by *Iohn Ward.*

BASSVS.

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM. 1613.

TO THE HONORABLE

Gentleman, and my very good Maiſter, Sir *Henry Fanſhawe*, KNIGHT.

Worthy Sir: among many Patrons of Art, and Muſicall endeuours, I am emboldened to rancke your Name; who, as I know you not inferiour to the beſt, as well for a louer of MVSICKE, *as a competent Iudge of that Noble facultie; ſo I preſent you here, with ſuch numbers beſt fitting your innated Harmony, and (I hope) not vnworthy your Patronage. And though I know the excellent varietie of theſe Compoſitions, hath fed time with fulneſſe, and bred many Cenſors, more curious, then (perhaps) Iudiciall; and ſince no Science carries ſo ſufficient authority in it ſelfe, but muſt needs ſubmit to that Monſter* OPINION, *halfe truth, halfe falſhood; yet theſe of mine being thus fronted with your Countenance, digeſted by your Eare, and allowed in your Knowledge; ſhould they proue diſtaſtfull with the queaſie-pallated, or ſurfeited delight, yet with the ſound (vnſubiect to ſuch diſeaſe of Humor, and appetite) I preſume they will pleaſingly relliſh, and (with your equall ſelfe) mainteine me againſt the corrupted number of Time-ſicke humoriſts. Theſe (honoured* SYR) *are the* primitiæ *of my Muſe, planted in your pleaſure, and cheriſht by the gentle calme of your Fauour; what I may produce hereafter is wholy Yours (as who hath more right to the Fruit then he that owneth the Stock?) If then you accept (inſtead of reall worth) this my humble Tribute of Affection, I ſhall ſtudy to vſe that grace, with my time, to the beſt aduantage, and till I may better deſerue you, in my vtmoſt abilities euer reſt*

Your Worſhips in all ſeruiceable
endeuour and deuotion

IOHN WARD.

THE TABLE.

Songs of 3. Parts.

MY true loue hath my heart. 1 Part. I
His hart his wound receiued from my sight. 2 Part. II
O say deere life, when shall these twin-borne berryes. III
In health and ease am I. IIII
Goe wayling accents, goe. V
Fly not so fast, my onely ioy and Iewell. VI

Songs of 4. Parts.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread. VII
O my thoughts surcease. VIII
Sweet pittie wake, and tell my cruell. IX
Loue is a dainty milde and sweet. X
Free from loues bonds I liued long. XI
How long shall I with mournefull Musicke? XII

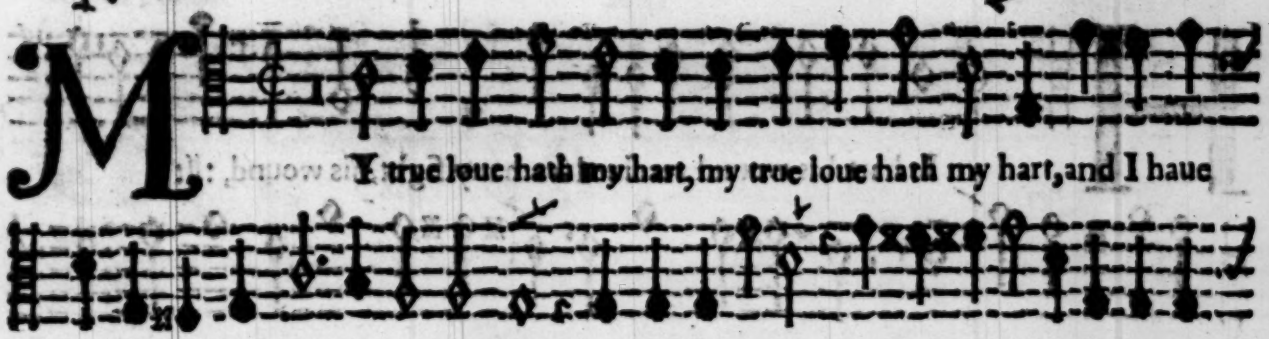
Songs of 5. Parts.

Sweet *Philomell*, cease thou thy song a while. 1 Part. XIII
Ye Siluan Nimphs, that in these woods doe shroud. 2 Part. XIIII
Flora fayre Nimph, whilest silly Lambs are feeding. XV
Phillis the bright, when frankly she desired. XVI
Hope of my hart, oh, wherefore doe the words. XVII
Vpon a banke with Roses set about. XVIII

Songs of 6. Parts.

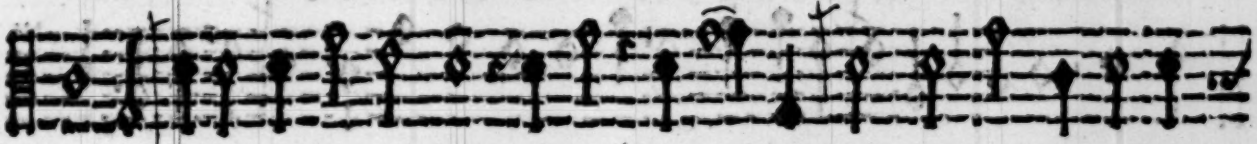
Retire my troubled soule. XIX
Oft haue I tendred tributary teares. XX
Out from the vale of deepe dispayre. XXI
O Diuine loue, which so aloft can raise. XXII
If the deepe sighs, of an afflicted breast. 1 Part. XXIII
There's not a groue that wonders not my woe. 2 Part. XXIIII
Dye not (fond man) before thy day. XXV
I haue entreated, and I haue complained. XXVI
Come sable night, put on thy mourning stoale. XXVII
Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament. XXVIII

FINIS.

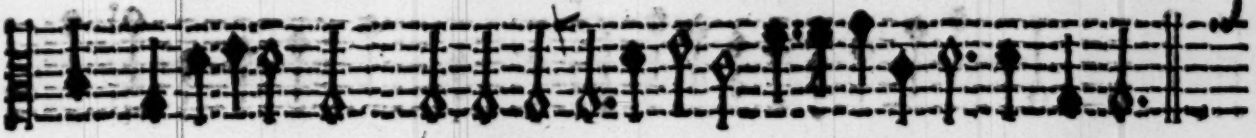


MY true loue hath my hart, my true loue hath my hart, and I haue

his, and I haue his, By iuſt exchange one for the other, one for the other, one :|||:



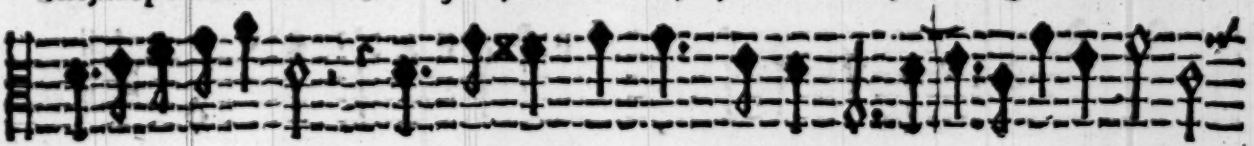
giuen I hold his deare, I hold, I hold his deare, and mine hee cannot



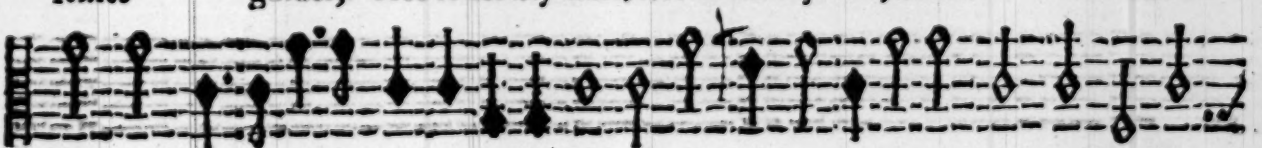
miſſe, hee can-not miſſe, There neuer, neuer, neuer was a better bargaine driuen.

His hart in me, his hart in me, his :|||: keepes me and him in one, and him in

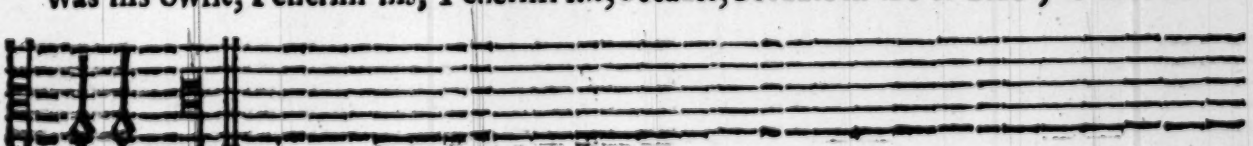
one, keepes me and him in one, My hart in him, my hart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes



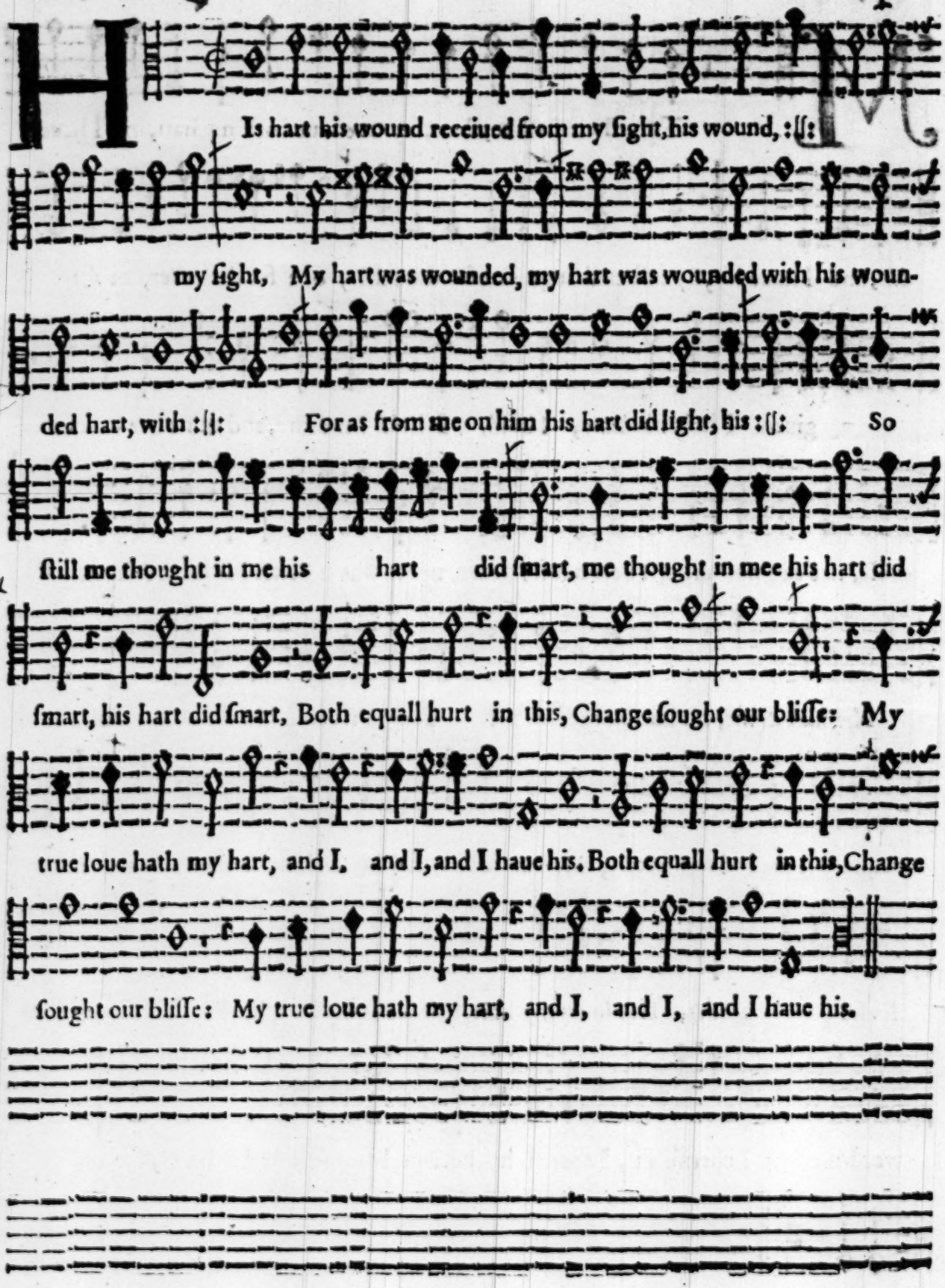
ſenſes guides, Hee loues my hart, hee loues my hart, he :|||: for once it

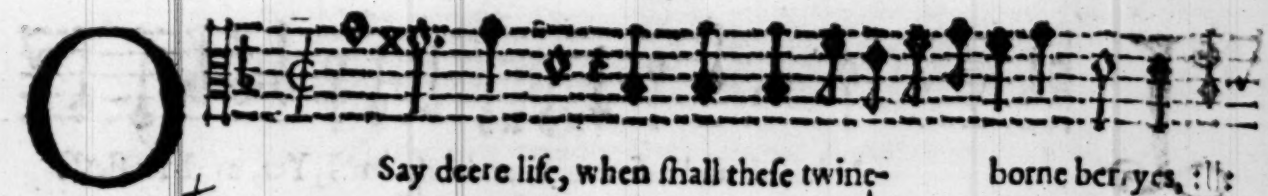


was his owne, I cheriſh his, I cheriſh his, becauſe, becauſe in me it bides, becauſe in

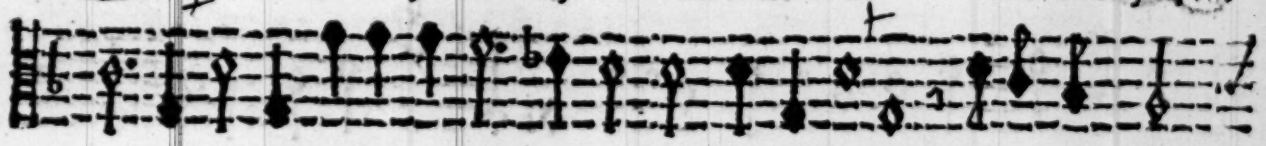


me it bides.

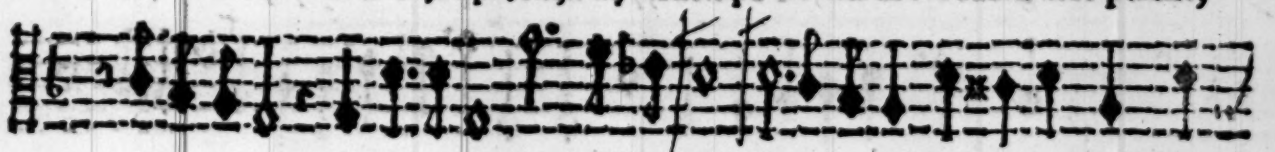

His hart his wound receiued from my ſight, his wound, :|ſ:
my ſight, My hart was wounded, my hart was wounded with his woun-
ded hart, with :|: For as from me on him his hart did light, his :|ſ: So
ſtill me thought in me his hart did ſmart, me thought in mee his hart did
ſmart, his hart did ſmart, Both equall hurt in this, Change ſought our bliſſe: My
true loue hath my hart, and I, and I, and I haue his. Both equall hurt in this, Change
ſought our bliſſe: My true loue hath my hart, and I, and I, and I haue his.



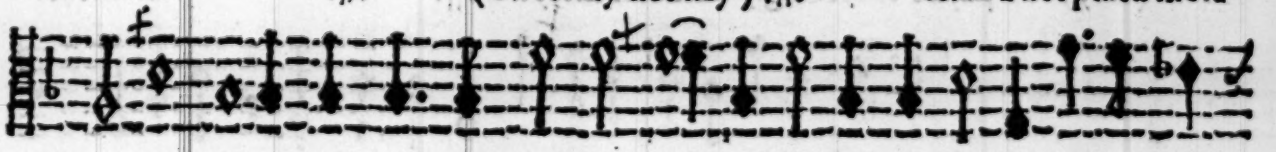
O Say deere life, when ſhall theſe twine- borne ber/yes, :||:



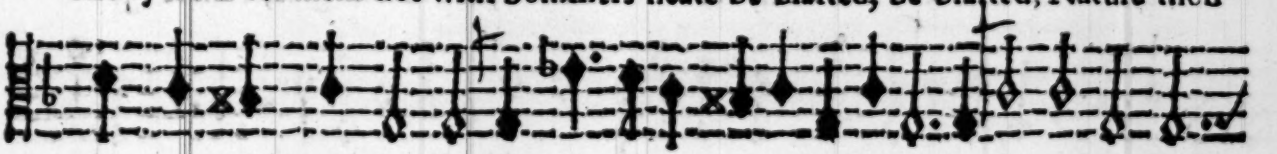
So louely ripe, by my rude lips be taſted? Shall I not plucke,



:||: :||: (Sweet ſay not nay) :||: Shall I not pluck thoſe

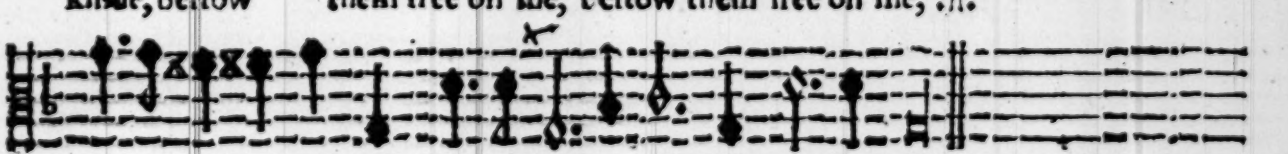


Cherryes? O let them not with Sommers heate be blaſted, be blaſted, Nature thou

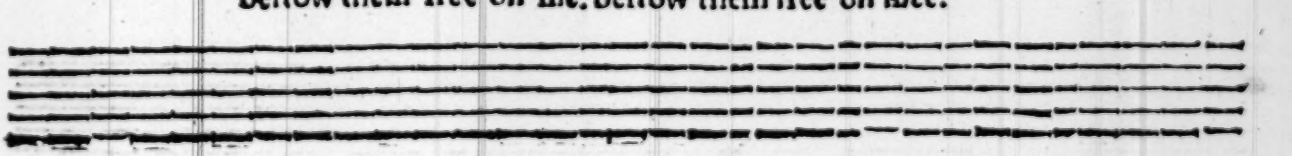


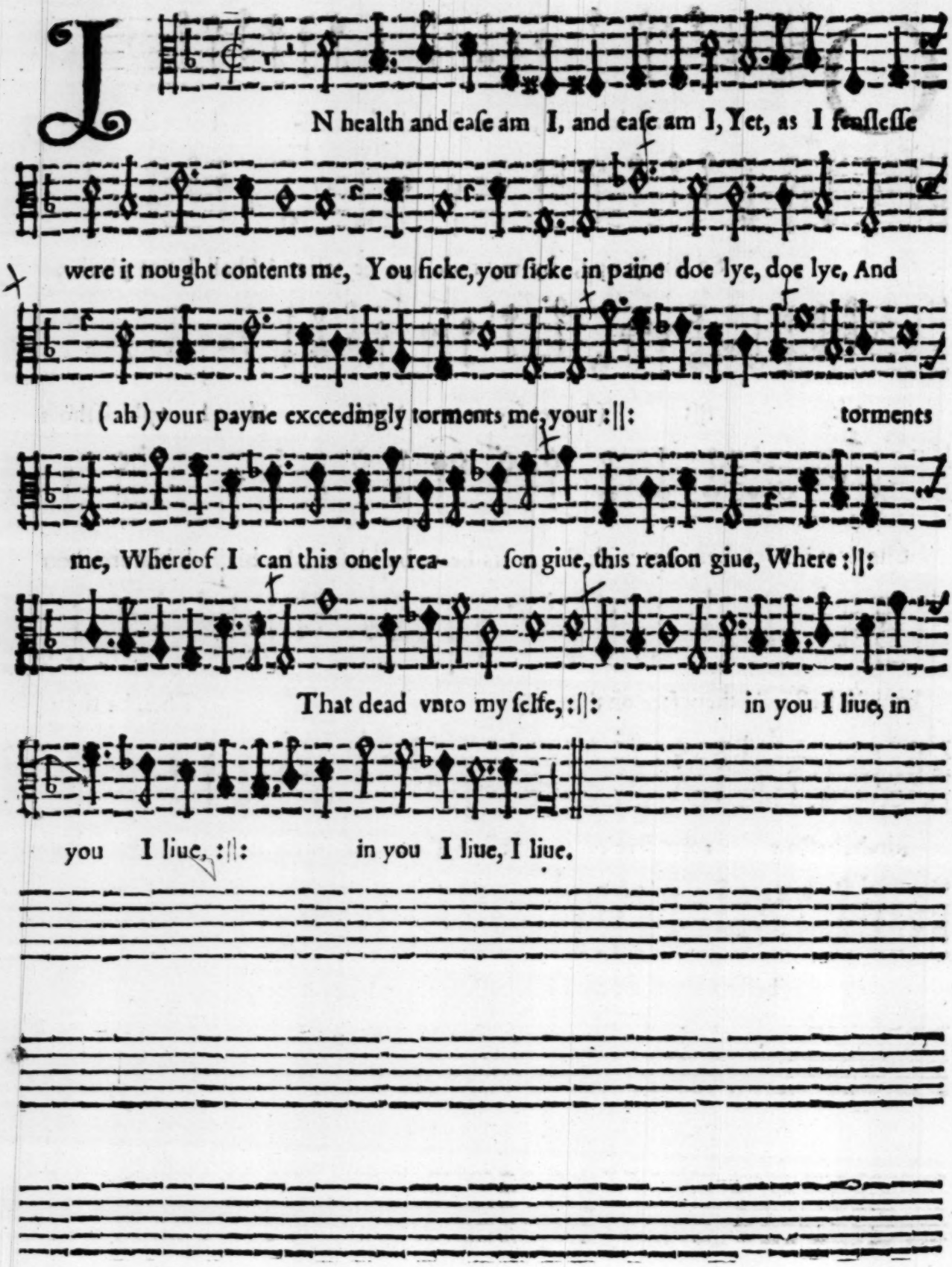
know'ſt beſtow'd them free on thee, :||: Then be thou

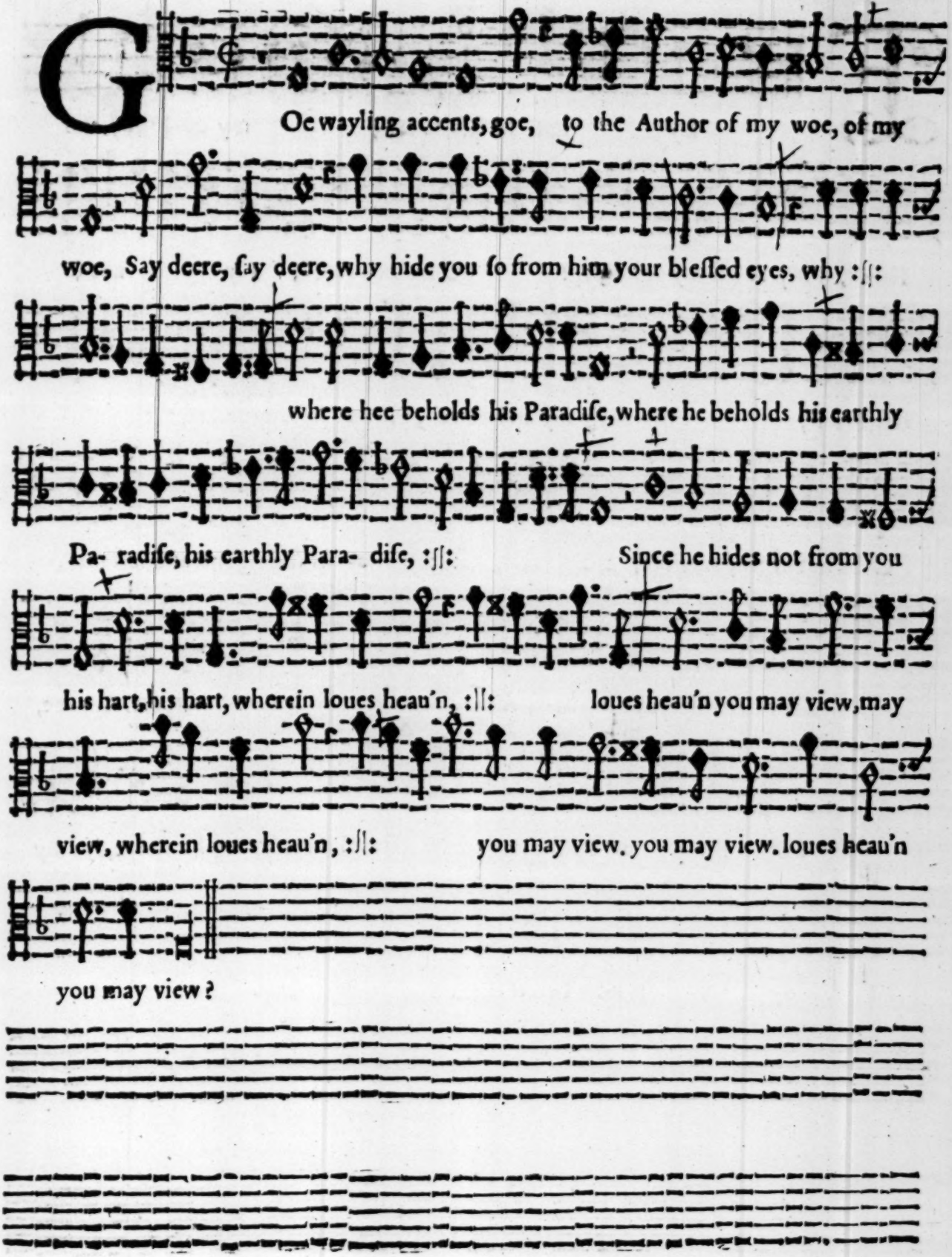
kinde, beſtow them free on me, beſtow them free on me, :||:

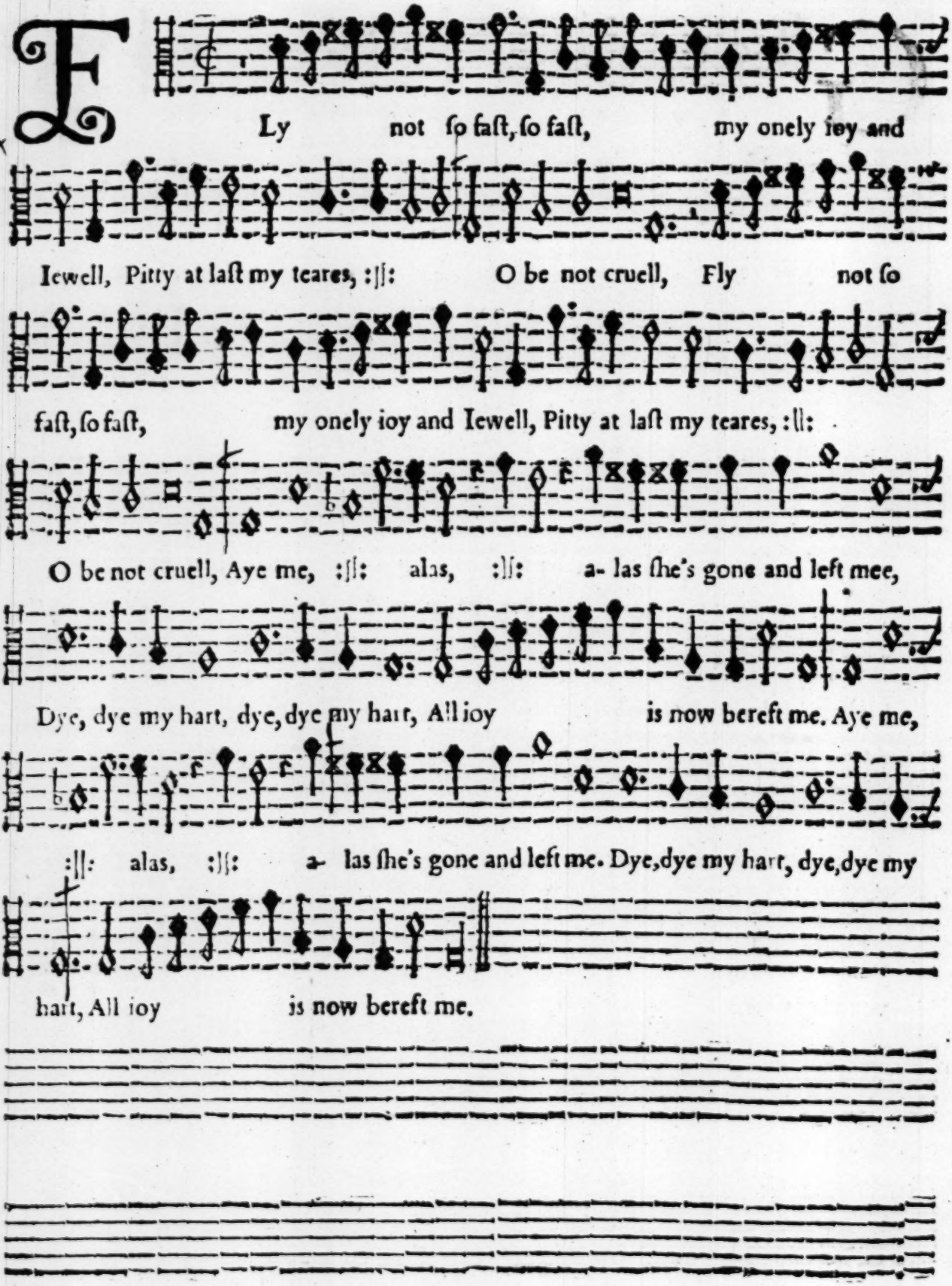


beſtow them free on me. beſtow them free on mee.

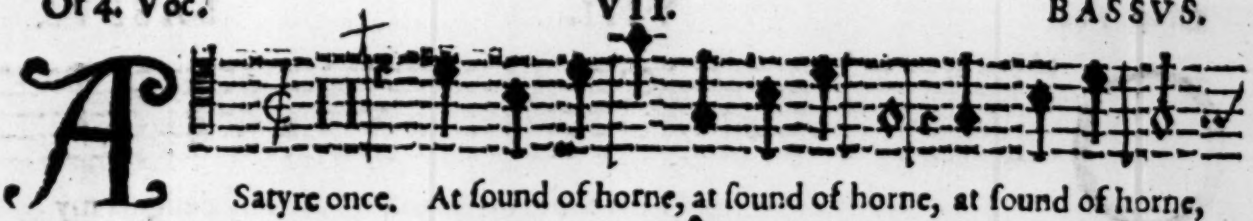



IN health and eaſe am I, and eaſe am I, Yet, as I feaſleſſe
were it nought contents me, You ſicke, you ſicke in paine doe lye, doe lye, And
(ah) your payne exceedingly torments me, your :||: torments
me, Whereof I can this onely rea- ſon giue, this reaſon giue, Where :||:
That dead vnto my ſelfe, :||: in you I liue, in
you I liue, :||: in you I liue, I liue.

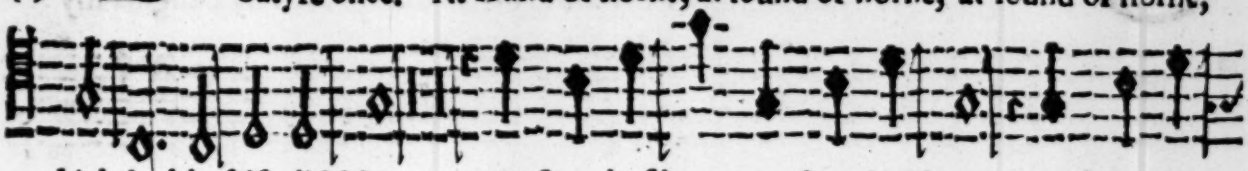

Oe wayling accents, goe, to the Author of my woe, of my
woe, Say deere, ſay deere, why hide you ſo from him your bleſſed eyes, why :||:
where hee beholds his Paradiſe, where he beholds his earthly
Pa- radiſe, his earthly Para- diſe, :||: Since he hides not from you
his hart, his hart, wherein loues heau'n, :||: loues heau'n you may view, may
view, wherein loues heau'n, :||: you may view, you may view, loues heau'n
you may view?



Heere endeth the Songs of 3. Parts.

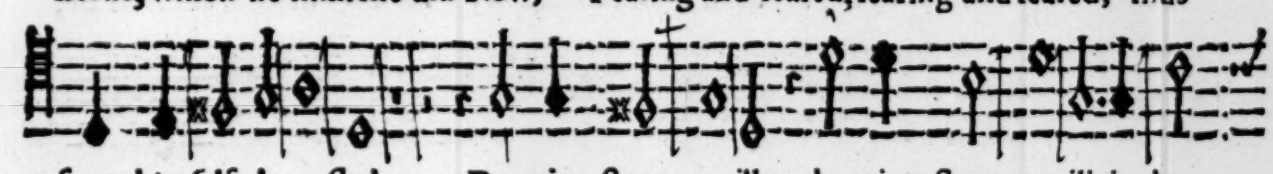


A Satyre once. At ſound of horne, at ſound of horne, at ſound of horne,

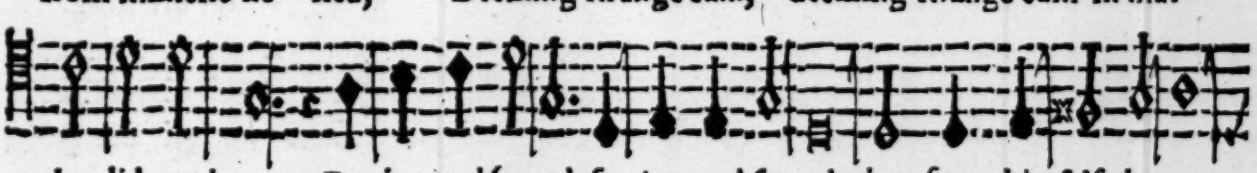


which he himſelfe did blow, At ſound of horne, at ſound of horne, at ſound of

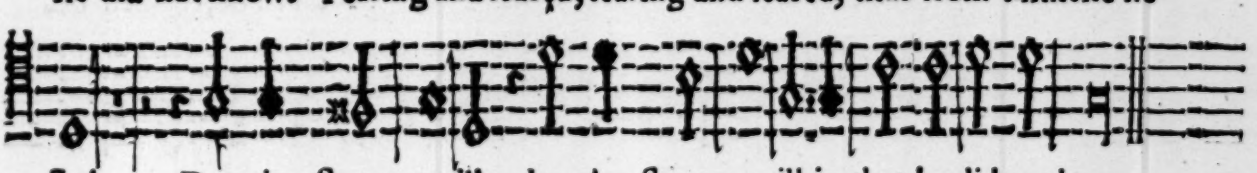
horne, which he himſelfe did blow, Fearing and feared, fearing and feared, thus



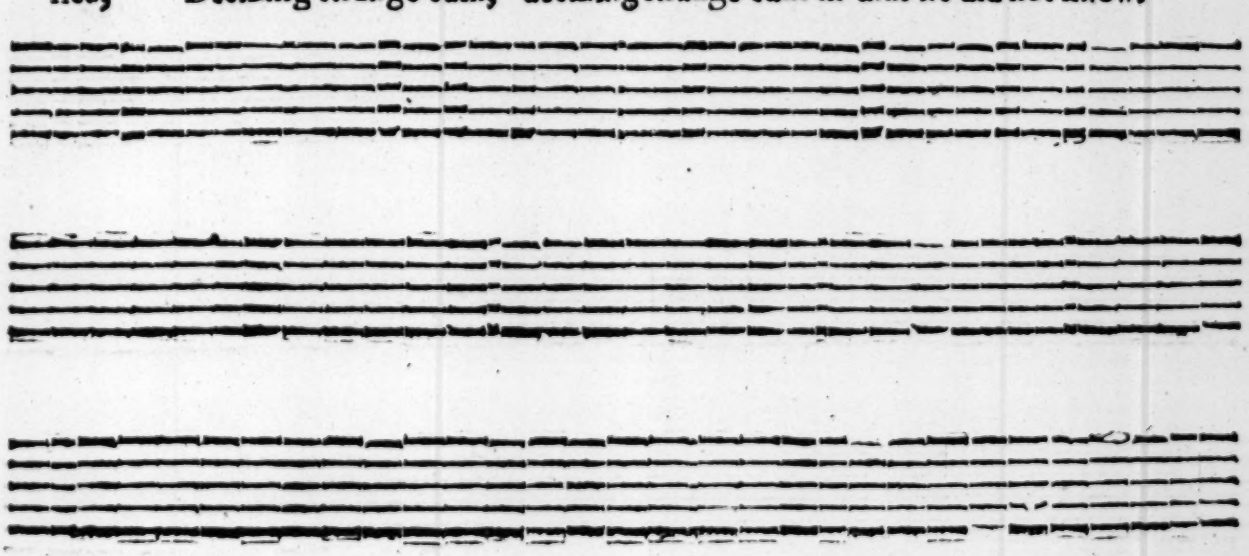
from himſelfe he fled, Deeming ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange euill in that

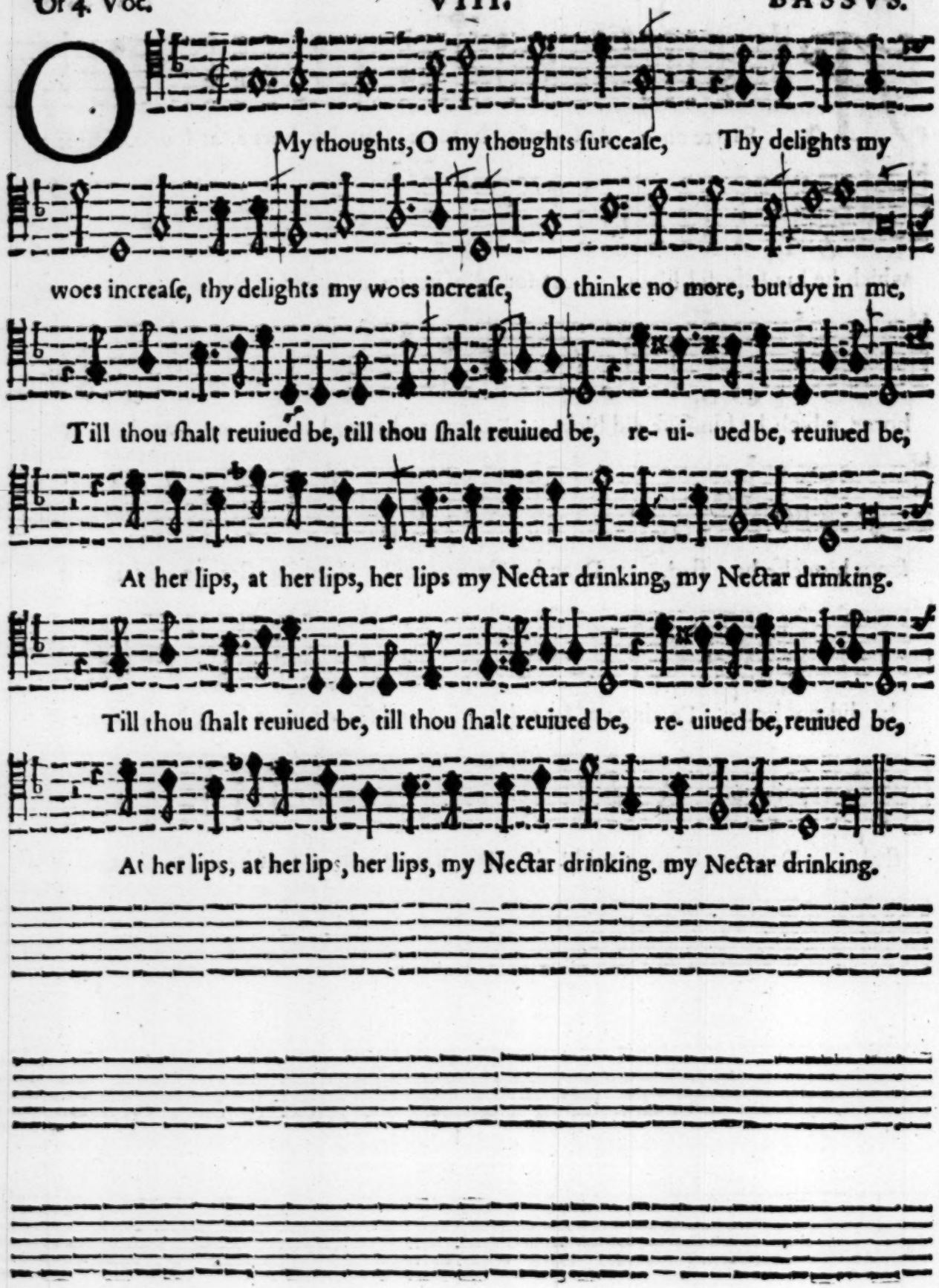


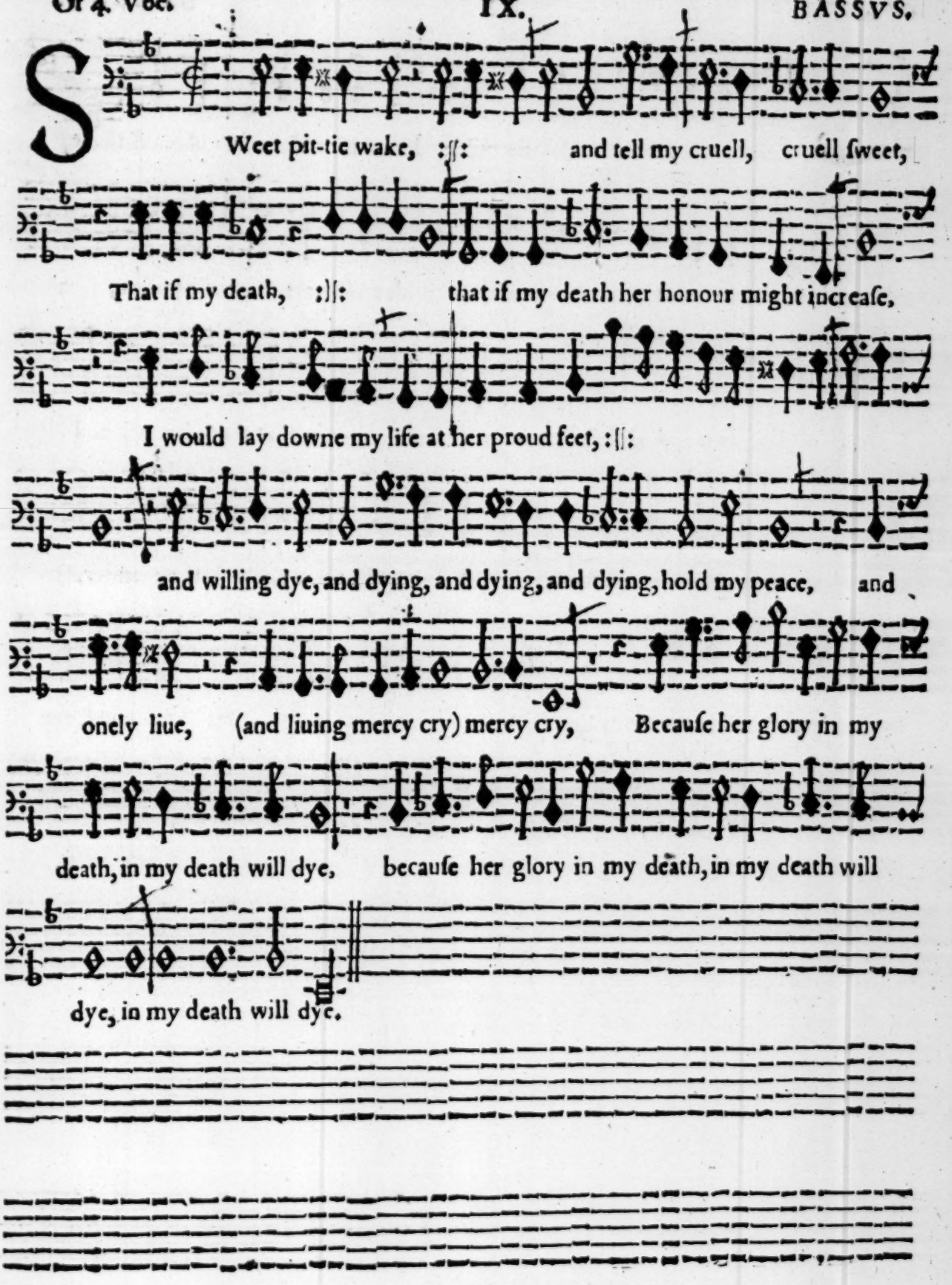
he did not know. Fearing and feared, fearing and feared, thus from himſelfe he

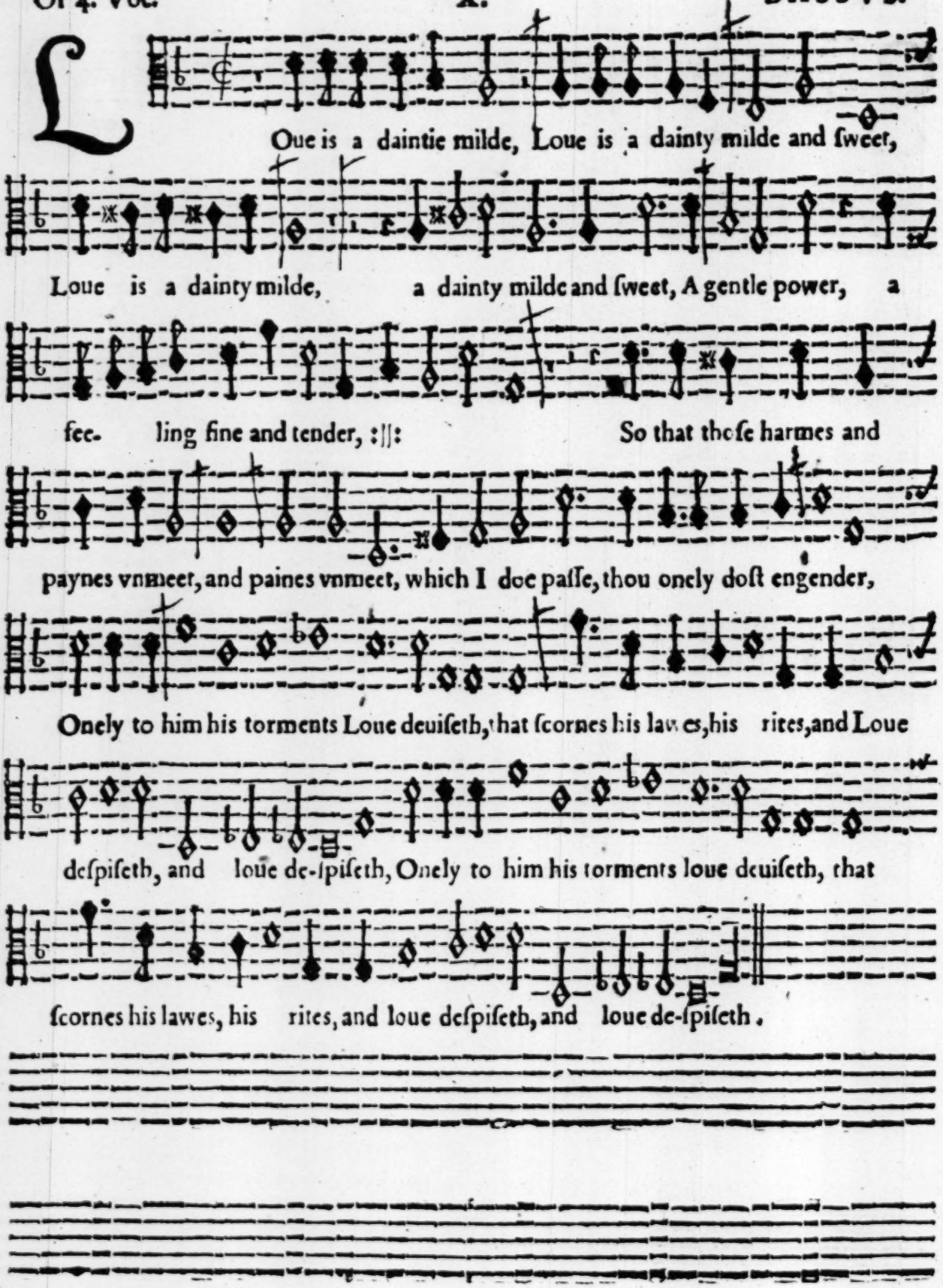


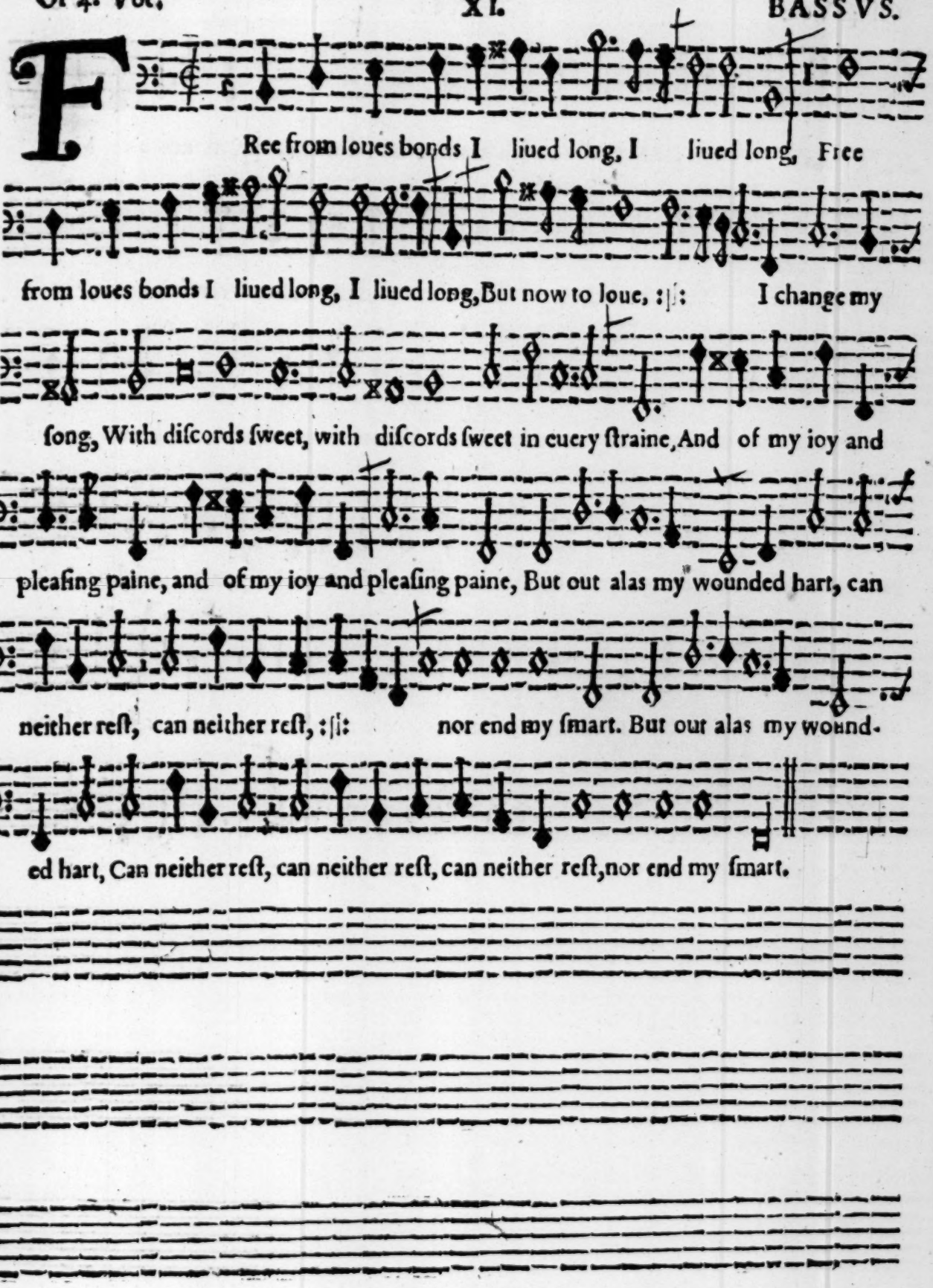
fled, Deeming ſtrange euill, deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.

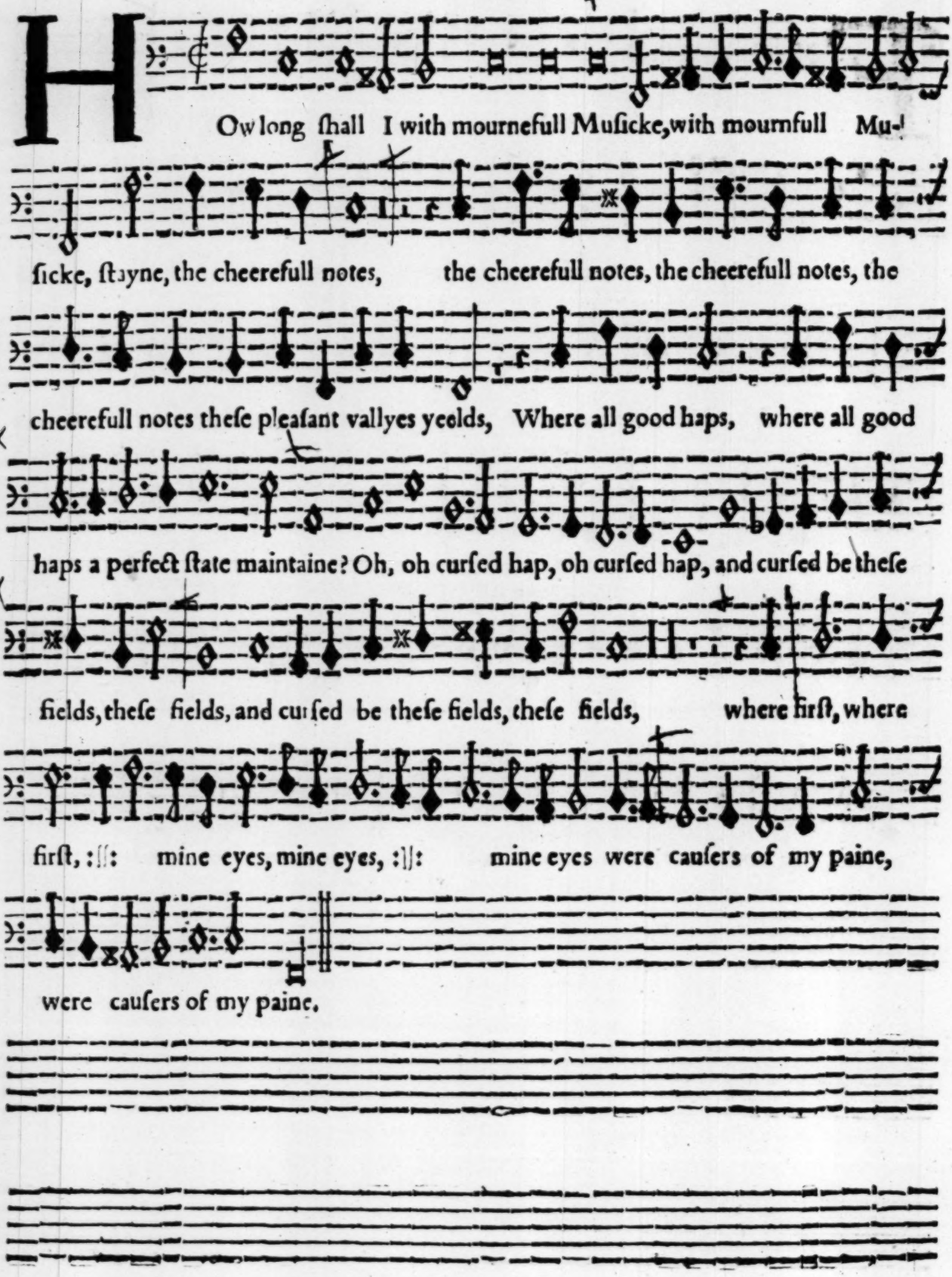



O My thoughts, O my thoughts surceaſe, Thy delights my
woes increaſe, thy delights my woes increaſe, O thinke no more, but dye in me,
Till thou ſhalt reuiued be, till thou ſhalt reuiued be, re- ui- ued be, reuiued be,
At her lips, at her lips, her lips my Nectar drinking, my Nectar drinking.
Till thou ſhalt reuiued be, till thou ſhalt reuiued be, re- uiued be, reuiued be,
At her lips, at her lips, her lips, my Nectar drinking. my Nectar drinking.

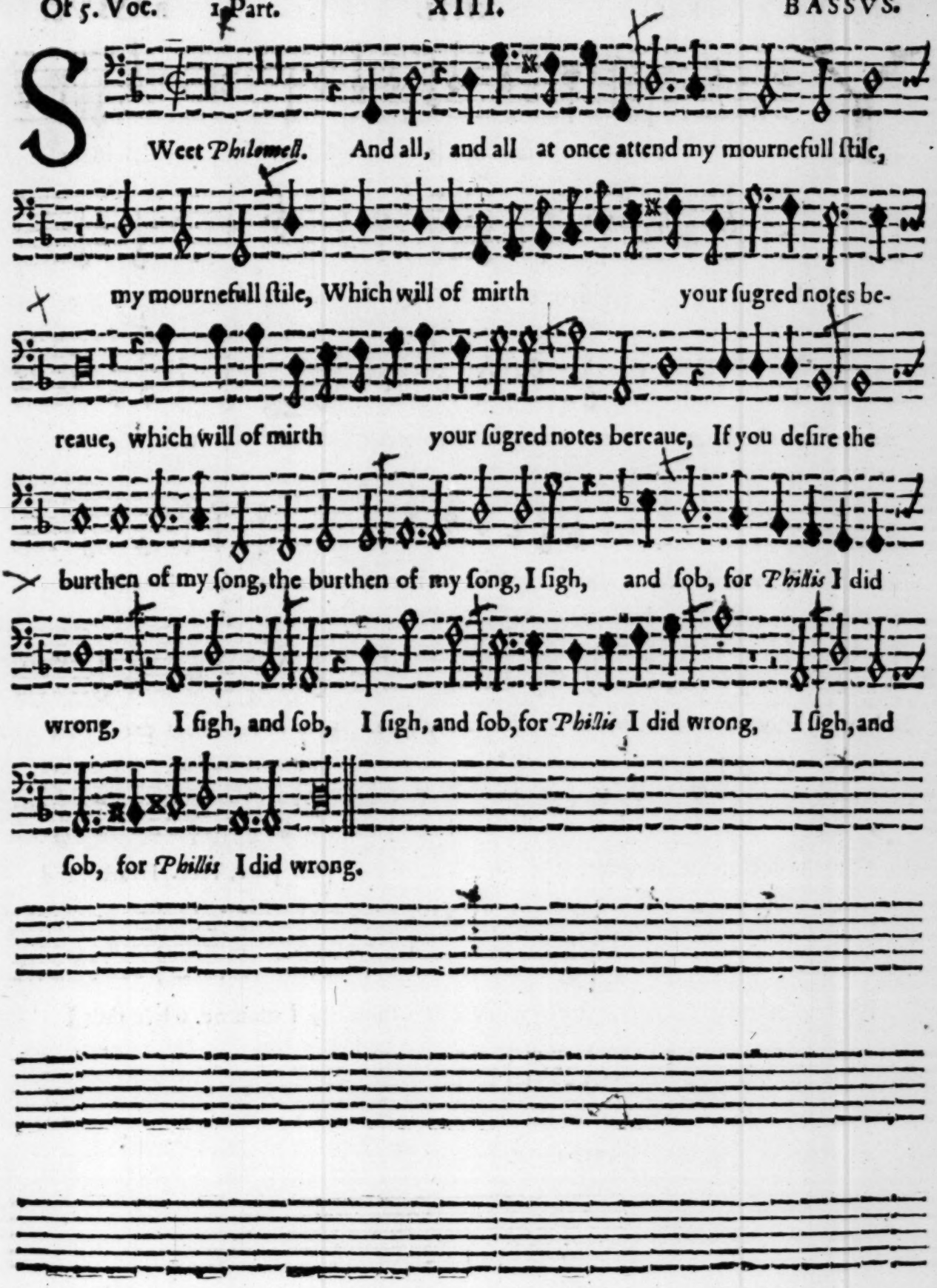

Sweet pit-tie wake, :||: and tell my cruell, cruell ſweet,
That if my death, :||: that if my death her honour might increaſe,
I would lay downe my life at her proud feet, :||:
and willing dye, and dying, and dying, and dying, hold my peace, and
onely liue, (and liuing mercy cry) mercy cry, Becauſe her glory in my
death, in my death will dye, becauſe her glory in my death, in my death will
dye, in my death will dye.

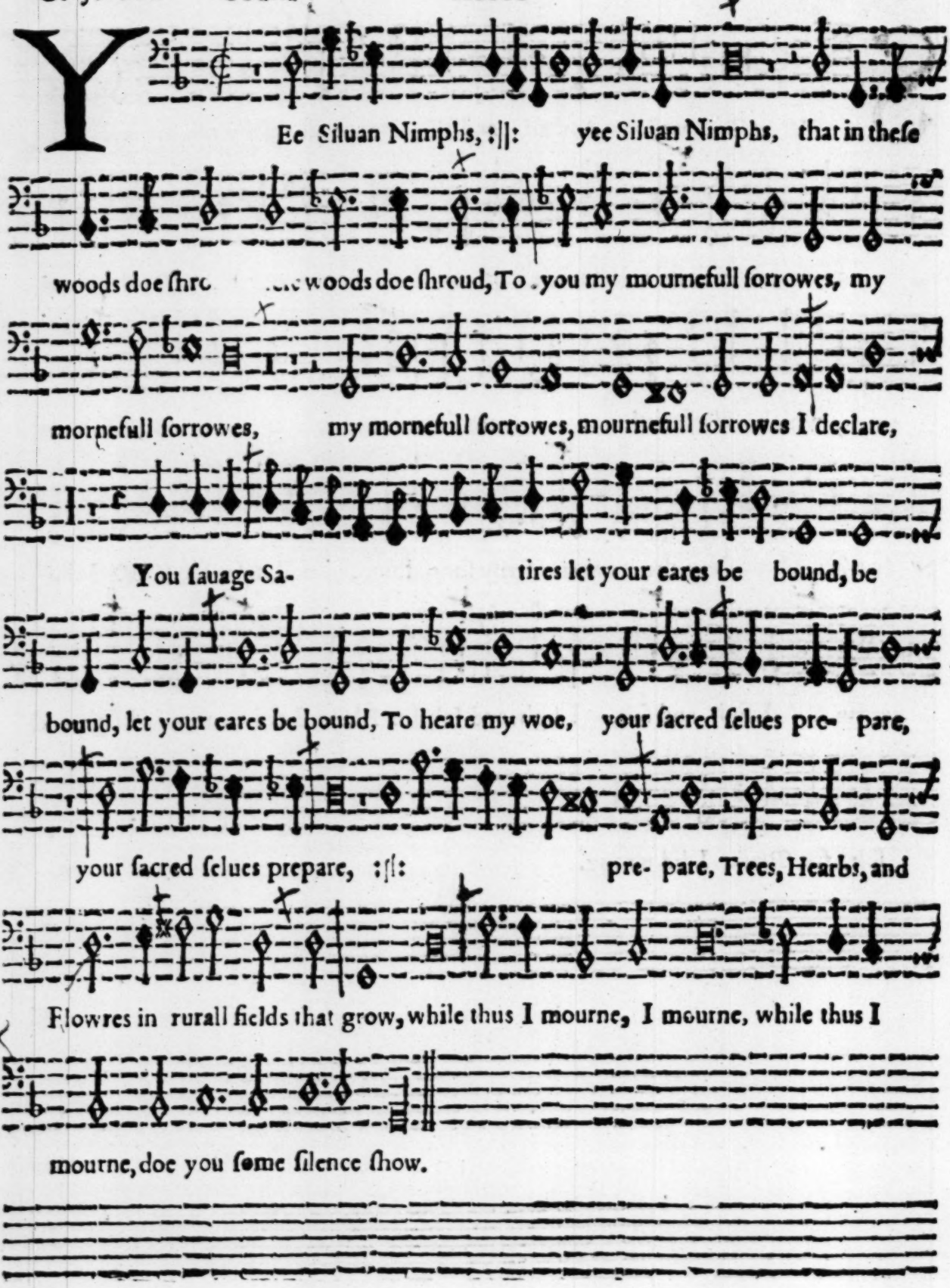

Loue is a daintie milde, Loue is a dainty milde and ſweet,
Loue is a dainty milde, a dainty milde and ſweet, A gentle power, a
fee- ling fine and tender, :||: So that theſe harmes and
paynes vnmeet, and paines vnmeet, which I doe paſſe, thou onely doſt engender,
Onely to him his torments Loue deuiſeth, that ſcornes his lawes, his rites, and Loue
deſpiſeth, and loue de-ſpiſeth, Onely to him his torments loue deuiſeth, that
ſcornes his lawes, his rites, and loue deſpiſeth, and loue de-ſpiſeth.

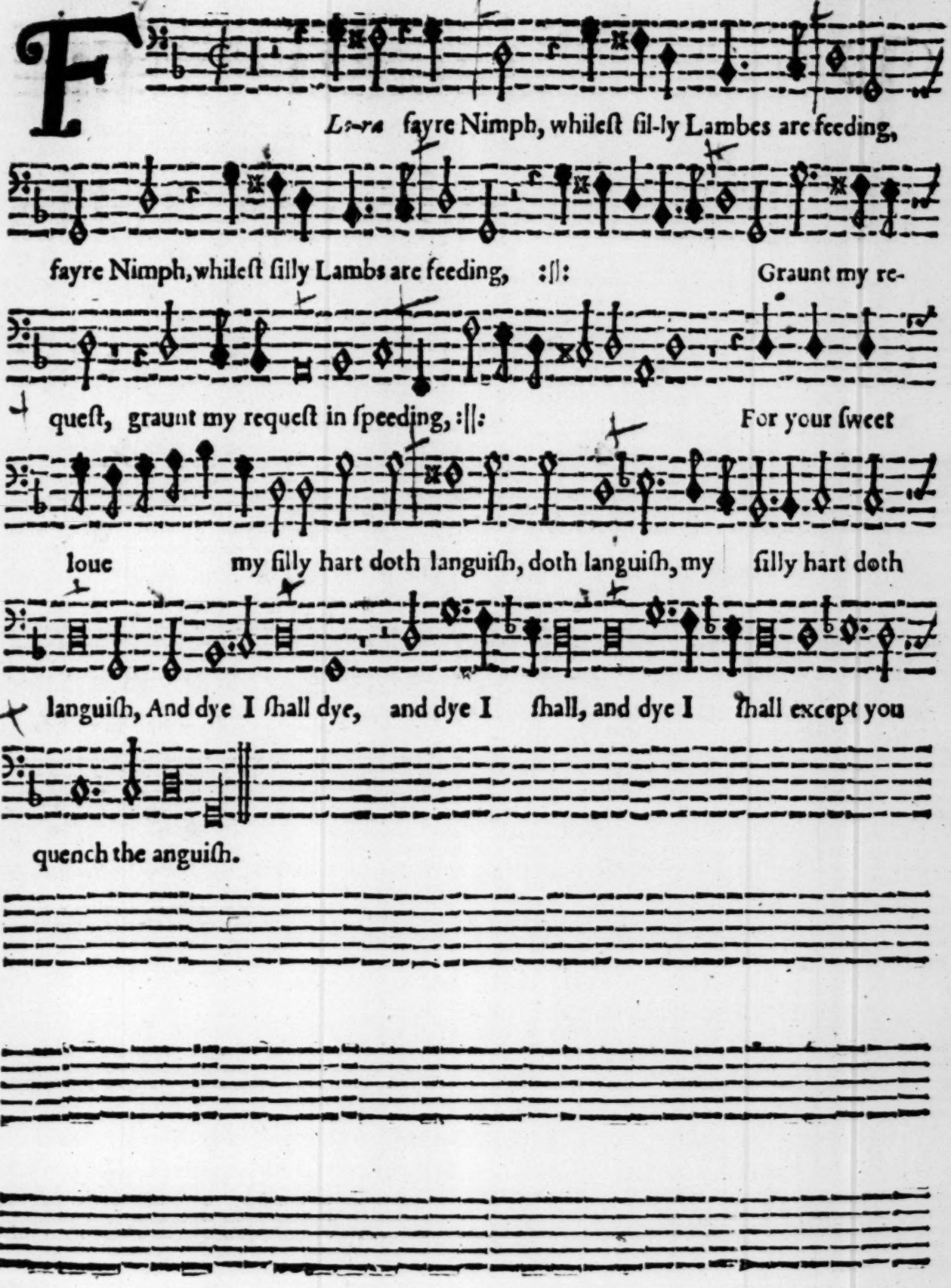

FRee from loues bonds I liued long, I liued long, Free
from loues bonds I liued long, I liued long, But now to loue, :|: I change my
ſong, With diſcords ſweet, with diſcords ſweet in euery ſtraine, And of my ioy and
pleaſing paine, and of my ioy and pleaſing paine, But out alas my wounded hart, can
neither reſt, can neither reſt, :|: nor end my ſmart. But out alas my wound-
ed hart, Can neither reſt, can neither reſt, can neither reſt, nor end my ſmart.

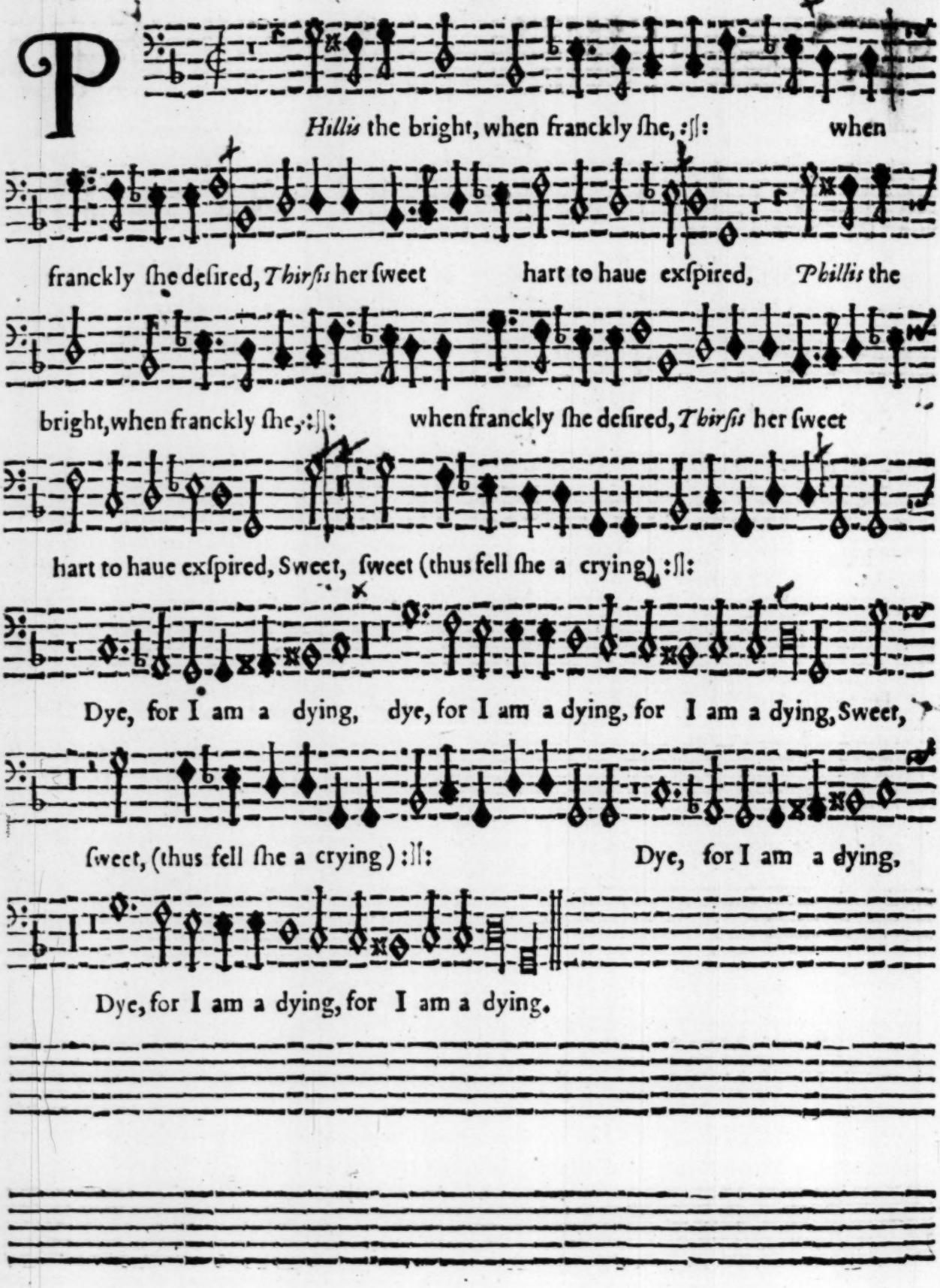


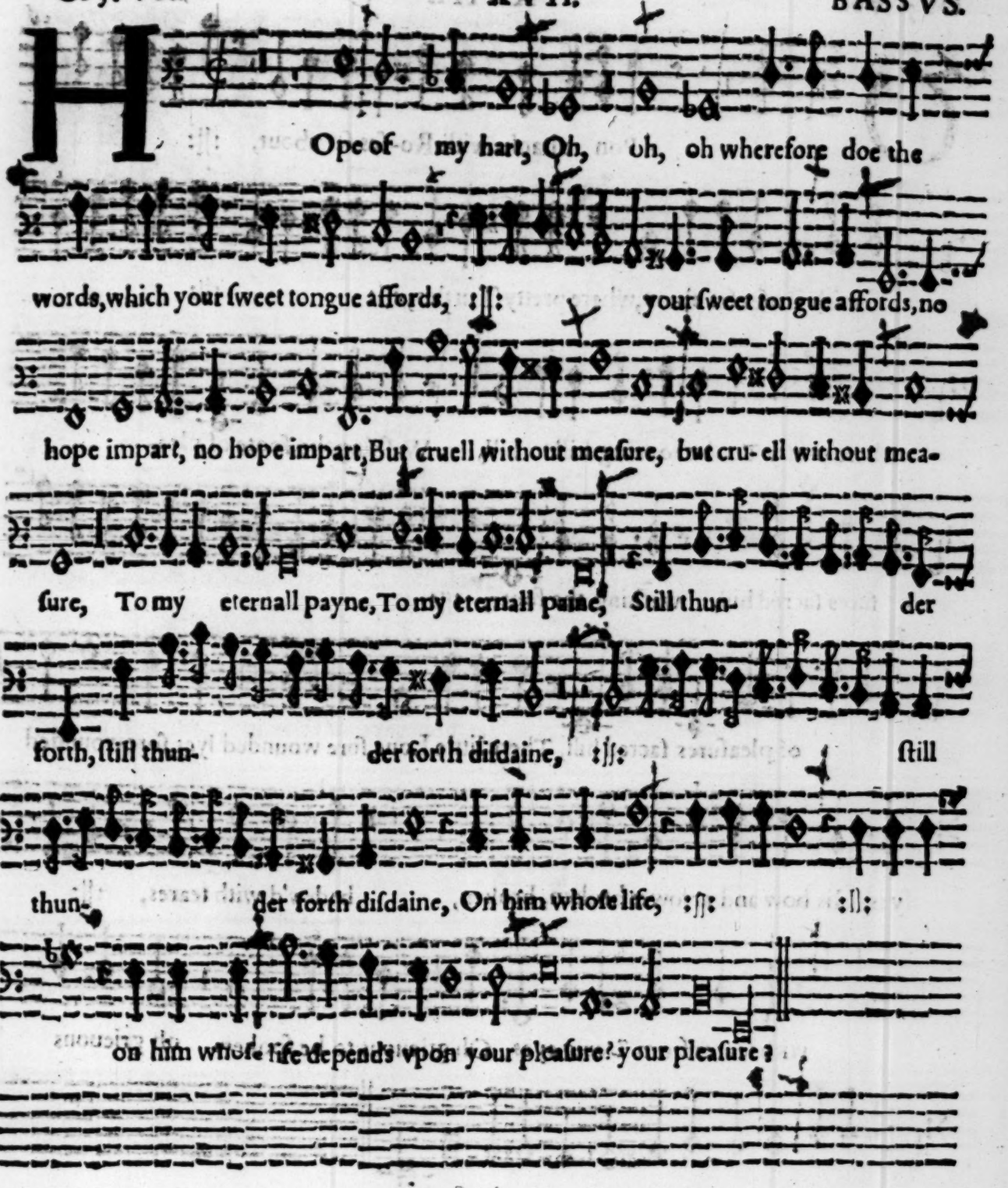
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. Parts.

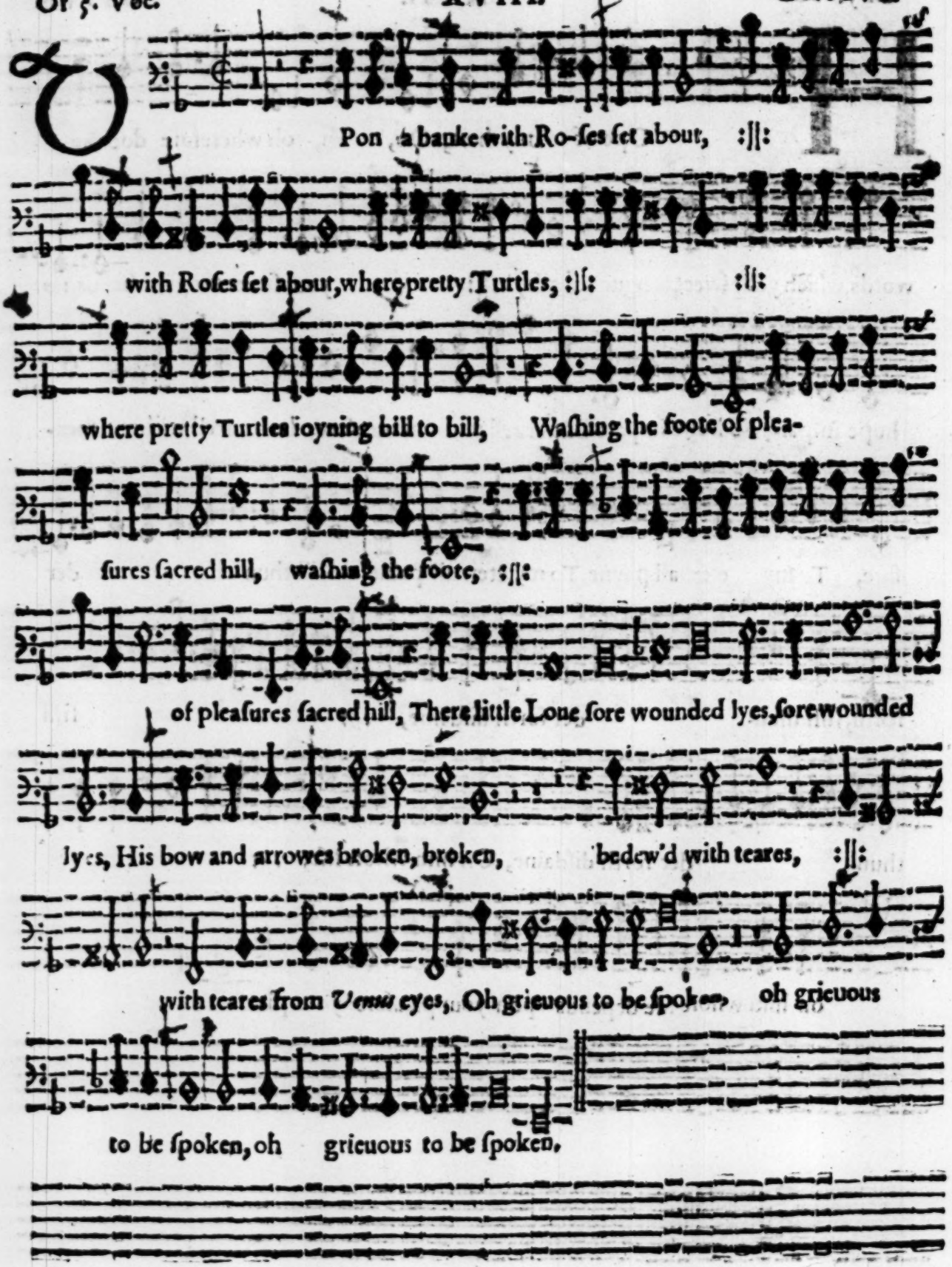

Sweet Philomell. And all, and all at once attend my mournefull ſtile,
my mournefull ſtile, Which will of mirth your ſugred notes be-
reaue, which will of mirth your ſugred notes bereaue, If you deſire the
burthen of my ſong, the burthen of my ſong, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did
wrong, I ſigh, and ſob, I ſigh, and ſob, for Phillis I did wrong, I ſigh, and
ſob, for Phillis I did wrong.


Yee Siluan Nimphs, :||: yee Siluan Nimphs, that in theſe
woods doe ſhro ...e woods doe ſhroud, To you my mournefull ſorrowes, my
mornefull ſorrowes, my mornefull ſorrowes, mournefull ſorrowes I declare,
You ſauage Sa- tires let your eares be bound, be
bound, let your eares be bound, To heare my woe, your ſacred ſelues pre- pare,
your ſacred ſelues prepare, :||: pre- pare, Trees, Hearbs, and
Flowres in rurall fields that grow, while thus I mourne, I mourne, while thus I
mourne, doe you ſome ſilence ſhow.

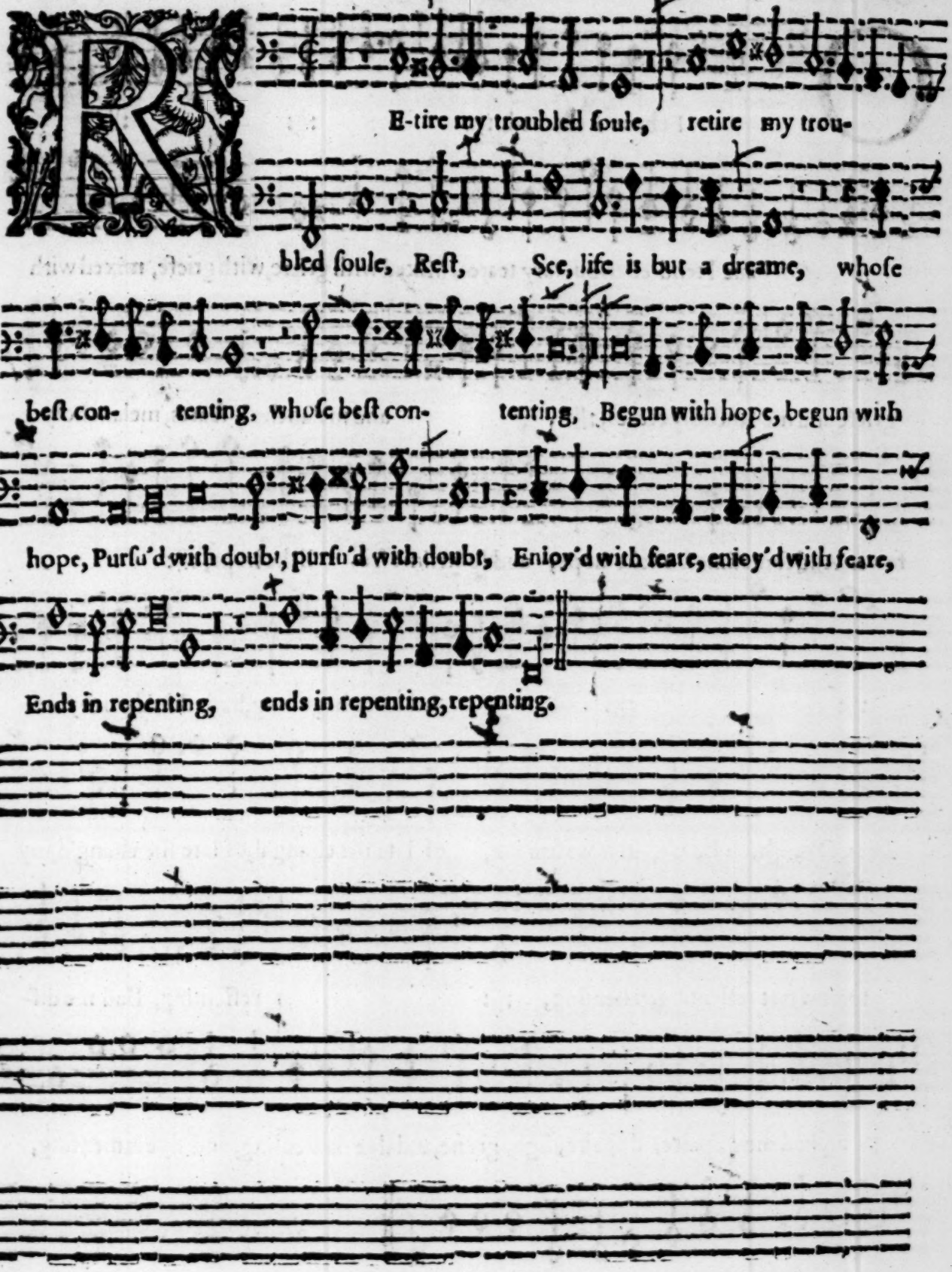

Flora fayre Nimph, whileſt ſil-ly Lambes are feeding,
fayre Nimph, whileſt ſilly Lambs are feeding, :||: Graunt my re-
queſt, graunt my requeſt in ſpeeding, :||: For your ſweet
loue my ſilly hart doth languiſh, doth languiſh, my ſilly hart doth
languiſh, And dye I ſhall dye, and dye I ſhall, and dye I ſhall except you
quench the anguiſh.

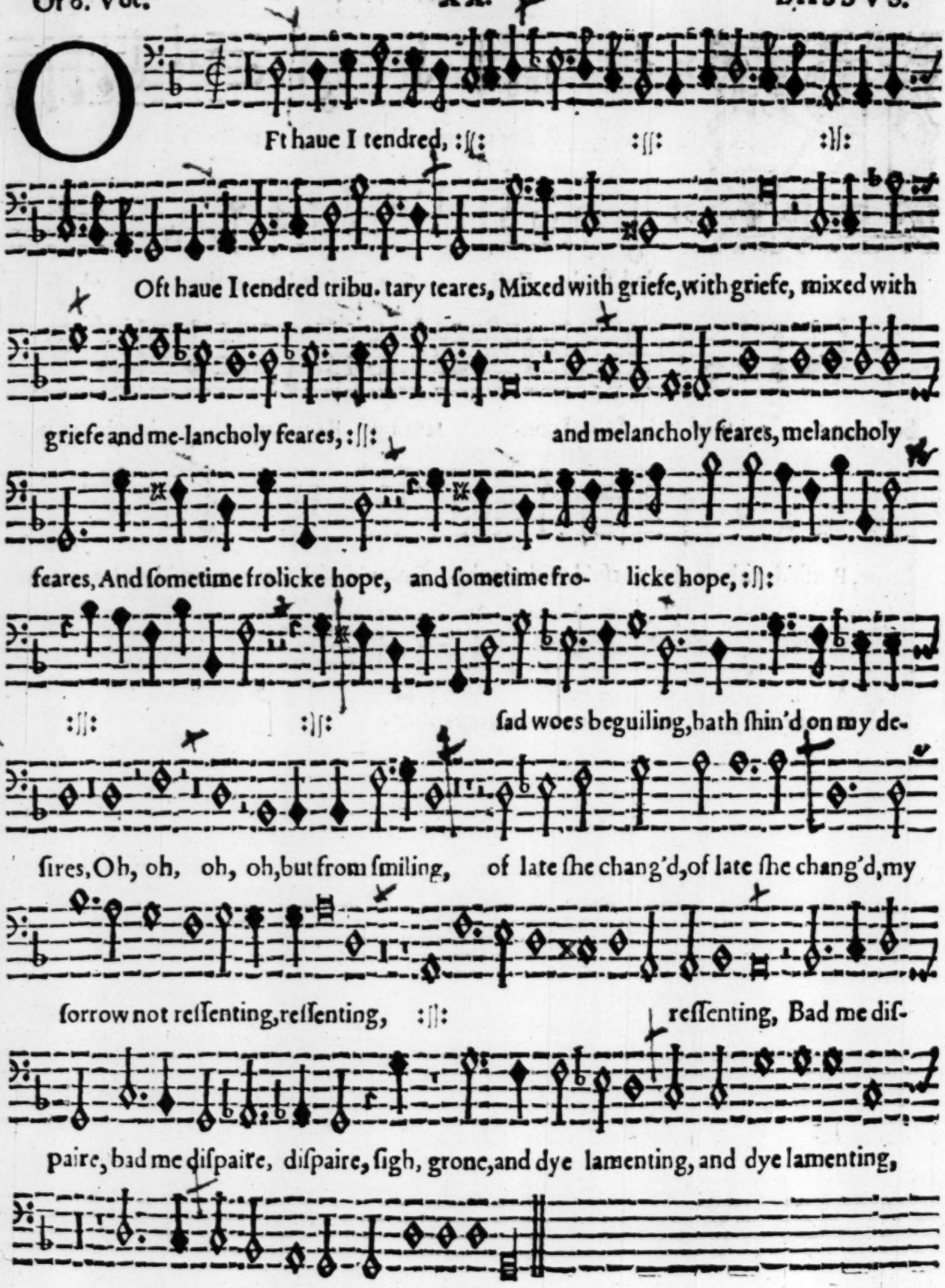

PHillis the bright, when franckly ſhe, :||: when
franckly ſhe deſired, Thirſis her ſweet hart to haue exſpired, Phillis the
bright, when franckly ſhe, :||: when franckly ſhe deſired, Thirſis her ſweet
hart to haue exſpired, Sweet, ſweet (thus fell ſhe a crying) :||:
Dye, for I am a dying, dye, for I am a dying, for I am a dying, Sweet,
ſweet, (thus fell ſhe a crying) :||: Dye, for I am a dying,
Dye, for I am a dying, for I am a dying.


Hope of my hart, Oh, oh, oh wherefore doe the
words, which your ſweet tongue affords, :||: your ſweet tongue affords, no
hope impart, no hope impart, But cruell without meaſure, but cru-ell without mea-
ſure, To my eternall payne, To my eternall paine, Still thun- der
forth, ſtill thun- der forth diſdaine, :||: ſtill
thun- der forth diſdaine, On him whoſe life, :||: :||:
on him whoſe life depends vpon your pleaſure? your pleaſure?



Heere endeth the Songs of 5. Parts.


E-tire my troubled ſoule, retire my trou-
bled ſoule, Reſt, See, life is but a dreame, whoſe
beſt con- tenting, whoſe beſt con- tenting, Begun with hope, begun with
hope, Purſu'd with doubt, purſu'd with doubt, Enioy'd with feare, enioy'd with feare,
Ends in repenting, ends in repenting, repenting.


Oft haue I tendred, :|||: :|||: :|||:
Oft haue I tendred tribu. tary teares, Mixed with griefe, with griefe, mixed with
griefe and me-lancholy feares, :|||: and melancholy feares, melancholy
feares, And ſometime frolicke hope, and ſometime fro- licke hope, :|||:
:|||: :|||: ſad woes beguiling, hath ſhin'd on my de-
ſires, Oh, oh, oh, oh, but from ſmiling, of late ſhe chang'd, of late ſhe chang'd, my
ſorrow not reſſenting, reſſenting, :|||: reſſenting, Bad me diſ-
paire, bad me diſpaire, diſpaire, ſigh, grone, and dye lamenting, and dye lamenting,
grone, and dye lamenting. and dye lamenting.

Vt from the vale of deepe diſpayre, of deepe di- ſpaire, With

mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, :‖: I fill the ayre,

I fill the ayre, with mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, I fill the ayre, with

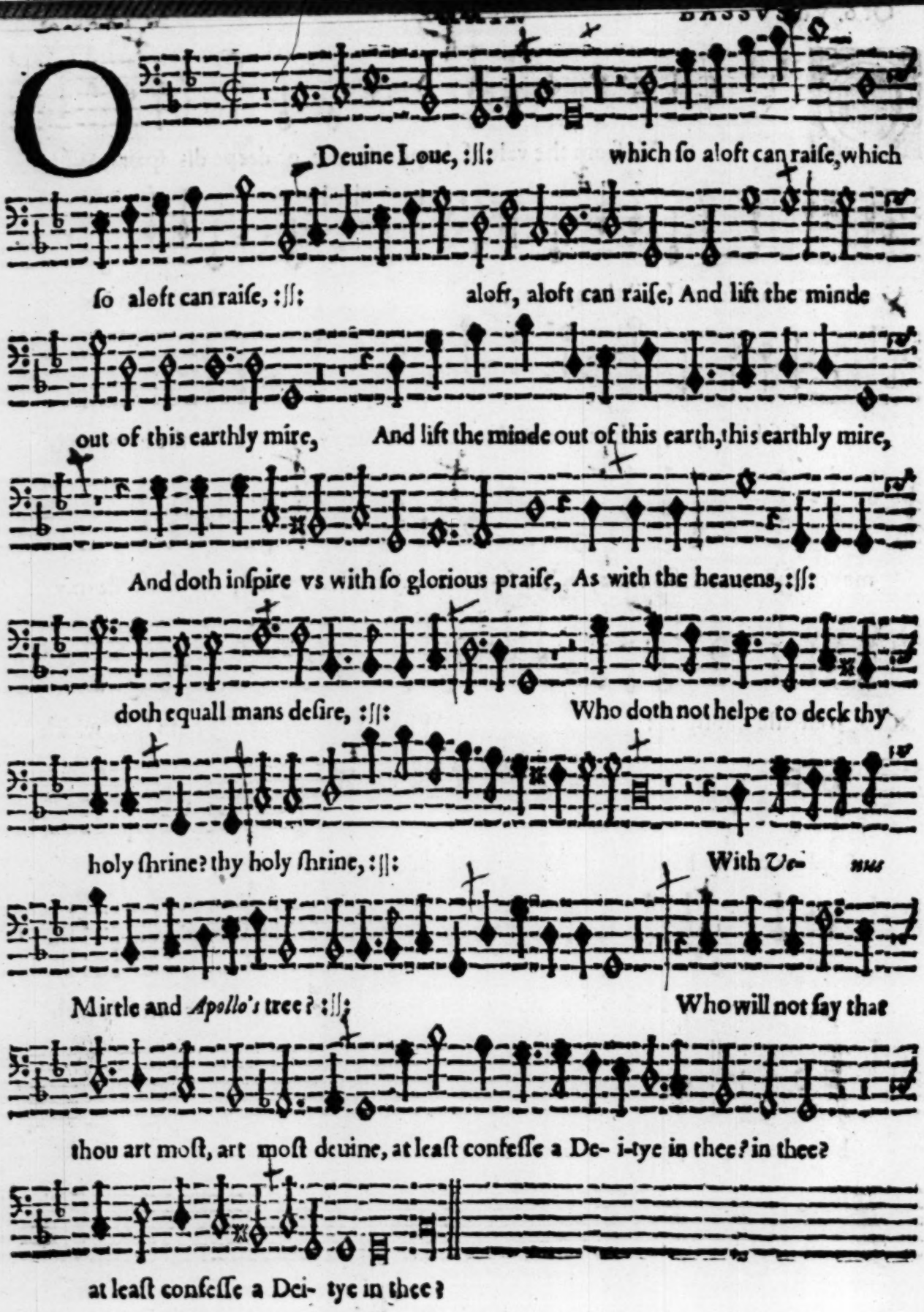
mournefull tunes I fill the ayre, To ſa-tis- fie my reſtleſſe ghoſt, to ſa-tis- fie my

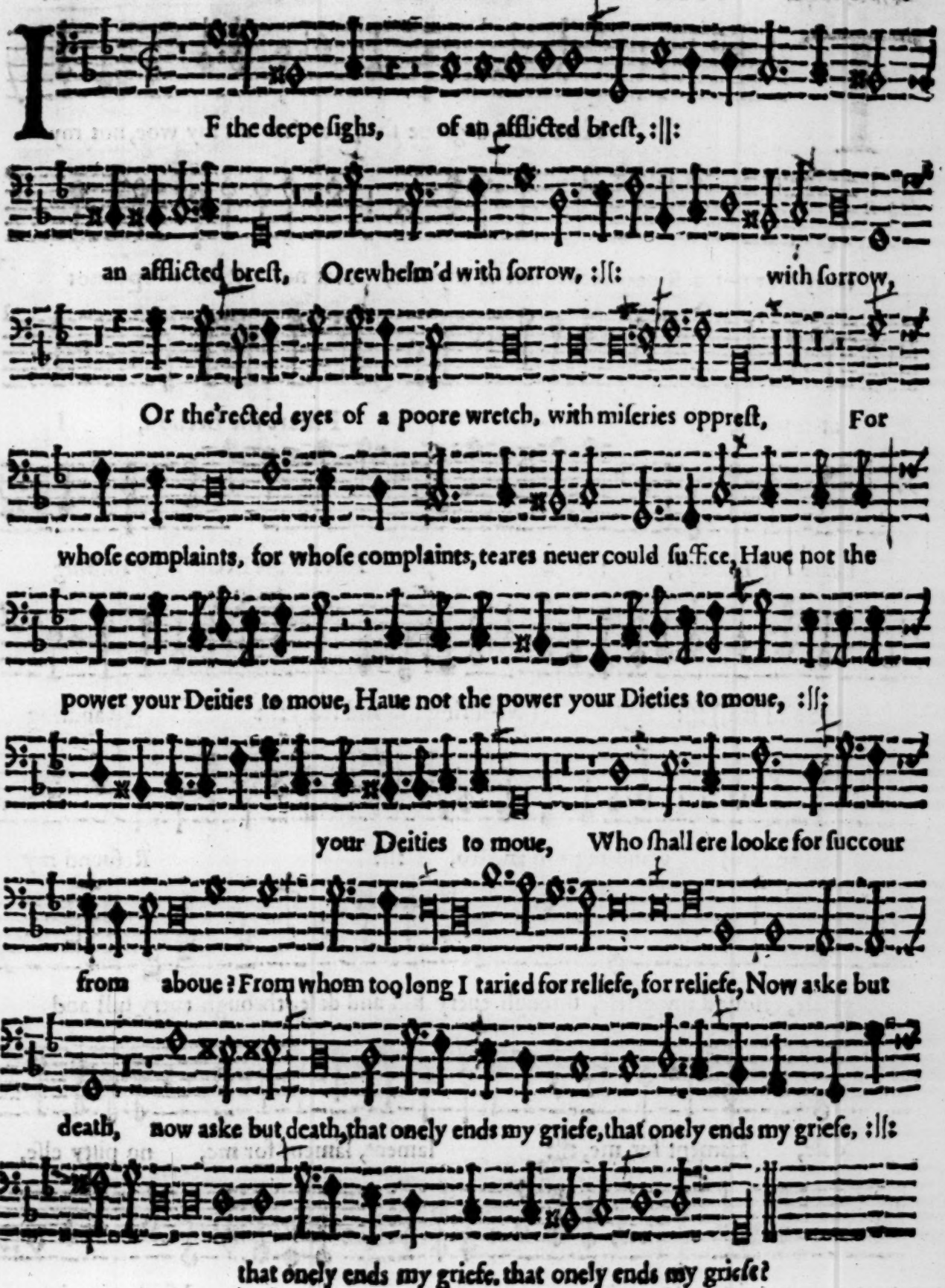
reſtleſſe ghoſt, :‖: Which *Daphnes* cruelty hath loſt, which

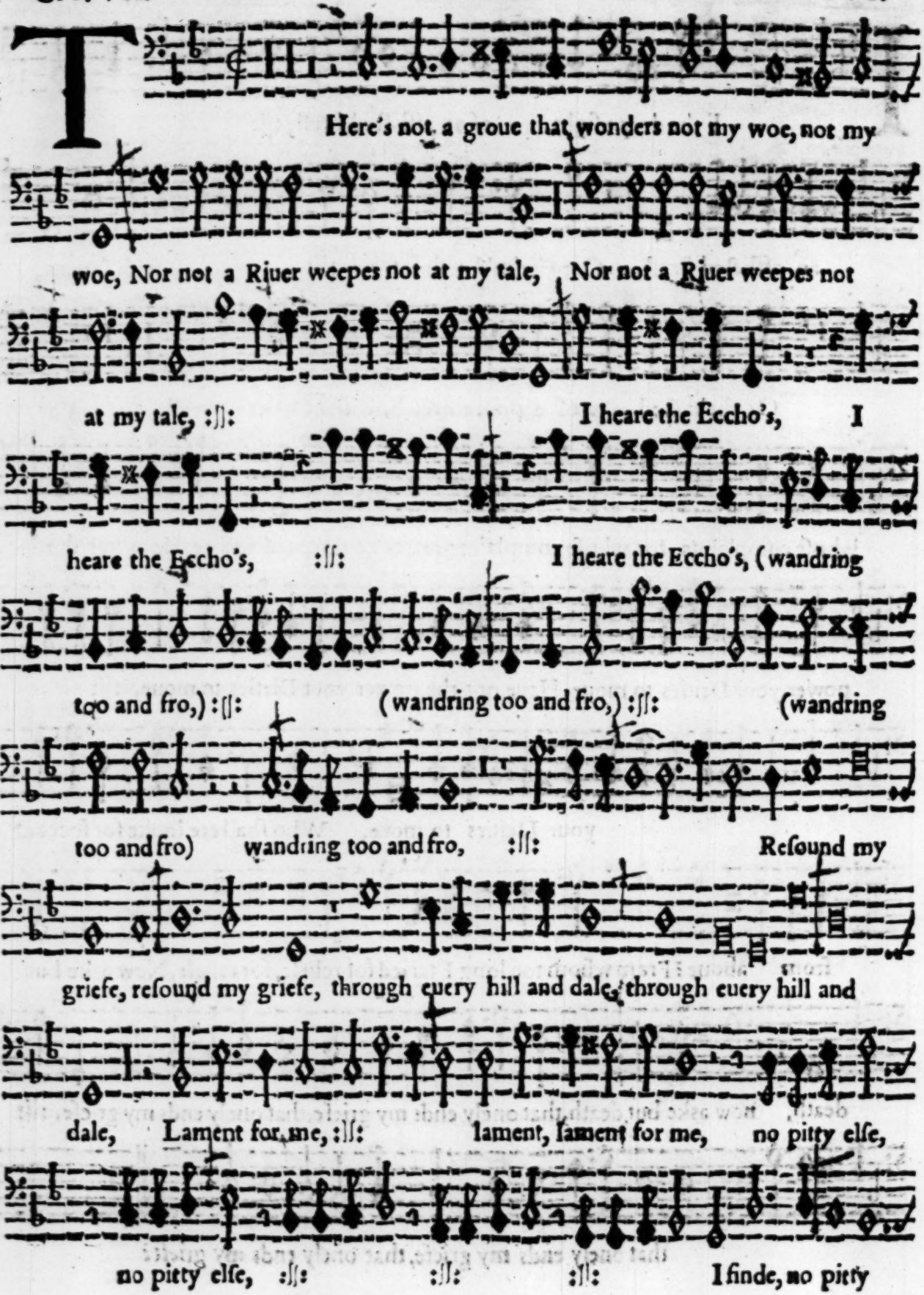
Daphnes cruelty hath loſt, Ore hils and dales in her dull eares, :‖:

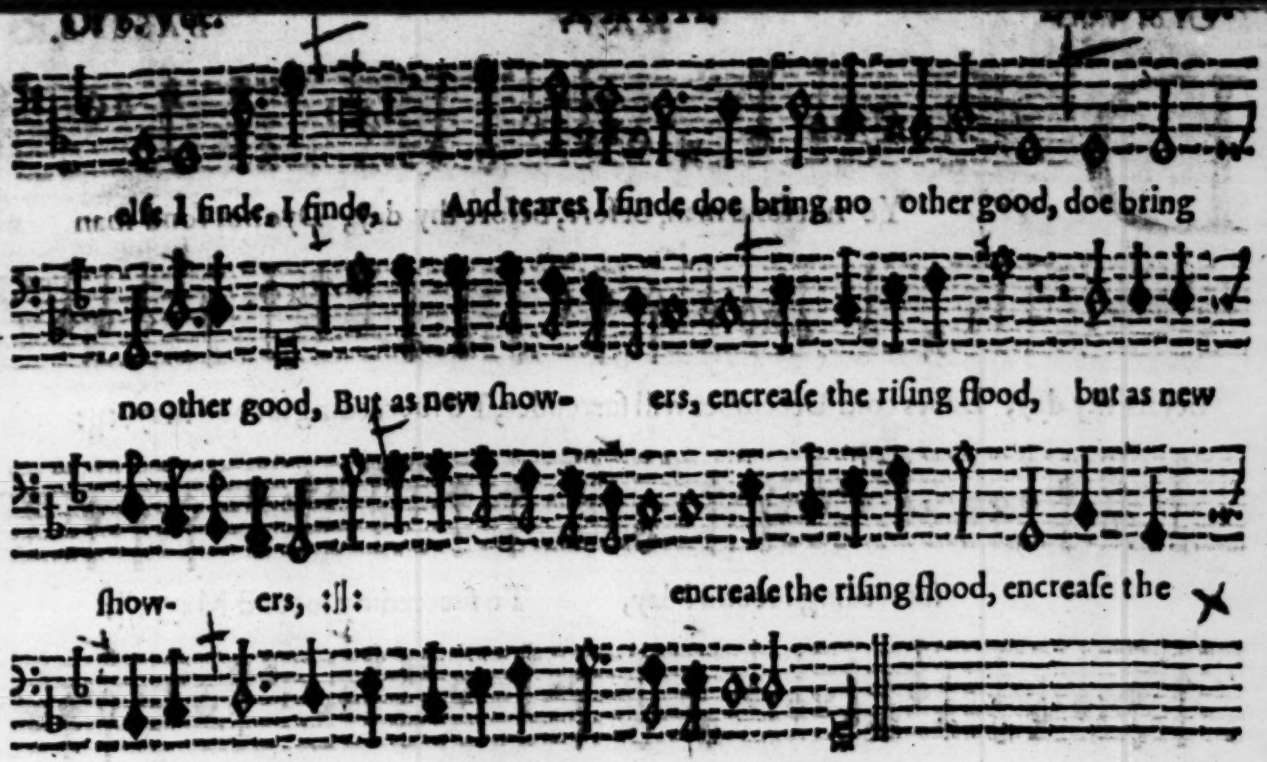
Ile ſend my notes, with bitter teares, with bitter teares. with

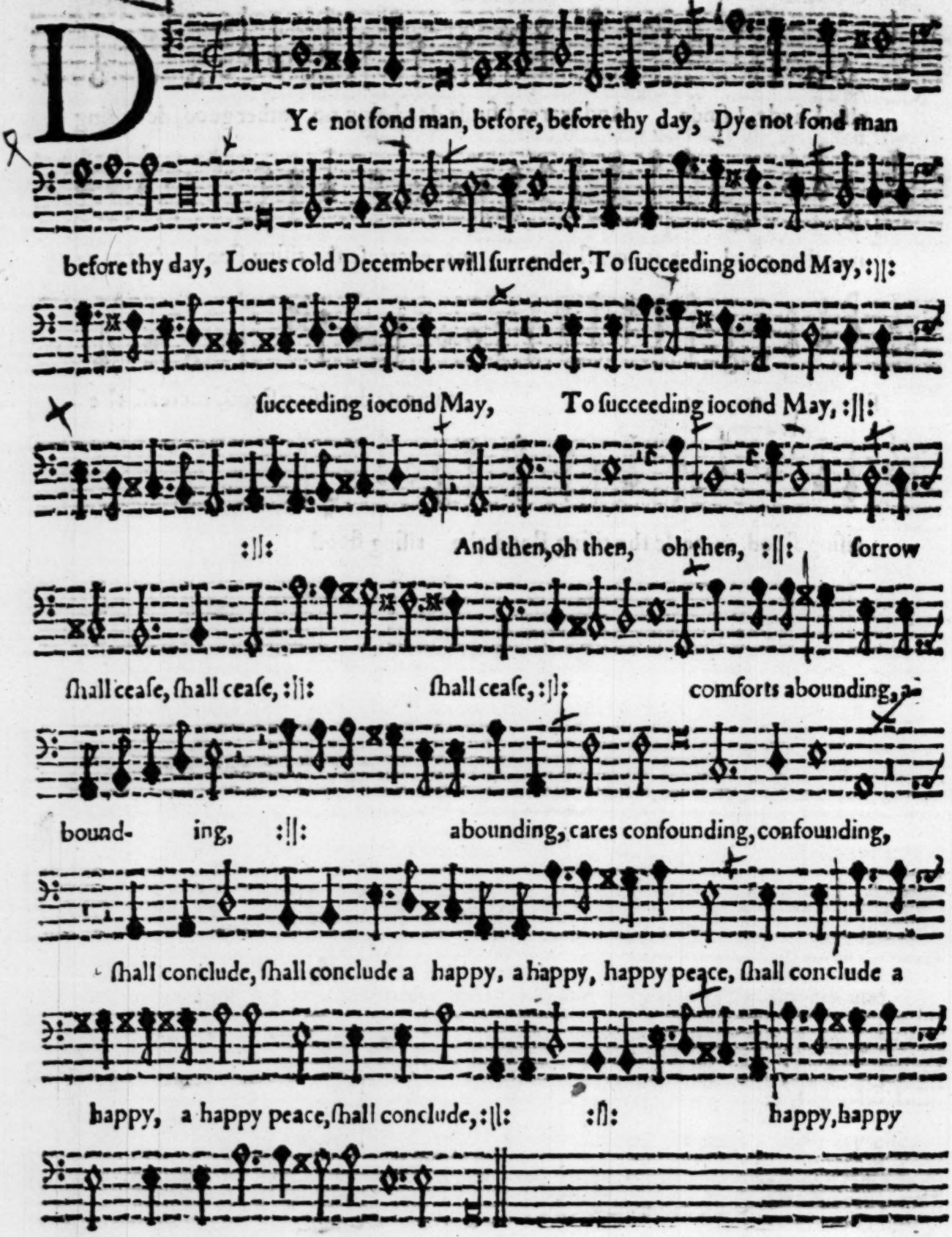
bitter teares.

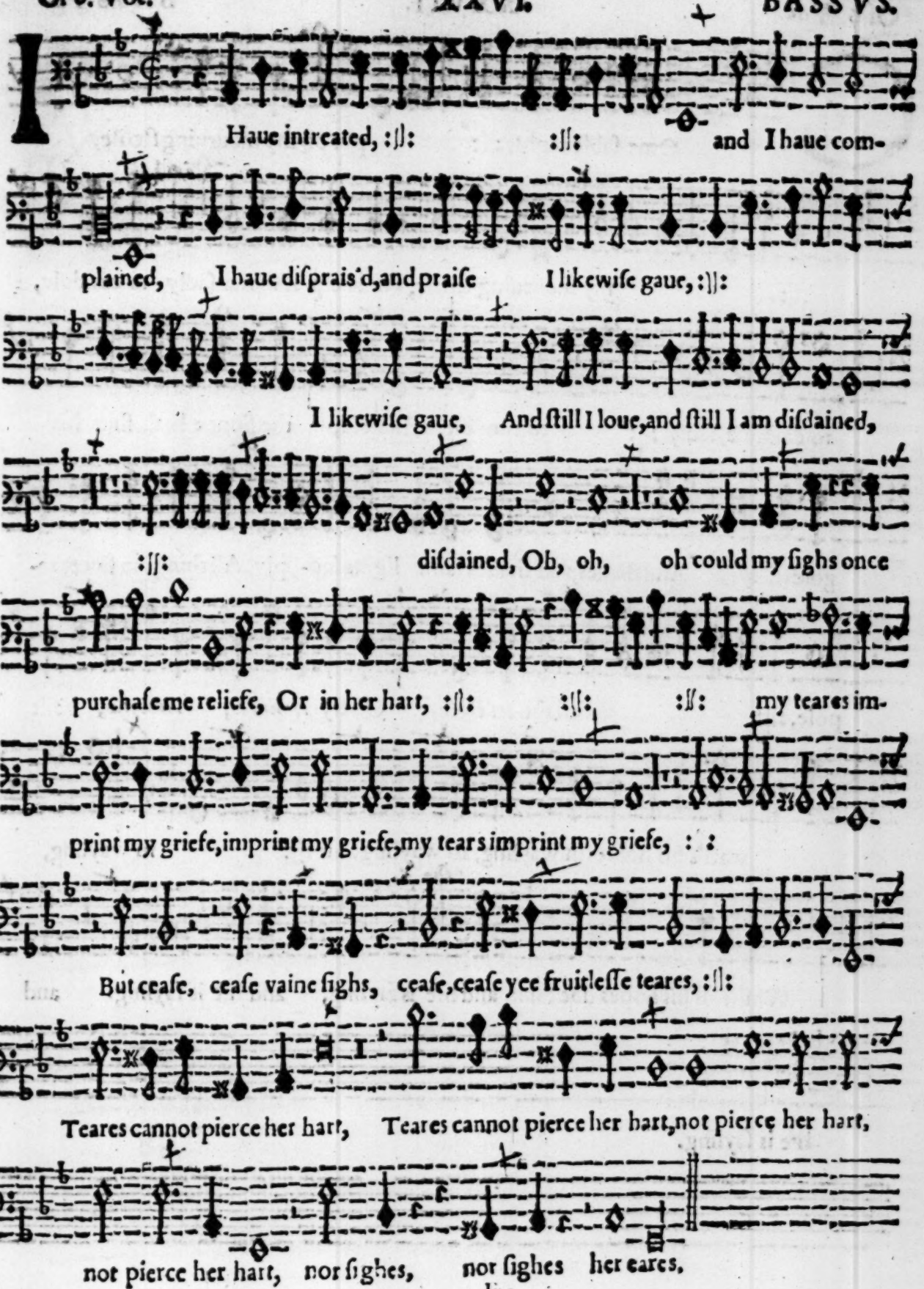

O Deuine Loue, :||: which ſo aloft can raiſe, which
ſo aloft can raiſe, :||: aloft, aloft can raiſe, And lift the minde
out of this earthly mire, And lift the minde out of this earth, this earthly mire,
And doth inſpire vs with ſo glorious praiſe, As with the heauens, :||:
doth equall mans deſire, :||: Who doth not helpe to deck thy
holy ſhrine? thy holy ſhrine, :||: With Ve- nus
Mirtle and Apollo's tree? :||: Who will not ſay that
thou art moſt, art moſt deuine, at leaſt confeſſe a De- i-tye in thee? in thee?
at leaſt confeſſe a Dei- tye in thee?

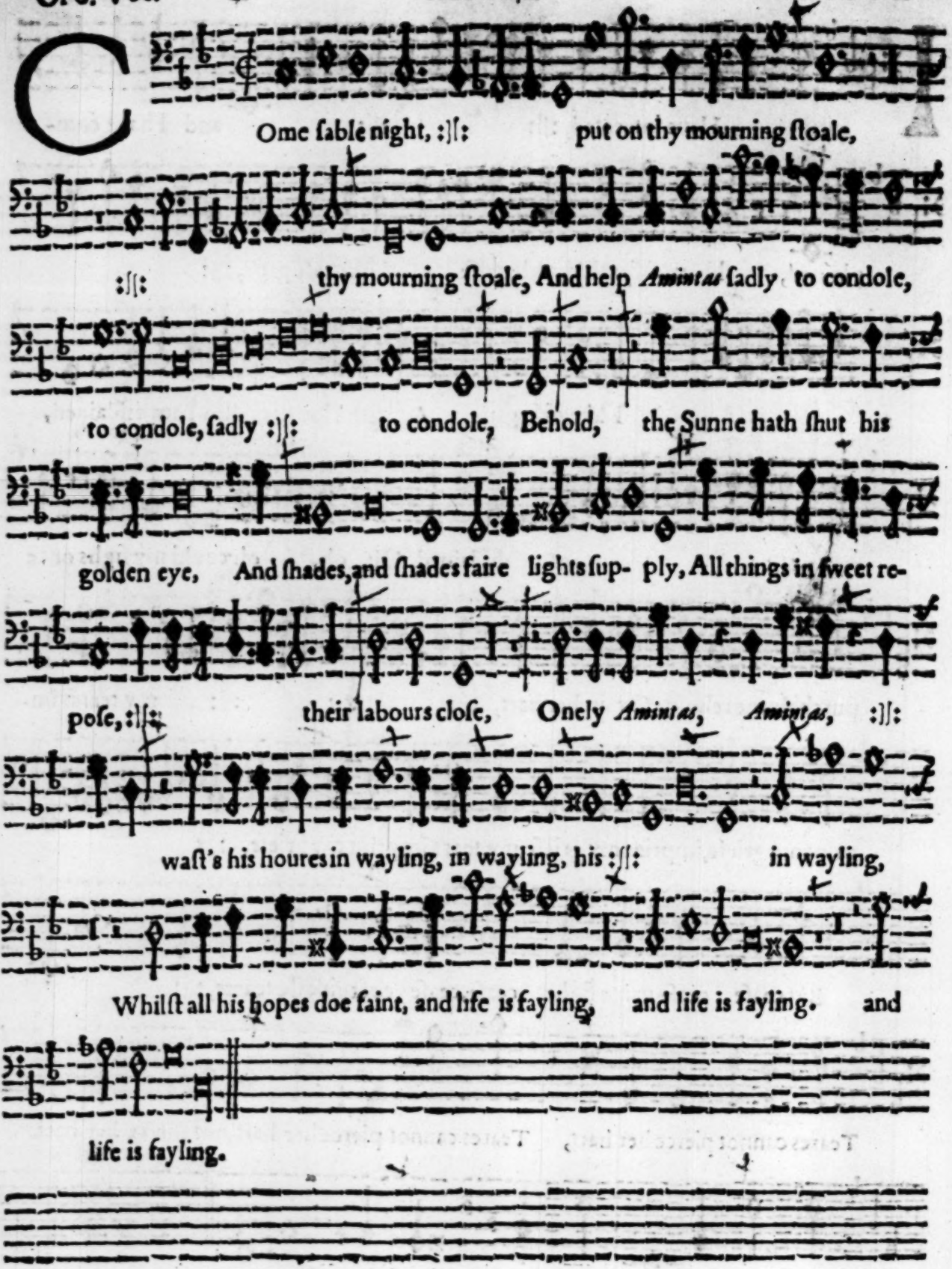

IF the deepe ſighs, of an afflicted breſt, :||:
an afflicted breſt, Orewhelm'd with ſorrow, :||: with ſorrow,
Or the'rected eyes of a poore wretch, with miſeries oppreſt, For
whoſe complaints, for whoſe complaints, teares neuer could ſuffice, Haue not the
power your Deities to moue, Haue not the power your Dieties to moue, :||:
your Deities to moue, Who ſhall ere looke for ſuccour
from aboue? From whom too long I taried for reliefe, for reliefe, Now aske but
death, now aske but death, that onely ends my griefe, that onely ends my griefe, :||:
that onely ends my griefe. that onely ends my griefe?

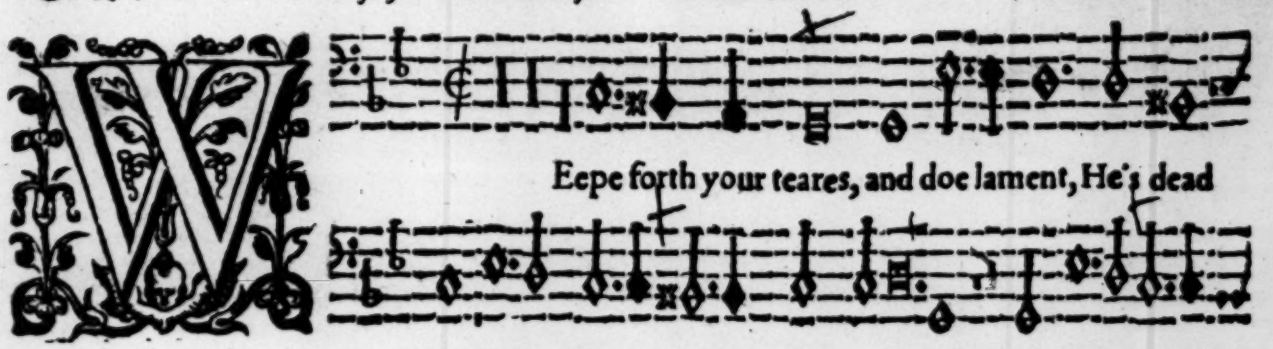

There's not a groue that wonders not my woe, not my
woe, Nor not a Riuer weepes not at my tale, Nor not a Riuer weepes not
at my tale, :||: I heare the Eccho's, I
heare the Eccho's, :||: I heare the Eccho's, (wandring
too and fro,) :||: (wandring too and fro,) :||: (wandring
too and fro) wandring too and fro, :||: Resound my
griefe, resound my griefe, through euery hill and dale, through euery hill and
dale, Lament for me, :||: lament, lament for me, no pitty else,
no pitty else, :||: :||: :||: I finde, no pitty


elſe I finde, I finde, And teares I finde doe bring no other good, doe bring
no other good, But as new ſhow- ers, encreaſe the riſing flood, but as new
ſhow- ers, :||: encreaſe the riſing flood, encreaſe the
riſing flood, encreaſe the riſing flood, the riſing flood.


Ye not fond man, before, before thy day, Dye not fond man
before thy day, Loues cold December will ſurrender, To ſucceeding iocond May, :||:
ſucceeding iocond May, To ſucceeding iocond May, :||:
:||: And then, oh then, oh then, :||: ſorrow
ſhall ceaſe, ſhall ceaſe, :||: ſhall ceaſe, :||: comforts abounding, a-
bound- ing, :||: abounding, cares confounding, confounding,
ſhall conclude, ſhall conclude a happy, a happy, happy peace, ſhall conclude a
happy, a happy peace, ſhall conclude, :||: :||: happy, happy
peace, ſhall conclude a happy, happy peace.

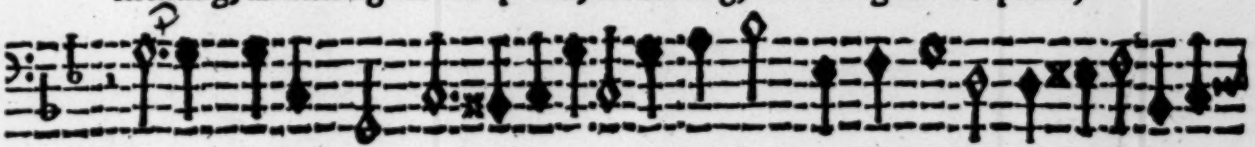

I Haue intreated, :||: :||: and I haue com-
plained, I haue diſprais'd,and praiſe I likewiſe gaue, :||:
I likewiſe gaue, And ſtill I loue,and ſtill I am diſdained,
:||: diſdained, Oh, oh, oh could my ſighs once
purchaſe me reliefe, Or in her hart, :||: :||: :||: my teares im-
print my griefe,imprint my griefe,my tears imprint my griefe, : :
But ceaſe, ceaſe vaine ſighs, ceaſe,ceaſe yee fruitleſſe teares, :||:
Teares cannot pierce her hart, Teares cannot pierce her hart,not pierce her hart,
not pierce her hart, nor ſighes, nor ſighes her eares.


Come ſable night, :|: put on thy mourning ſtoale,
:|: thy mourning ſtoale, And help Amintas ſadly to condole,
to condole, ſadly :|: to condole, Behold, the Sunne hath ſhut his
golden eye, And ſhades, and ſhades faire lights ſup- ply, All things in ſweet re-
poſe, :|: their labours cloſe, Onely Amintas, Amintas, :|:
waſt's his houres in wayling, in wayling, his :|: in wayling,
Whilſt all his hopes doe faint, and life is fayling, and life is fayling. and
life is fayling.

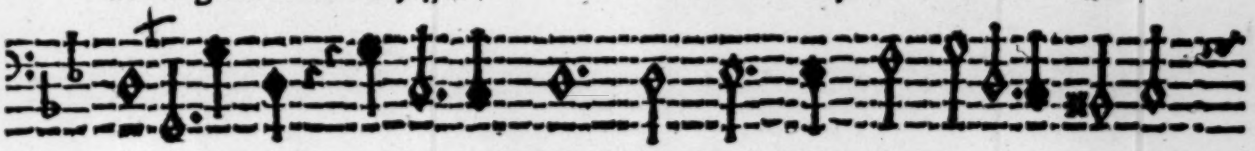


Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament, He's dead who liuing was of all the world beloued, Let dolorous la-

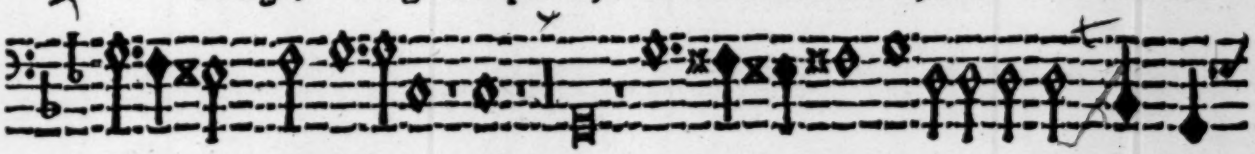
menting, lamenting ſtill be ſpread, lamenting, lamenting ſtill be ſpread,



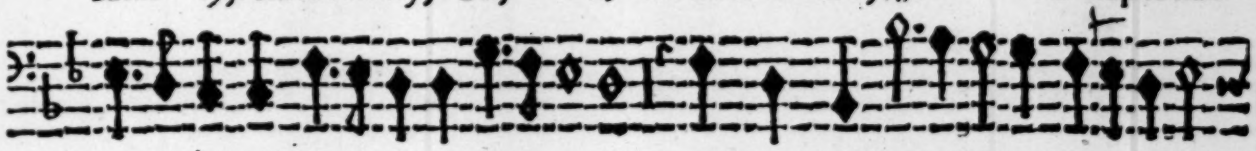
Through all the earth, :|ſ: that all harts may be moued, that :|ſ:



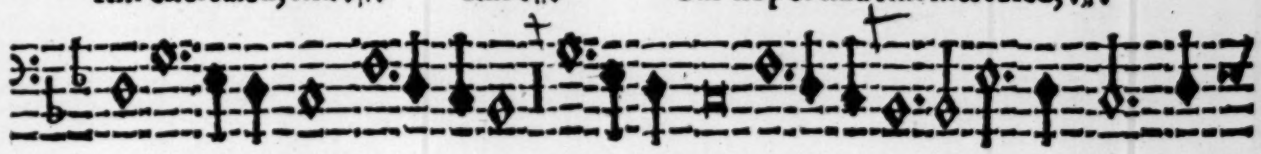
To ſigh, to ſigh and plaine, Since death hath ſlaine, :|ſ: Prince



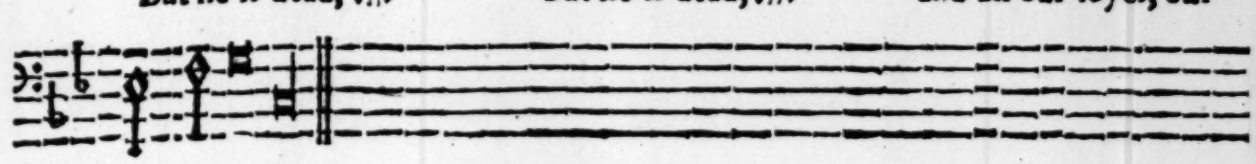
Hene- ry, Prince *Henery*, Oh, oh, oh had he liu'd, :|ſ: our hopes had



ſtill encreaſed, ſtill :|ſ: ſtill :|ſ: our hopes had ſtill increaſed, :|ſ:

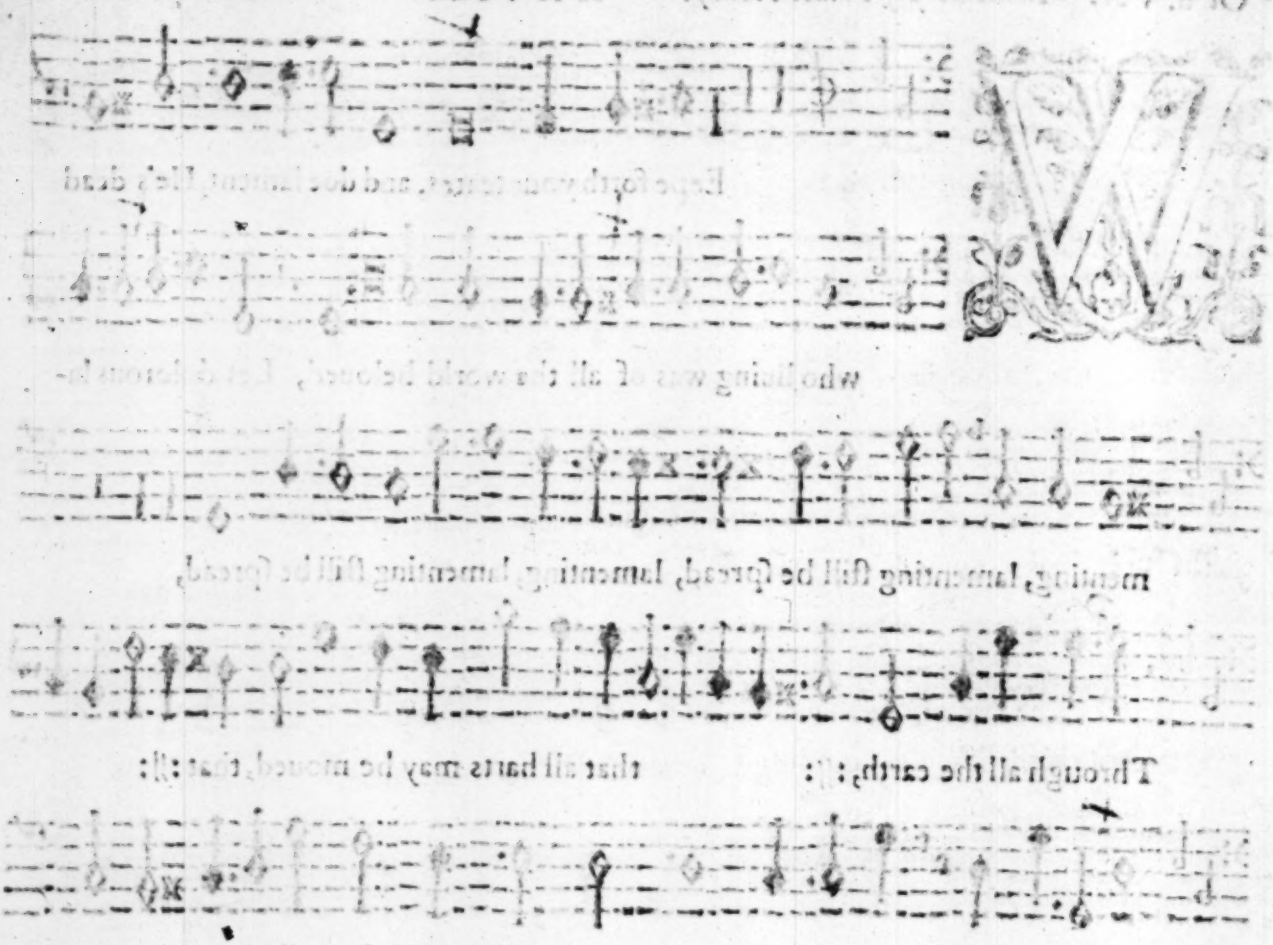


But he is dead, :|ſ: but he is dead, :|ſ: and all our ioyes, our



ioyes deceaſed.

FINIS.



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